PENTHOUSE

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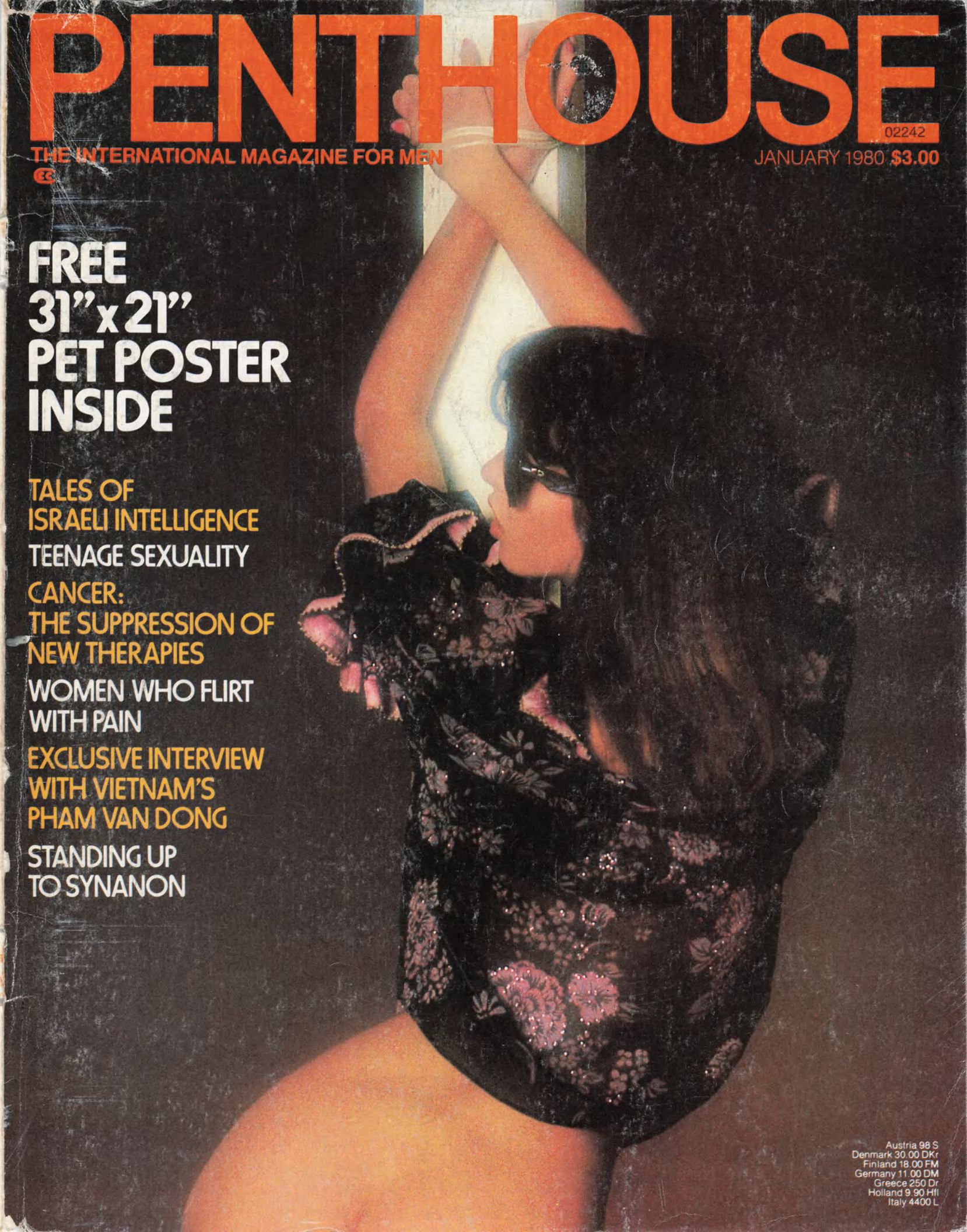
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1980 $3.00



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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/January 1980
Worldwide sale: **5,350,000***

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$7995*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GS Model shown. S Model $7195. Slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown $275-$295 extra.) All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 5-spd. trans. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg.

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HOUSECALL

As we emerge from the wreckage of the 1970s, there are very few heroes around to guide us into the eighties. An extraordinary large percentage of courage, however, can be found in the ranks of the Mossad—Israel's incredible security force. Israeli intelligence has to be the best in the world—if it failed just once, Israel would probably cease to exist. For this reason, less is known about Mossad than about any other secret service, including Russia's KGB. Reporter **Craig S. Karpel** spent several months in Israel gathering his three-part "Tales of the Mossad," which begins on page 68. He discovered one simple rule when reading about Israeli intelligence in the newspaper: "It doesn't do many things that are attributed to it and does do many things that aren't attributed to it." With the help of Israeli and American sources, Karpel manages to separate fact from fiction, and in this exclusive series presents the true raw material for several dozen spy novels.

Gary Null's investigative series of articles about the failure of American medicine to cope with the cancer epidemic continues this month on page 96. Null and reporter **Anne Pitrone** discuss the remorseless suppression of new cancer therapies by the medical establishment—in particular, the discovery, by Dr. Joseph Gold of the Syracuse Cancer Research Institute, that hydrazine sulfate may be an effective, inexpensive anticancer agent. Dr. Gold, reports Null and Pitrone, makes no extravagant claims for this drug—which must be administered only under the careful supervision of a physician. Gold's major concern is to generate more research. But the American Cancer Society seems intent on preventing this from happening. *Penthouse*'s exposure of the fact that the American medical establishment is more interested in playing politics than in practicing medicine should help change the situation.

Another exclusive can be found on page 82, where *Penthouse* reporter **Edward Rasen** interviews the prime minister of Vietnam, **Pham Van Dong.** This is the first time that the prime minister has talked extensively to a Western journalist since the Vietnamese drove the Americans out in 1974. Pham Van Dong's outspoken responses provide an important insight into the thinking of a people who wouldn't hesitate to take on the United States and China at the same time.

Our fiction this month is by **Frederick Forsyth**, the best-selling author of *The Day of the Jackal, The Odessa File*, and *The Dogs of War*. Forsyth's thrillers often reflect today's headlines, and this excerpt from *The Devil's Alternative* (which will be published soon by Viking) is no exception (page 168). The world's largest supertanker is hijacked in the North Sea. The terrorists threaten that if two political prisoners aren't released, they will blow the ship to bits and spill its cargo of a million tons of crude oil.

Two articles this month celebrate the traditional American dedication to quality that was our hallmark before the arrival of multinational corporations and conglomerate giants. In "Hometown Heroes" (page 172) **Gary Hanauer** describes how the tiny *Point Reyes Light*, a newspaper with a circulation of 2,700 in northern California, won the Pulitzer Prize for its investigative reporting on the multi-million-dollar Synanon organization. Synanon, which began in the fifties as a drug-rehabilitation center, seemed to be doing strange things in the seventies. The *Light* was the only newspaper willing to look into it. As the San Francisco reporter who nominated it for the Pulitzer put it: "Only a few fucking people in the whole country had the guts to stand up to Synanon before this."

Quality of a different sort can be found in the guitars made by the C. F. Martin Co. In his article "140 Years in the Same Location" (page 90), **Peter Kaminsky** tells why Bob Dylan, Hank Williams, George Harrison, Johnny Cash, and even Arthur Godfrey and William Randolph Hearst have Martin guitars in common: the company believes that you don't screw around with a good product.

Treasure hunter Mel Fisher is also dedicated to his work, and in 1971 it paid off: he discovered the wreck of a Spanish galleon that sank in 1622, filled with 47 tons of gold and silver. During the next eight years, reports **Carl Hiaasen** in "The Twice-Lost Treasure" (page 138), Fisher attempted to bring it up—a Herculean struggle that cost him the lives of his son and daughter-in-law. But his biggest and most frustrating battle has been with the state of Florida, which decided that it alone owned the treasure after Fisher found it.

Treasures of a more tangible kind can be found in the special Pet-of-the-Year Poster of **Cheryl Rixon**. Cheryl, winner of a record-smashing $195,000 in cash and gifts, will soon be seen in *Penthouse*'s first annual Pet-of-the-Year television spectacular. The near life-sized poster, with new photographs by Bob Guccione, gives you a special preview and provides an extraspecial welcome to the 1980s.

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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Private pool party

I had an experience just last weekend that gives me a hard-on every time I think about it, and I think about it a lot! When I picked up the tenth-anniversary issue of *Penthouse* this morning, it occurred to me that I just had to share this with my fellow "Forum" fanatics.

Three weeks ago I moved into a brand-new apartment complex; aside from the owner's brother, I was the first tenant. I had chosen an apartment that overlooked the outside swimming pool, because I planned to do a lot of girl watching from the comfort of my own bedroom. I really liked the place immediately, and for the first week I had the pool, the sauna, the game room, the gym, and the courtyard virtually to myself. Unfortunately, my steady girl friend was taking a summer course at Boston College, and I saw her only on weekends; so I tended to get a bit lonely and very horny. This problem ended abruptly last weekend.

Early Friday afternoon, after spending all morning in the gym, I got a call from my girl, saying that she couldn't make it out this weekend because of a big exam on Monday. I was pissed off and frustrated. All morning, while practicing my karate techniques, I had been thinking of her fantastic body, of the way I was going to suck her beautiful pussy until she pleaded for mercy and then fuck her until we were both too tired to move. She had called me in the middle of the week and told me that's what she wanted to do, all weekend, and I was more than ready. Now, suddenly, I had a hard dick and no place to put it.

I took a shower and cleaned all the sweat off, all the while wondering what to do with the weekend—maybe call some buddies and go camping, maybe tune my chopper and just hit the road. But the first thing I had to do was to relieve some of the sexual tension that had been building all week. I dug through my *Penthouse* collection, selected the November 1977 issue (love that Zullo!), and headed for the bedroom, my dick already at full staff. As I was reading "Forum," casually stroking my rod, I heard a splash outside from the pool. I walked to the window and looked down and almost shot my wad. A gorgeous brunette was just climbing out of the water, her back to me. As she was the only one in the pool, she had evidently decided to remove her bikini top and was thus wearing only the skimpiest of bottoms. The yellow material did very little to hide the nicest ass I'd ever seen. I began pumping my dick again, imagining my hands on that exquisite flesh, pulling her tight against me. When she turned to walk back to the diving board, I had a side view of her naked breasts. Wanting a better look, I quickly got my binoculars out and returned to the window. She was standing on the board, bouncing slightly, her firm, full tits sending shock waves through me. Just as she dived in, I came, sending great gobs of semen against the wall like splattering bullets. My orgasm was so intense that my knees actually buckled and I nearly fell.

Without another thought I quickly toweled myself and the wall off and grabbed my swim trunks. When I got out to the pool, she was swimming underwater and by the time she surfaced I was sitting down, my legs dangling in the water. When she saw me, she gasped and her eyes went immediately to her bikini top, lying blissfully unused under the diving board. I gave her my best boyish-and-innocent smile.

"I have never before realized how important it is to have crystal-clear pool water," I said, laughing.

She reddened just a bit and then returned my smile. "I didn't think anyone woud be around. The whole place seems deserted."

She was making no effort to cover her breasts, and I couldn't take my eyes off her cherry-red nipples, puckered and hard from the cool water. Finally, I looked at her face, and she was still smiling.

"We're probably the only two people in the complex." I said, hoping that was the case. "There were only six tenants as of yesterday. I hope you're the seventh." My dick was on the rise again.

"My sister and I moved in last night." She said. "My name is Holly."

"I'm Ed and very happy to meet you."

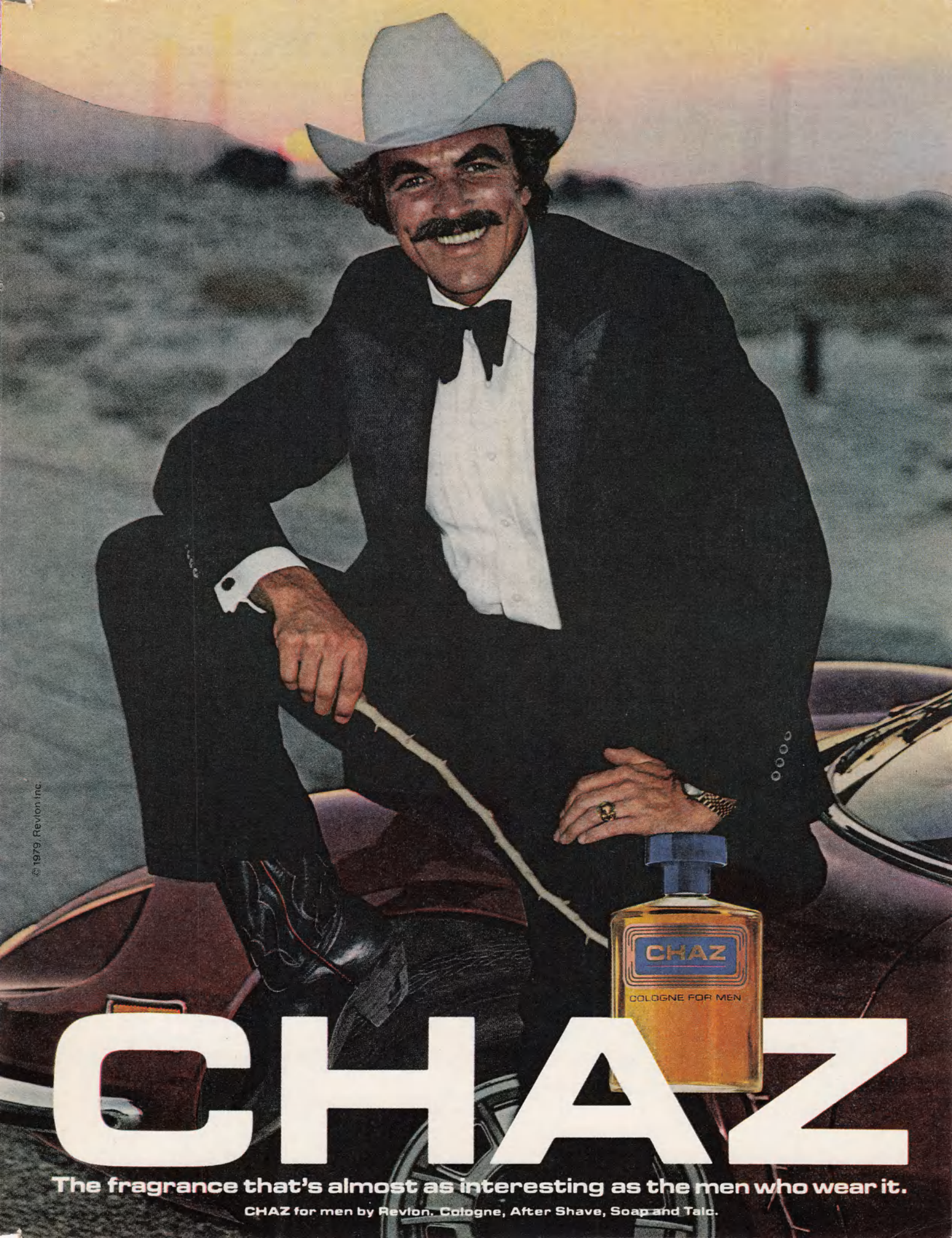
"So I see." She giggled, glancing at my crotch. Now it was my turn to turn red. My erection was in full bloom now, and the swollen head was peeking out the leg band of my trunks. She looked me up and down and evidently liked what she saw.

"You look like a boxer. Are you a fighter?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes, but not a boxer. I teach Korean karate. My brother and I own a studio downtown."

"I'm impressed," she said and seemed to mean it. "Maybe you could give me some lessons sometime?"

"Anytime!" I laughed.



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She pushed herself out into the pool and trod water for a minute, her eyes going back to my crotch. I didn't need a written invitation. I jumped in and she squealed and dived underwater. The cool water felt good on my burning cock, but I was thinking of other sensations as I dived after her. I caught her easily, and she made no effort to pull away when I wrapped my arms around her. We broke the surface in a deep tongue kiss, her naked breasts crushed against my chest. My dick was so hard that it hurt and nearly erupted when she ground her bikini-covered pussy against it. When the kiss ended, I grabbed her soft ass and pulled her hard against me.

"The natives are certainly friendly here!" She laughed and began nibbling on my earlobe. I slipped a hand between us and cupped her pussy. She sighed and reached down to untie the string that held her bikini on. I pulled it off and returned my hand to her warm honey pot. Her pubic hair was as soft as kitten fur, and she moaned in pleasure as I gently stroked the lips of her pussy. By this time we had drifted into the shallow end of the pool, and it was no longer necessary to tread water. I kissed her again, using my free hand to cup a breast. Her hand reached down inside my trunks and encircled my cock. Letting go of her for an instant, I pulled my trunks off, her hand never leaving my shaft. She began jacking me off slowly as I slipped a finger into her moist pussy, using my thumb to tease her clitoris. She pushed hard against my loving hand.

"Oooh, that feels so good." She sighed, slowly beginning a fucking motion on my finger. Her hand on my dick began moving faster, and I was suddenly afraid that I would come too soon. I whispered for her to stop, and she looked up at me, puzzled. I grinned and kissed her hot mouth.

"I think I've got about eight loads ready to go, and I want to use every one of them to its best advantage," I explained, meanwhile increasing the rhythm of my finger in her pussy. She kissed me, sliding her tongue into my mouth, and was coming in a few seconds.

"Aah, oh yes, yes, it's so good," she whimpered, fucking my finger and sobbing. Her orgasm was long and beautiful. When it was over, she collapsed against me, breathing heavily. I brought my hand up and sucked her juices off my finger.

"Too much chlorine," I said, grimacing. She laughed and kissed me again, returning her hand to my dick. I was ready to come but wanted to hold off.

A few minutes later we were walking, still naked, up the stairs to my apartment. She wanted to shower, and after turning on the stereo to a good, mellow FM station, I joined her. We soaped each other down, and I couldn't keep my hands off her tits and pussy. After rinsing, I knelt down and slid my tongue into her soft muff.

"Better without chlorine?" she said, giggling, holding the back of my head and running her fingers through my hair. I grunted out my approval and continued to eat her. Her tangy, pungent woman taste was driving me wild. I grabbed her ass and pulled her hard against my hungry mouth, flicking her clitoris lightly, darting my tongue into and around her delicious pussy lips, and broadening my tongue to take long, slow licks that began at her ass hole and continued up to her navel. She was going crazy now, and I knew that this delightful bundle of sex was going to come again. When I sensed her orgasm beginning, I sucked her pussy lips as far into my mouth as I could, meanwhile slipping a finger up into her tight ass hole and buzz-sawing my tongue against her clitoris. She screamed when the orgasm came full force and slumped forward, almost falling over me. After a few seconds of gasping for air she stood straight, my tongue still gently licking her steaming box.

"Who taught you to eat pussy like that?" she asked, caressing my face with her feather-light fingers. I gave her one last, deep pussy kiss and smiled up at her, still savoring her taste.

"I think I read it in a book somewhere," I said. She laughed again. I stood up, and my cock pushed into her belly. It was pulsing with need, and I'd never seen the tip so red. Holly slid a finger into her pussy and rubbed her sweet juices onto my cockhead and then licked her finger dry. I groaned. We toweled each other off, and she led me by the dick into the bedroom.

"Lie down," she whispered throatily, "and don't move a muscle. Close your eyes and relax. You're about to get the best blowjob of your life." I did as instructed but was unable to keep my eyes closed. I wanted to see everything that was about to happen.

She began by running her fingers lightly up and down my stomach, slowly and teasingly. Each time she reached up to my chest, she brought her pursed lips to within about a half-inch of my cock, her hot breath adding to the fire already there. She then went down to my left knee and began tracing long, wet kisses up the inside of my thigh. She again avoided my dick and went down to the other knee, licking and kissing until I thought I'd die from pleasure and need. She then came up and placed her open mouth just over my cock, licking her lips and mewling deep in her throat. She lightly gripped my shaft with a soft hand and leaned down and began kissing and licking my balls. I moaned. She kissed her way up and down my dick for a maddening couple of minutes, pausing to lick off the drops of come that kept appearing. Each time she did this she smacked her lips greedily, relishing the taste.

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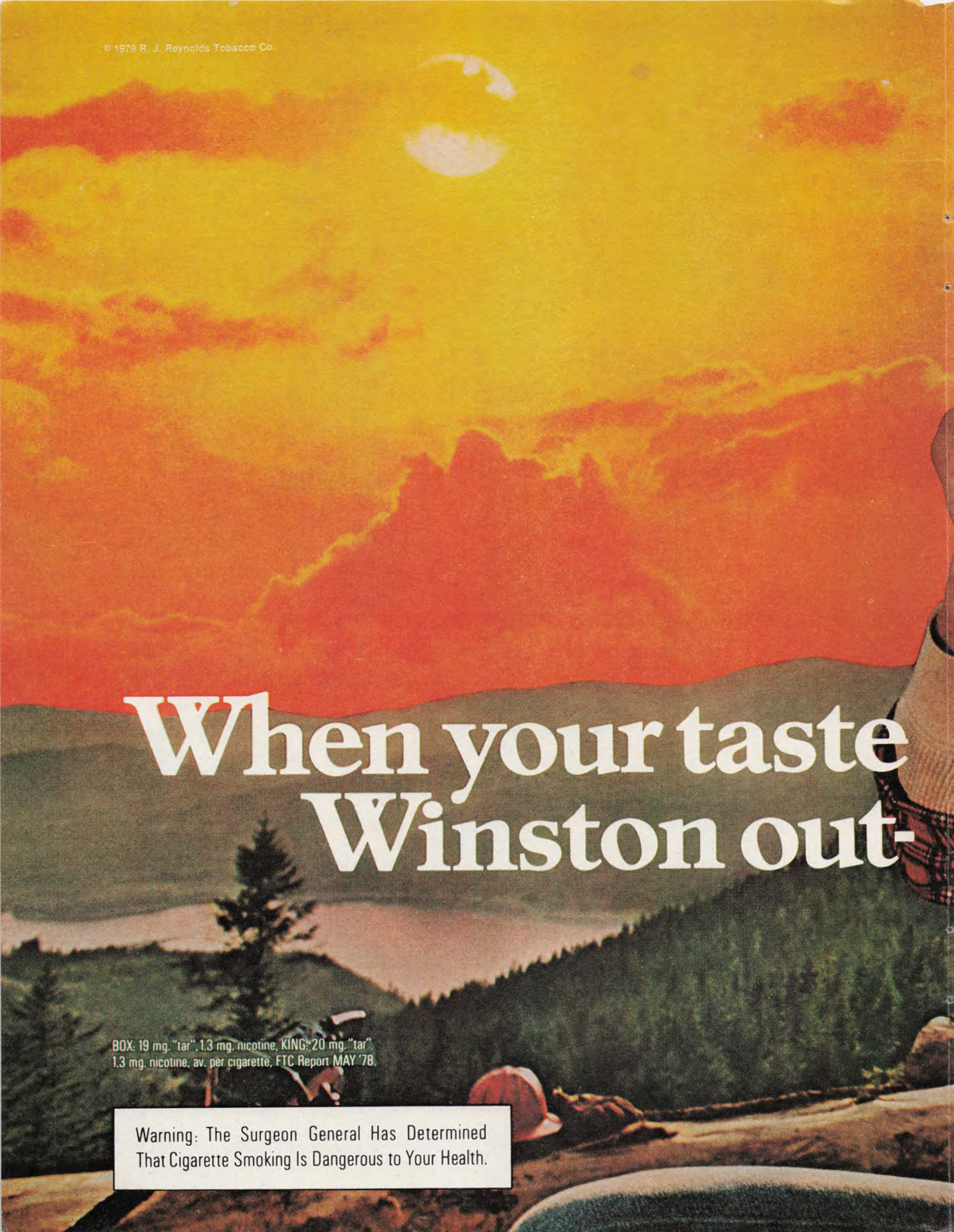

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When she looked up at me, her eyes were a smoky glaze of passion. Still holding my gaze and smiling with her eyes, she slowly lowered her lips onto my aching cock until nearly half of it was inside her incredibly hot and soft mouth. Nothing had ever felt so good! Holding her head absolutely still, she let her tongue caress and tease me. I couldn't hold off much longer, and she sensed this. She began sucking my dick hard, meanwhile cradling my balls gently. Her tempo increased. Soon I was beyond the point of no return. My cock felt as if it were buried in hot honey. She quickly moved and opened her legs so that I could look at her pussy while I came. I reached out and touched her naked pussy, and in that instant I began to shoot. I grunted, nearly screamed, as she hungrily sucked, bobbing her head up and down, using her free hand to pump the base of my cock.

The intense pleasure took me to a universe beyond space and time. I felt as though my entire body were one big, electrifying orgasm, infinite and eternal. I thought I would never stop shooting into her fantastic mouth. When I looked down, my eyes met hers and I could see that she was enjoying this almost as much as I was. Finally, it ended, and I sank back down to earth in a cloud. She still held me in her mouth. I thought I was too spent to move but managed to pull her over on top of me, so that her beautiful pussy was in my face. As I ate her, she continued sucking me, and it wasn't long before I had another hard-on. As soon as I was fully erect, she moved and straddled me, her pussy hovering over my rejuvenated love pole. She slowly lowered herself on me until I was buried to the hilt in her soft warmth. I reached out and cupped both her breasts as we began a slow mellow fuck.

"This is paradise," she said. "I love your big cock in my pussy. Oh, fuck me, Ed, fuck me long and slow with your beautiful dick."

"Your pussy is fantastic," I said, breathing heavily and squeezing her tits. She grabbed the backs of my hands and ground them tighter against her breasts, throwing her head back in ecstasy.

"Pinch my nipples," she murmured. "Ah, yes, I love it when you do that. Ah, you fuck me so nice; keep on fucking me forever. Oh, my pussy never felt so good. Oh, it feels sooo good. Oh, my pussy, my pussy, keep on fucking my pussy!"

We both came together, grinding and fucking each other as if there were no tomorrow. At the last moment I rolled over on top of her, her legs wrapping around my waist, and slammed into her hard until I was spent. She whimpered and sobbed, moaning in pleasure, throwing her head from side to side, eyes tightly shut. Her orgasm lasted longer than mine, and I continued fucking into her tight, hot pussy until she jerked violently and breathed a long sigh, slowly relaxing. I stayed inside her while I kissed her, our tongues meeting again and again. Finally, I pulled out of her, and bent down to kiss her pussy. She shuddered with residual passion, and then relaxed again. I gave her one last lingering kiss, lasting many seconds, and then raised myself up to tell her how fantastic she was. She had fallen asleep! Draping my arm over her, holding one soft tit, I joined her in dreamland.

When we awoke, the sun was just rising, making a big, pink spectacle that covered half the sky. We took turns in the bathroom, and then I made her breakfast. We stayed together and stayed naked the entire day, doing every kind of sexual thing we could think of. That night we dressed and went out for a movie and dinner. She blew me in the parking lot, and I ate her pussy next to the still-deserted pool under the stars. Sunday was more of the same, with the two of us fucking and sucking until we were both too tired to do anything but breathe. I'm writing this on Tuesday, and tonight Holly is going to introduce me to her sister, whom she refers to as "the sexy one of the family." I can't believe my luck!—*Name and address withheld*

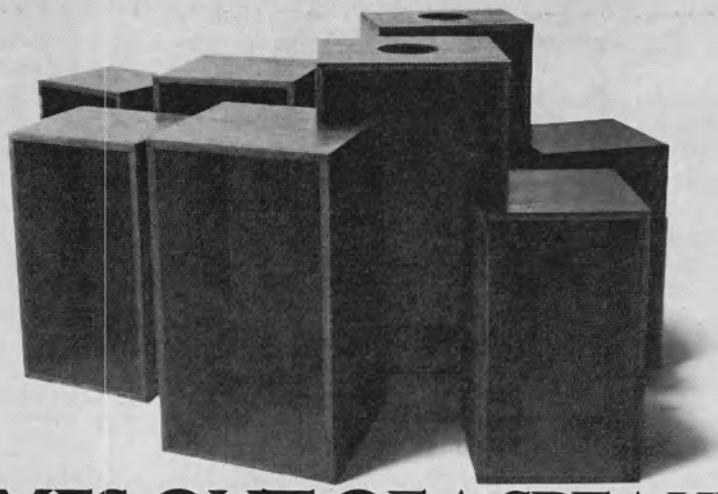
Entangled love

I'm a 28-year-old woman, and for years I've been enjoying your magazine. Both my husband and I have used your publication to guide us in trying out new sexual things. Recently, Dave suggested that we try a threesome to add more variety to our life. At first, I wasn't too keen on the idea, but eventually we both decided it might be a lot of fun.

At first, we tried placing an ad in adult-oriented newspapers, but most of the responses were from women who didn't really seem to be on the up-and-up. As we expected, some responses were from prostitutes who wanted consideration for services rendered. But our chief complaint was that it wouldn't feel right just making it with a total stranger. That's when I approached my friend Linda with our idea.

Linda and I have been close friends for several years. We first met when Dave and I moved here from Colorado. She and I have shared many fun times together, and it seemed only natural to see if she might be interested in joining us. Initially, she wasn't too responsive to the offer; in fact, she thought I was trying to pull a joke on her. But after I talked with her, she agreed that it might be fun.

Saturday afternoon Linda came over to the house to join us for dinner and to spend an evening swimming and just enjoying each other's company. As the evening progressed, we all began drinking wine. We talked about different sexual experiences we'd had in the past. As we continued our conversation, I could tell that each of us was beginning to get



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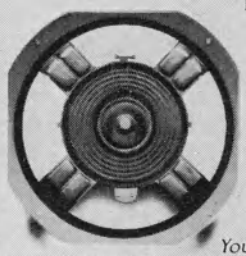

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turned on and finally suggested that we go into the bedroom to dry off and watch a little television.

Although we did dry ourselves, the television never was turned on. With the stereo softly playing, Dave sat on the edge of the bed between Linda and me and began kissing us. There was a sensual excitement from watching him kiss another woman. We lay back on the bed, and little by little we got the hang of who should lie where and do what. Dave kissed me, and then I watched as his lips touched Linda's breast. It was such a turn-on that I wanted in on the action.

I began kissing Dave's stomach and stroking his swollen cock as he ran his tongue around Linda's nipples. I felt her hand touch mine and move up my arm until her fingers were gently massaging my breasts. My mind was flooded with all sorts of thoughts and feelings. I felt Dave move his lips to my body, and at the same time I felt Linda's lips on me, also.

Both of them worked their mouths over my breasts and along my neck. I'd never felt so excited. I could feel my body tingling as her lips sucked at my nipple and Dave moved his lips down between my legs. I melted as his tongue probed my opening and worked along the slit. At the same time, I felt Linda's mouth skimming lightly over my stomach and onto my thighs. At one point, Dave's tonguing stopped as he spread my legs further, and suddenly I felt both his and her lips caressing my inner thighs and slowly moving over my cunt. I looked up as Dave's fingers spread my lips, and he guided Linda in her first taste of another woman.

Her tongue was long, and I could feel it enter me as I pushed my hips up to her face. Dave had been massaging my clit, and I was building to my climax when Linda's tongue replaced Dave's fingers. She knew exactly what to do, and within a minute I lost control, and my body jerked as I was hit by one of the strongest orgasms I've ever had. She and Dave continued to kiss and lick at my cunt as wave after wave hit me. Even as I began to relax, Dave's tongue took me to the edge again and I clamped my legs tightly against them as I was rocked once more.

I pulled both of them up and kissed them. The scent and taste of my own cunt covered their lips as I caressed them. With anxious excitement, I began kissing Linda's body. I wanted to eat her and let her feel how good it was. Dave moved his lips next to mine. Together we shared the warm closeness as I touched another woman for the first time. I was fascinated by the moist softness of the folds of her pussy. Her cunt was shaped differently from mine; it seemed much thicker, with the lips forming a small pout. I spread her lips and lowered my head and tasted the spicy juices that oozed from her opening.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Dunn, for a truly wonderful evening."

I licked her clit as Dave stroked his fingers in and out of her, and she began moaning loudly. Her body pulsed several times as she climaxed. I traced light circles around her receded clit all the while, and finally she forced me away.

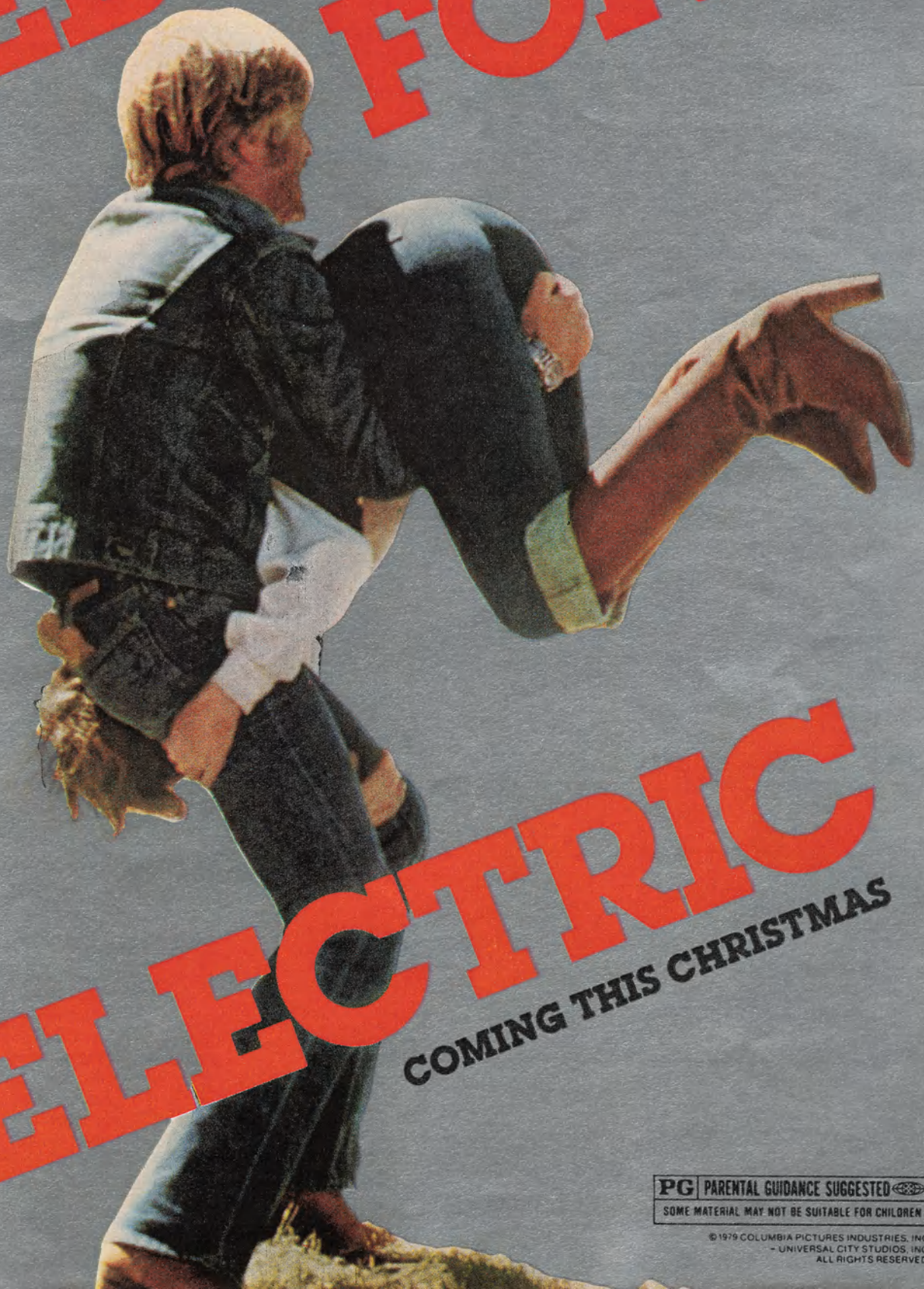
We lay back in the bed and rested for a while and admitted to each other that this had been the best idea we'd ever come up with. Lying there, I felt Linda move down to Dave's stomach. I lay there and watched his expression, and I could tell the second Linda took his cock into her mouth. I lightly bit his ear and ran my tongue over his lips as she worked on his dick. I moved down, and as Linda looked up, I kissed her. She playfully held his erection out for me to sample, and I descended, taking almost all of it down my throat.

We both sat back a moment and just admired our handiwork. Dave's cock was a good eight inches tall as it towered over his stomach. Finally, Linda went back down on him. And I, too, joined in by sucking on his balls. As he grew closer, I began moving my tongue lower between his legs, and finally I rocked his hips back so that I could probe his ass—something that really turns him on. I was back sucking his balls when he finally crossed the line. He was breathing heavily, and his stomach muscles tensed, and suddenly he came. I heard Linda moan as his balls pumped streams of sperm into her mouth. She couldn't hold all of it, and his come spilled down the sides of his cock. I licked all of it as it flooded around the base and onto his balls. Linda sat back, and we kissed. Our mouths were coated with Dave's sweet-tasting sperm, and we each licked it off our lips and chin. I've always loved the taste of Dave's come, especially when his cock pulses directly over my tongue. I've never tasted anything so warmly sweet, almost like mild honey.

After a few minutes' rest, we gently massaged each other's body. My clit was still tender when Dave touched me, but I wanted to have a little more fun, and without any hesitation I moved down on Linda again. She lay back on the pillows and spread her legs. My tongue went right to work, and she stroked my hair and cheek as I licked at her cunt. Suddenly, I felt Dave kneel behind me, and almost immediately I felt his entire cock slide deep in me. He's so big that it often feels as if he's actually going to split me open when the head of his dick presses against my cervix.

It was a flood of sensations once again because his cock was driving in and out of me at the same time I was drinking the moist flavors of Linda's pussy. She began moaning as my tongue stroked her clit. All the time Dave had been watching the action while fucking me, and suddenly he, too, began moaning and pushing deeper. I reached down between my legs and cupped his balls in my hand just as he came. I've heard doctors say that

REDFORD FONDA



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women can't feel a man climax inside them, but when Dave is so deep in me, I swear that I can feel his warm sperm literally fill my cunt.

Dave remained inside me and rested on my back as I brought Linda to her climax. It was such a thrill being able to satisfy two people whom I love so much. Afterwards, I was almost asleep when I felt Linda's tongue probing at my pussy again, lapping up Dave's spilled come. All three of us went to sleep and enjoyed breakfast in bed, thanks to Dave, the next morning. Though we each seemed a bit shy about our activities the previous night, we did agree that we wanted more of the same later.

After Linda left, Dave and I made love alone and talked about how nice it had been with Linda. I confessed that I'd enjoyed eating her out, and he said that was all part of lovemaking and there wasn't anything wrong with it. We're now talking about trying a threesome with another man. I have this long-standing fantasy about being fucked by one man and sucking off another one at the same time. I also think it might be a turn-on to watch Dave go down on a guy, but we'll just play the cards as they come.—*Name and address withheld*

Off-the-field hockey

I used to think that all the fantastic sexual exploits described in "Forum" were some writer's fantasy, but after what happened to me last week I now believe them all!

I'm a well-built, pretty good-looking secretary, 36-26-34, who loves sex. Although I'm 23, I've been dating a guy 19 for the past three weeks.

He's a hockey player and built like a brick. He has a gorgeous body. We got it on the first night out and just about every night since. We do everything. For 19, he really knows how to please a woman.

Just looking at him as he strips turns me on after a night on the town: the big muscles, the hairy chest, the thick calves and thighs covered with black hair, the flat, hairy stomach, and the absolutely gorgeous cock.

And yet, despite having the body of a man, he's still got soft baby skin and a baby face. He also has beautiful, soft-black, almost shoulder-length hair. He has a great tan and wears a bikini that is really a turn-on for me. Not many guys wear bikinis in this part of the country, but Paul does, and it looks great.

One night we were out at a disco, and we ran into another hockey player friend of Paul's. Blair was out of this world. He, too, was well built and dressed to accent the bulge in his pants and the hair on his chest. The three of us spent the evening together dancing, drinking, and making small talk. The two of them made my cunt throb, and its juices were flowing.

Then, for me, my fantasy came true. On the dance floor Paul asked me if I would like to take Blair home for a threesome, something I'd never done before. I said I'd love to if he didn't mind, and the three of us left, my cunt literally overflowing with excitement.

At Paul's we smoked a joint before heading for the bedroom. We all undressed at the same time and jumped onto Paul's big bed, me in the middle. Then we went at it. They started working on me from head to toe with their tongues. Paul buried his face between my tits and went from side to side slashing his tongue at my nipples, while Blair pressed his face into my cunt, his tongue bringing me off for the first time.

Blair's body was even nicer than it had looked through the tight jeans—big bush, eight-inch rod, and a firm ass. He, too, had a great tan and had worn a small suit all summer, not as small as Paul's but still really sexy, leaving another gorgeous white band around his muscled ass and flat stomach.

After they had tongued me off twice, I got Blair on the bed on his back and started down his body with my tongue as Paul got under me and attacked my cunt with his tongue. When I reached Blair's throbbing, red-hot cock, I held it up and licked it up and down like an ice cream cone. He spread his legs wide and moaned as I lapped at the beautiful shaft, the huge, velvety head, and his blond bush.

Then I got the surprise of my life as Paul shifted to the other side of Blair and joined me in running his tongue up and down the other side of his buddy's cock. Paul and I slashed our tongues over Blair's red-hot cockhead, and then I moved down to Blair's balls and took them one at a time into my mouth. I was shivering with the sexuality of the scene as Paul put his mouth over Blair's cock and started giving him head as I mouthed his balls.

Blair was moaning and shaking and bending his legs up and down to tense himself up and thrusting his mid-section up and down as he tensed. He was obviously in seventh heaven. On about Paul's thirteenth mouth stroke on his buddy's hot rod, Blair screamed and grabbed the sides of the bed, and his whole body lifted up off the bed between his feet and his shoulders. He shot a gallon of hot cream into Paul's still-pistoning mouth. Paul didn't stop his pistoning, and I kept mouthing Blair's balls until Blair collapsed, a mass of sweat and still shaking. When Paul finally let his buddy's cock fall from his mouth, he moved to me, we embraced and Frenched, and he fell onto me, his cock finding my juicy pussy.

As Paul moved in and out of me, Blair lay on the bed between our legs and tongued at Paul's balls and the root of his cock, rubbing his hands up and down Paul's firm, hairy ass and thighs, which were spread out wide. Paul came in me like Hercules. It was wild.

After we rested a short while, I got Paul

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and Blair to kneel on the bed facing each other, cock to cock, and I went down and licked at them both at once from side to side as I rubbed and massaged their asses. As I did this, I looked up to see them Frenching wildly. I continued at their cocks, and they both shot off at once.

After another short rest and a little quiet foreplay, Blair moved around on the bed into the 69 position opposite Paul and they started at it, while I watched in awe. They gave each other great head and tongue and really went at it, clutching each other's ass as they moved together, mouthing each other's cock. It really was a beautiful sight to watch them go at it; they are both so beautiful, tanned, muscular, and young. They swallowed each other's load, and then we smoked another joint before Blair mounted me, his juicy cock feeling huge in my shaft.

At the same time Paul knelt at our heads, and I licked at his balls, which were overhanging my face, as Blair lapped at his cock. All three of us came, almost together. We went at it all night, and it certainly was the wildest sex session I'd ever had or probably will have. I loved how open and free Paul and Blair were in satisfying not only me but each other as well. Anything that proved that satisfying and stimulating just can't be wrong for any of us. It was beautiful sex, free and loose, and both those gorgeous studs have a lot to be proud of and a lot to look forward to.—*Name and address withheld*

Here now . . . the news!

After having read several letters in past issues on work-related sexual encounters, I feel moved to relate an incident that occurred at a radio station I was employed at recently. Radio station disc jockeys and promiscuous, willing females have long been staples of small-town radio stations, but my experience was unique.

Sunday afternoons tend to be dull, rather boring shifts on radio, especially since I am usually the only person in the building, playing announcer, news person, and secretary. One Sunday last summer a young lady phoned and asked to come in and pick up tickets she had won to a rock concert. Her voice was sexy, and her lush, vibrant tones turned me on the minute I picked up the phone. Picking up tickets on weekends was not station policy, but since she sounded so provocative, I quickly said, "Yes, you may come."

One-half hour later the door to "action central" opened, and there stood Miss Perfect. Attired in a bright red string bikini, Rhonda was the most beautiful hunk of femininity I've ever seen. On a scale of 1 to 10, she was an 11. Her hair almost matched her swimsuit, her body was splendid, and she looked like a potential Miss America candidate. She happened to be on the way to the beach, and thus

she wore the skimpy bikini.

After getting her tickets, Rhonda said that she was surprised I was so handsome, since she always assumed most disc jockeys were short, fat, and ugly. As she stood there, her body tense and obviously excited, she looked at me with increasing lust.

At that point I informed Rhonda that it was news time, and I had to deliver my report for the next ten minutes, but she was welcome to stay and watch. About two minutes into the news, I noticed her go to the door and lock it. As I was about to elaborate on fighting in the Middle East, I saw her disappear under my broadcasting table. And then the unbelievable happened. I felt her throbbing hands pulling my pants down. For my listeners it would be another run-of-the-mill newscast, but for me an erotic experience was about to transpire. She quickly proved to be the greatest exponent of oral sex I've ever met, including several groupies that had occasionally frequented the premises.

It was during the baseball scores that I was about to explode with uncontrolled abandon. I knew I had to delay my ejaculation, since I had to read the weather with a flash-flood watch in effect. So I tried to concentrate on my presentation, Pirates five, Dodgers two, Mets and Astros rained out.

As I was about to finish up with the weather, there was no more denying Miss Perfect. Her expertise in giving head resulted in what was probably the longest, most prolific orgasm in broadcasting history—"hot, horny, and humid tomorrow." Then it happened.

And the party wasn't over yet. I quickly found Donna Summers's "Love to Love You, Baby." We continued our newfound insatiable sexual appetite for each other amid the music blaring in the background.

Finally, behind on commercials and sexually spent, I ushered her out the door and finished my show. I never saw Rhonda again. Never. But, then, that's show biz, folks!—*Name and address withheld*

Brotherly love

I never thought that I'd ever be writing to your magazine, but I'd like to tell you about something that has been a part of my life for a while.

I have a little sister, Jeanie, who got married about three years ago to a very nice man whom I've always liked. I am an unmarried woman of 28, and although I enjoy sex with various male and female friends, I'll always have a "soft spot" for Mark. About a year after the wedding I was visiting Jeanie and Mark for a couple of weeks. Jeanie works days and couldn't get very much time off while I was there. Mark was between jobs just then; so he kept me company most of the time.

One evening I was looking through the bookcase for something to read in bed, and I found Mark's collection of *Pent-*

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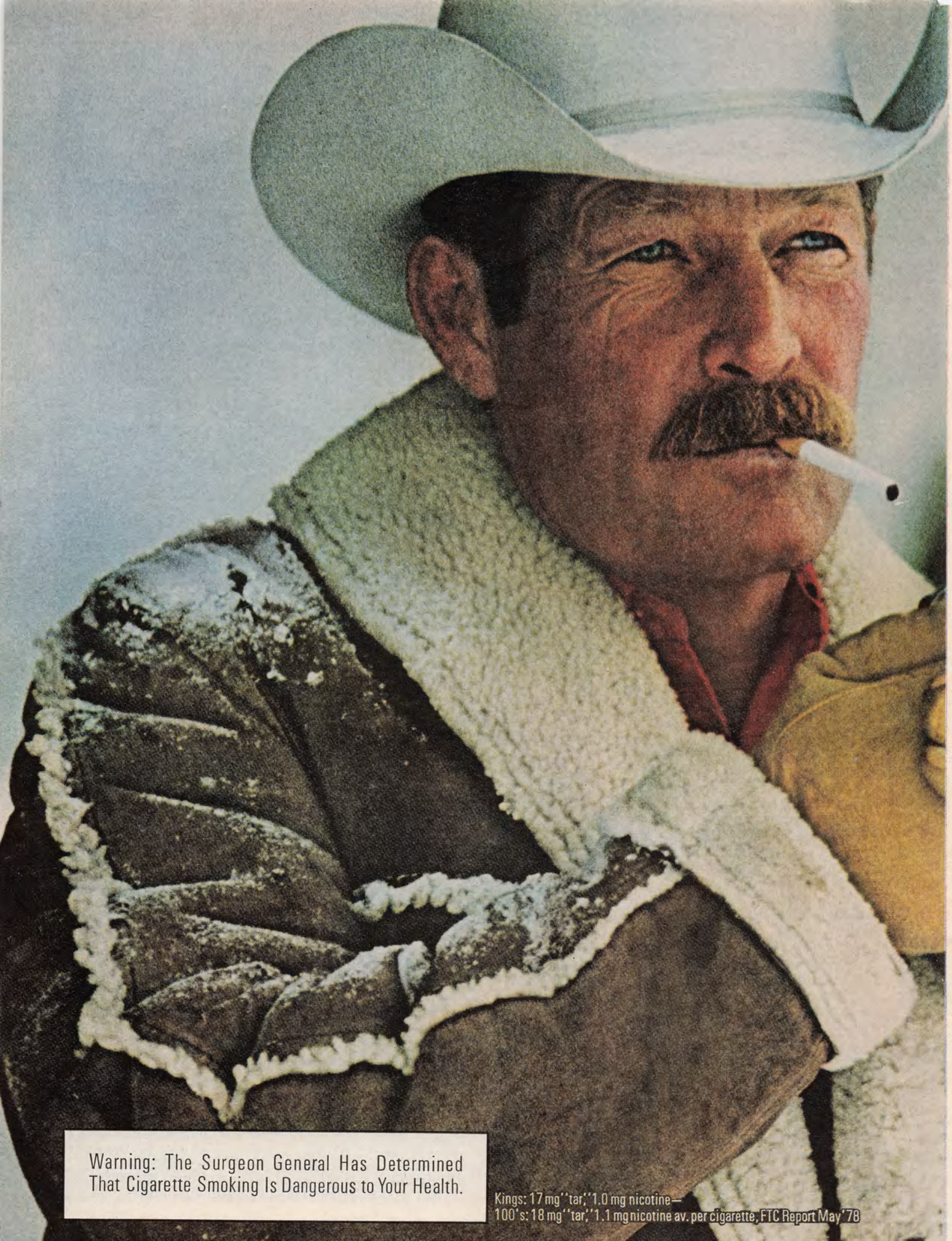
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house magazines. So I took a couple of them up with me. Wow! The pictures were fantastic, but the letters really got me off! The next morning, after Jeanie had gone to work, I was having coffee with Mark, and I told him that I had really enjoyed his magazines. We got around to talking about our fantasies and whatnot. Mark said he'd always wanted to masturbate for someone other than his wife, and I "confessed" that I'd been having fantasies about him since before the wedding. I could tell that he was getting aroused by all this talk, and that made me turn on!

I suggested that Mark come up to the guest room, where I was staying, and fulfill his fantasy for me. I knew that I was coming on a little strong, but I thought, "What the hell." Mark followed me up the stairs like a puppy, leaving a trail of clothes all the way. By the time we reached my room, Mark was nude and his cock was at attention. I couldn't stand seeing his cock all alone; so I dropped to my knees and drew it into my mouth and throat for a long suck. I really love sucking cock, and I gave Mark's my all. Mark came in a gusher, and after I sucked him dry, I led him over to my bed and stripped for him. I may be 28, but I am as trim as a schoolgirl, with large, firm breasts. When I lay down on the bed, I noticed Mark's cock stirring again; so I told him to jerk off for me.

As he fondled his cock, I began to tingle all over and my hand went to my special place. Mark began to moan as he lost track of everything around him, and this set me off, and we came pretty much simultaneously. We spent the rest of the day in much the same way. That night, after we had all gone to bed, I heard Mark and Jeanie fucking up a storm. I masturbated myself to a sleep full of glorious dreams. Mark and I enjoyed mutual masturbation every day for the rest of my stay, and whenever we visit each other, we masturbate for each other at least once. We have never fucked, though; I love my little sister too much. I can't wait for our next visit!—*Name and address withheld*

Revitalized love

I am a 23-year-old college grad now working in New York. Three years ago an event took place that shocked and surprised me so much that it has taken me the last three years to understand my feelings. But now that I know where I'm at, I'd like to share the most exciting event of my life with your readers.

My boyfriend of my early college days, whom I'll call Dave, was the first real love of my life. But after about two years of a happy and fiery relationship, our sex life, which I thought was great, began to slow down. Sex became unexciting for both of us, and after many days and nights of talk, we came to the conclusion that if we were going to stay together, we would have to try something new. Since I was having trouble reaching orgasm, I suggested that I would try almost anything. We tried some sex toys and talking sexy, and then one day Dave brought home *Penthouse*. Those three things did the trick for a while. I come from a strict home and have always been straight, but your girls and articles were bringing me to new heights.

Finally, one night I broke down and confessed to Dave that the nude girls in the magazine were driving me absolutely wild. I even told him that I had bought a few magazines on my own and had spent almost every night masturbating with those lovely bodies and sexy poses before me. He suggested exactly what I wanted to hear, and after I heard him out, I agreed to let him help me find a woman to make love with me.

One week later Dave picked me up after explaining to me over the phone the night before what he thought we should do. We drove to a large house, where a girl Dave had been friendly with lived. I knew Sally and thought she was attractive and had a nice body, but I didn't think I liked her much.

Dave and I walked in, and Sally was very friendly. She told us to make ourselves at home because everyone in her family was on vacation for the weekend. We had a few drinks, and within an hour things were very relaxed. I mentioned that my back was sore, and Sally quickly picked up on that line. Within moments she was sitting on my ass, giving me a great massage, while Dave was watching television. She asked me to take my shirt off so that she could do a better job, and I obliged. I was feeling fantastic. She rolled me over, and although I was a little uptight, I didn't say a thing. She began to play with my breasts, squeezing my nipples and licking and sucking them till I was shivering and tingling all over. I was loving every minute of it. Then she kissed me in a way I had never been kissed before. She slipped her tongue deep into my mouth with such feeling that I felt my clit grow and my cunt get wet in a way they had never done before. She lay down on top of me, still kissing me, and I began to hump her soft, curvy body wildly. I whispered into her ear that she should take off my pants, and she said with a smile, "Yes, I think you're ready."

Dave sat down on the floor next to the bed and watched. Then what happened was simply amazing. I was completely nude. My pussy was aching for pleasure. Sally licked her way down to my dripping pussy, and within seconds I was experiencing sensations that I had never felt before. She touched her cool tongue to my steaming clit. I arched my back and let out a scream. I was going absolutely crazy. Her tongue was magic.

For the next hour Sally ate me out and brought me to at least ten shattering climaxes. I never thought sex could be so satisfying. And these were no mild

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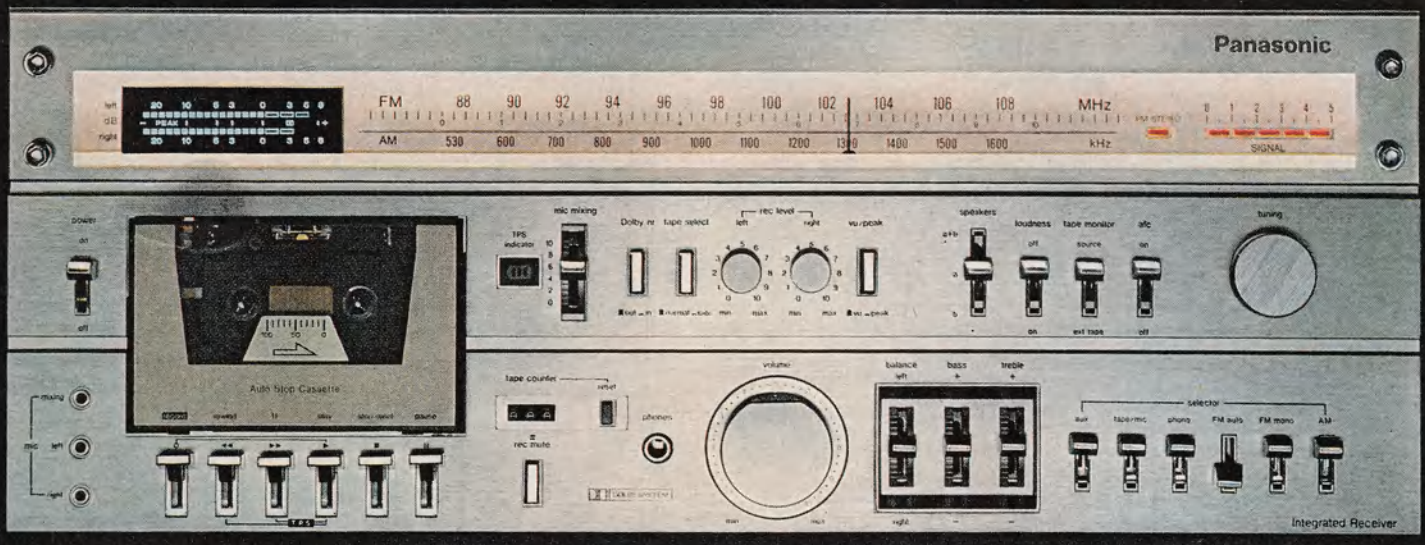

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climaxes. Sally's mouth and fingers had me in absolute spasms. My body literally went into fits. My cunt was convulsing, the muscles were actually pulsating, and my love juices were pouring like a fountain.

Then I asked for something I never thought I would have the nerve to ask for. "Please take your clothes off and let me taste you," I said. She removed all her clothes except her white silk panties, which looked very beautiful against her tanned skin. "If you want what's under here bad enough, you'll have to take these off yourself," she said. I pulled her down on top of me, humping and kissing her as if my life depended on it.

After sucking on her tits, which brought me to the brink of orgasm, I resumed my trip down to the place where I wanted to be. I smelled her soaking pussy through her panties and licked around the edges and over her crotch. Then I couldn't hold back. I took her panties off and saw a cunt that was prettier than any I had ever seen in a magazine. I dived into her pussy with complete abandon. I licked it to orgasm after orgasm, lapping up every drop of her nectar. At some point while I was loving her, Dave left. I couldn't stop to say good-bye. I ate her for over an hour, but I could have done it forever. The taste, the smell, the feel, the warmth, transcended earthly experience. We did 69 until we fell asleep, and I fell into a deep slumber with my face where it wanted to be, close to Sally's pussy.

We made love a few more times after that night, mostly by ourselves but also once more with Dave there. The loving was as good every time. We even got into games where I was her slave and she was my queen. I would walk around tied by the hands while I took verbal abuse and light smacks from her until I was so hot that I had to beg for her finger. She would lay me down on the edge of the bed and finger me to multiple spasms before she settled down to loving me with her mouth.

I am now enjoying a relationship with a nice guy in which sex is secondary. We have fun together, but good sex for me means loving a sexy woman. I have considered becoming a lesbian, but I like the company of men. In fact, I don't like women as friends all that much, but as far as sex goes, there is no comparison. Sex between two girls is just much hotter than with men. I know many women think about doing it and find it sexy, but they're a little scared. But if you let yourself go—I mean, really feel what another woman can do for you—you are in for the greatest thrill of your life.—*Name and address withheld*

Afternoon delight

I never thought I'd be writing to "Forum," but I had to share the most amazing afternoon of my life with your readers.

It was a usual Saturday afternoon in the summer. I was sitting out in the backyard with my roommate and a friend of ours, getting some sun and smoking a joint. It was really a gorgeous day, but none of us had the energy to go out anywhere. It's a good thing, too, or we would have missed the adventure of our lives.

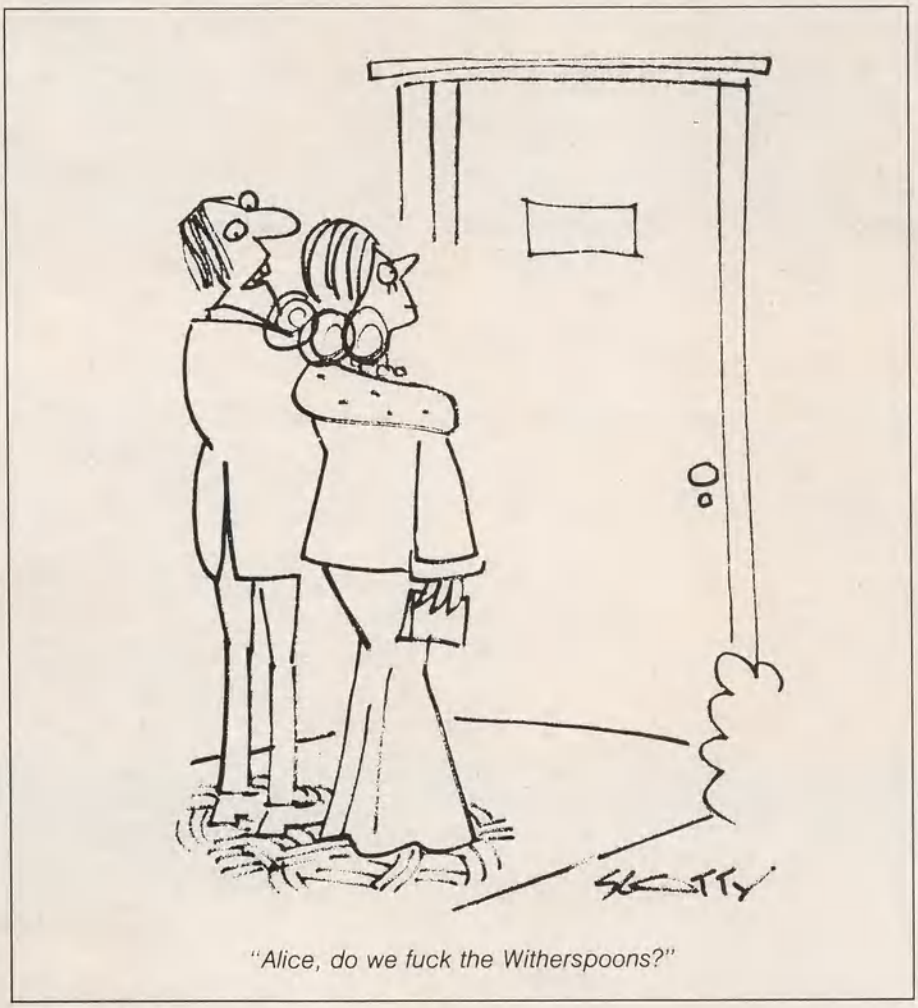
About three that afternoon we heard the doorbell ring over the noise of the stereo. When I made my way to the door, I threw it open to find the three most adorable young girls I'd ever seen. The tallest, a blonde who looked just barely 18, told me that my friend's car was blocking her driveway and she wanted to get out. I invited the three of them into the backyard so that we could get my friend to move the car. As I followed them up the stairs, I watched the three most perfect asses peek out of their shorts.

When Barry and Greg saw these three young beauties walk into our backyard, they nearly flipped. Sitting in the sun and smoking and drinking a few beers naturally made us a little horny, and these three looked like a dream come true. Barry, always a quick thinker, asked the girls if they'd like to smoke a joint with us. They looked at each other and shrugged, deciding they didn't have to be anywhere in a hurry. We introduced ourselves to the girls, and they told us their names. Lisa, the one I had spoken with at the door, was tall, about five foot seven, with small, perky breasts to match the perfection of her ass. It was easy to see that she was braless, and the cool breeze kept her tiny nipples erect.

Her two friends, Penny and Shari, were both a year younger and not quite as tall. Penny looked like a sultry little French girl. She had red hair, which she wore in bangs, and big, brown eyes. Her chest was a bit bigger than Lisa's, and her bottom was every bit as nice. Shari, another blue-eyed blonde, was almost top-heavy, and we could see her beautiful cleavage exposed by her tightly stretched tank top.

We had been smoking some very good Colombian grass, and it wasn't long before the girls forgot completely about moving their car. Penny sat down next to Greg and mumbled something about being afraid her legs would sunburn. Ever the gentleman, Greg quickly suggested he should apply some of our suntan lotion to help protect her. As he started on her sleek, well-formed calves, Barry and I went back to talking to the two other girls.

The next time we looked over, Greg and Penny were locked in a deep French kiss, with Greg's hand finding its way to the leg of Penny's shorts. The rest of us sat hypnotized, watching as Greg worked his hand back and forth inside Penny's pants. Our cocks were really beginning to swell now. When Lisa let out a low moan, I knew it was time to make my move. As I wrapped my arm around her



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and pulled her closer, her shorts slipped down just enough to expose her tanned abdomen and a puff of the silkiest blonde pubic hair I'd ever seen. When I put my hand on her breast and ran my thumb over her nipple, I felt her quiver and go limp. I quickly got her top off and was presented with a pair of little tits even nicer than her T-shirt had promised. I quickly wrapped my tongue around her nipples and used both of my hands to get her shorts off. I could tell it was taking all of her strength just to run her fingers through my hair and purr like a contented cat.

When I looked up to see how my friends were doing, I could tell I was falling behind. Barry was on his back, pulling Shari down on his tool. Greg and Penny had progressed to a little 69 position, and it was obvious that her young mouth was doing a very professional job on his rod.

Ready to catch up, I spread Lisa's legs and took a look at her beautiful box. I bent over to lick her love lips, but when I tasted how wet she was, I knew she was ready for fucking. I was really surprised how easily her tight box took my nine inches. I tried to make our love act last, but Lisa's pussy was so slick and wet that I very quickly shot my wad, pumping her full of my juices.

We spent the rest of the afternoon and most of that evening fucking, sucking, and switching. At the end all six of us had to agree that it was the most delightful Saturday afternoon we'd ever spent. Though these girls were young and inexperienced, they took to fucking as quickly as a dog to a bone. Eventually, about nine that night, Lisa realized that she was supposed to have been home two hours ago. Greg finally went out to move his car. Unfortunately, we've never seen any of these girls since that great day, but whenever Greg comes over, you can bet he's sure to park in that driveway again!
—Name and address withheld

No swimming today

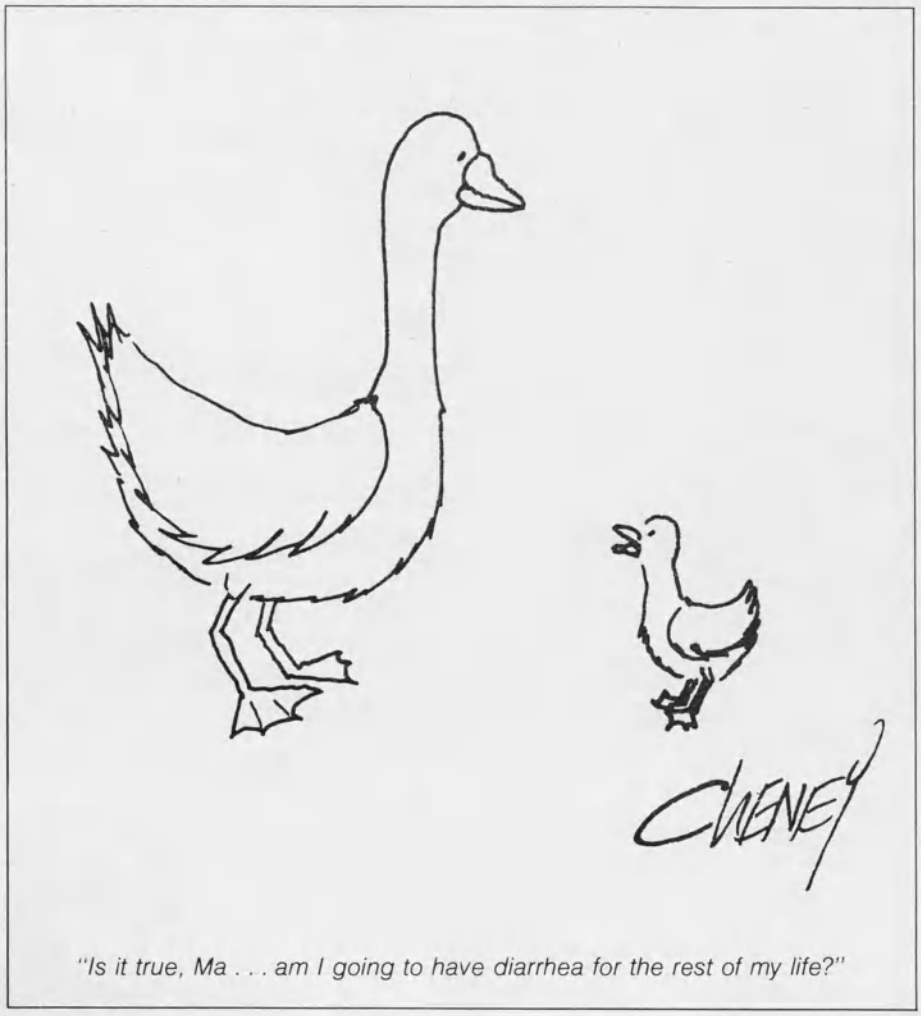
I am an avid reader of *Penthouse* "Forum," and I would like to relate to your readers an incident that happened to me last month.

I am an 18-year-old college student in a small southern university, and I was recently home for the weekend. It was a hot August day; so I decided to go to my next-door neighbor's house for a swim. When I walked in the gate to the pool, I noticed my neighbor's 27-year-old daughter trying to get a tan. She was lying facedown on a blanket with only her string-bikini panties on. For years I'd been trying to imagine how Debbie's beautiful figure looked without any clothes on, and now I saw her with just the least amount on she could have.

I decided it was now or never; so I walked over and told her I was going for a swim. Without lifting her head, she said, "All right, but before you go, rub some suntan lotion on me." At this point my member grew so much that when I went to get the suntan lotion, I took off my swimsuit to relieve the pressure. Then I went back to Debbie and started rubbing the suntan lotion on that magnificent figure (38D-24-36) with slow, rhythmic strokes. After that I slowly moved my hand down and rubbed those beautiful tits.

After about ten minutes, I took her panties off. All the while Debbie did not raise her head, and I was getting very horny. Then I moved my hand up and stuck a finger in her hot, juicy pussy. That was all she needed. Debbie turned around and said, "I've been waiting for your big dick for the longest time!" She took all of my nine inches, and I came immediately. Then, while she licked and sucked on my cock some more, I took off for seventh heaven and fingered that beautiful pussy of hers. Then I went and sucked and licked those great tits and nipples of hers. I licked her purplish clit. It was only then that I noticed that Debbie had auburn pussy hair, just like the hair on her head. I moved her pussy lips to reveal the pinkest pussy I'd ever seen, and I plunged my whole face in. I ate her until she came three times. That was when Debbie said, "Let's see what that big boy can do," and she got up on all fours. I needed no instructions, and I fucked that beautiful thing doggy-style till she came twice. Then I pulled my rod out and slid it up her ass. She writhed in ecstasy as she came in the greatest orgasm I'd ever seen a girl have.

Then I laid Debbie on her back and fucked her for another ten minutes. Afterward we got in the 69 position and licked and sucked each other for about five minutes. I was about to come when, all of a sudden, I felt a tongue slide up my ass. Debbie and I came in mind-blowing orgasms. I turned around to see who it was, and, to my surprise, it was her sister, Diane (age 24). Debbie and I stripped Diane's gorgeous body (38-23-35) out of her bikini, and I went down and started licking and sucking on Diane's blonde pussy while Debbie sucked my cock. After Diane and I came, I fucked Diane until she came twice while Debbie jumped in the pool to cool herself off. Then Diane and I jumped in the pool, where I played with both girls' tits. When Debbie got out to go to work, I told Diane to hold on to the side and spread her legs. Then I fucked her from behind while I played with her tits. Then we got out, and I entered Diane's ass while she was lying on her side. And we fell asleep like that. That night Debbie came home and woke us up (to my surprise, I was still inside Diane), and we continued our fucking session. In all I came 12 times, Debbie came 16 times, and Diane came 11 times.



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Since then, both girls and I have had three more all-day fucking sessions. The last time they brought their cousin, Margaret, along. Margaret doesn't have a bad body either (35-22-35), and we had a three on one. I couldn't keep it up with all of them. Next time I will bring my friend along, too.—*Name and address withheld.*

Congenial trio

I am writing this to encourage people to pursue their fantasies. It can be better than you'll ever imagine.

Thanks to many common interests and pure congeniality, my boyfriend, Jim, and I spend a lot of time with his younger brother, Dave. Because I am not only fond of Dave but also physically attracted to him, I have fantasized quite often about him. I frequently daydream about how it would feel with his cock buried deep inside me or especially about the three of us getting it on.

The night of a recent party was no different, up to a point. We were all very loose, having gone through a lot of good drinks and better grass. As the crowd dwindled, Dave and I talked, teased, and joked with each other almost exclusively. Another woman and I danced suggestively, and talk naturally turned to sex, which all had its usual effect on me by making me hot as hell, dripping wet, and full of ideas.

Because Jim and I are quite open with each other, I mentioned my recurrent fantasy to him to tease him into arousal. I had no hopes of fulfilling this fantasy, as he caught me about 18 months earlier trying to complete my seduction of his brother. Only recently had we even been comfortable enough with my obsessive fantasy to joke about it happening and how we'd feel afterwards. I nearly flipped when Jim first gave me a tentative and then a definite okay on my idea. How we'd introduce it to Dave would be another story. It even occurred to me then that Dave would leave the next morning on a 16-day vacation. My crotch was drenched through my panties and jeans. Probably being nervous about our thwarted earlier attempt, Dave couldn't take a hint. As he was leaving, Jim had to come right out and ask him. I wish I'd heard that conversation!

I won't say we weren't uncomfortable or awkward a few times or that things went as smoothly as they do in all your other letters, but for a first attempt at anything like this we came out of it with flying colors. As things warmed up, I looked at the nude men on either side of me. Just seeing their contrasting builds was a tremendous turn-on. Jim is a natural athlete with a tall, lean, fluid frame and plenty of ass to grab. Dave, on the other hand, is shorter but has worked to make his shoulders broader and chest fuller. His legs, my favorite of his features, are very muscular; his buns are small, hard, and compact.

Eventually, after some initial shyness, Jim and Dave fucked me in every opening I have. Jim screwed me from behind doggy-style as I sucked Dave's enlarged cock and later watched from across the room as Dave thrust himself deep into my throat. Dave was on the bottom while I straddled his mammoth erection, and Jim got behind me and rammed his long dick deeper than ever before into my ass. We kept it going until Jim passed out; Dave and I collapsed to the floor in exhaustion. Even so I was tingling all over.

All too soon Dave reached for me, again caressing my breasts and pinching my nipples. He was still hard as ever and as persistent as a machine. We kept balling there on the floor, his piston pumping my still-throbbing cunt. He licked my juicy snatch, fucked my tits (a first for me), and eventually also shoved his oiled rod into my butt hole (a first for him). We wandered into the bathroom, and he took me again as I sat on the vanity with my legs on his shoulders. By this time I was raw and unfortunately had to stop him. He turned me around and shoved his still-eager erection at my bruised back door, but I was much too sore for that also. We lay with each other until Dave fell asleep after dawn. Luckily, I was wide awake, as I had other plans and had to leave. Dave left on his vacation before Jim awoke.

Jim and I talked this to death and were pretty cool about it but worried where Dave's head was at. Since then he's returned, and we've seen him quite often. Jim and I decided if this ever should happen again, we'd make a few changes, such as taking pictures for future excitement. I also hope that we'd be relaxed enough to try more ideas and we'll all be sober enough to remember and enjoy it fully. I found out that, for whatever reason, Dave never came that night. I'm hoping we can give him a "next time" to make up for that.—*Name and address withheld*

Welcome to the neighborhood

Cheryl and I had just moved into our new home and were relaxing beside our pool. We had invited our new neighbors, Jim and Judy, over for drinks later that afternoon but didn't expect them for several hours. Because our yard and pool are very private, we had shed our suits and were having a delightful time swimming and sunning in the nude. Just as you would expect in a new situation like this, we began getting playful. We both took turns sucking and licking each other underwater until we were almost ready to do some serious fucking. We then heard our gate open, and in walked Jim and Judy with a tray of drinks. They thought they would surprise us with some refreshments. You can imagine our surprise! Not only were we nude, but my hard-on was difficult to hide. What could we do but invite them in for a swim?

They seemed much more relaxed about the situation than we were and didn't hesitate to take off their suits and

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join us in the pool. After a few drinks, we had lost our inhibitions and were getting it on again. Watching Jim and Judy was getting us both excited. Jim was sitting on the pool steps with his cock just breaking the surface, and Judy was sucking the tip while massaging his balls. His hand was rubbing her pussy while she rotated her ass. Her body was good, and I think both Cheryl and I enjoyed watching her well-shaped tits brushing the water as she moved against his hand. We felt no embarrassment about going to the chaise lounge and screwing while watching them both come in the water.

Later that evening we went to Jim and Judy's to smoke some grass and watch some porno flicks. After watching a couple of good ones, which got us all hot again, Jim moved over beside Cheryl and began feeling her body. Judy took off her blouse and sat beside me on the floor. She put her hand between my legs and gently rubbed my hardened cock. I could feel us all getting hotter because of what we were doing and what we were watching on and off the screen. When Cheryl saw what Judy was doing to me, she unzipped Jim's pants, brought his cock out, and slowly began to massage it. Jim pulled her shirt over her head and started to lick her nipples. That really turned me on! After unzipping my pants, I slid Judy's shorts off. She pulled my pants down and brought her mouth down on my swollen cock. I was never so excited in my life. I turned her over and sucked and licked on her wet cunt while she sucked me. Her hand and mouth worked together in beautiful harmony. I could feel my juices filling her mouth as she pressed her cunt to my face. When we both had come, we watched Jim and Cheryl.

They were on the couch, watching the film and imitating the actors. Jim was sliding his cock between her tits while she fingered her cunt. As the action changed on the screen, Cheryl got on her hands and knees and Jim mounted her dog-fashion. Judy and I nearly came again from watching them.

Jim and Judy later told us that they were swingers and had done this often. Although Cheryl and I have not joined the swinging set, we enjoy frequent visits with our new neighbors.—*Name and address withheld*

Medic alert

As a medic in the navy, I had a routine and boring job of processing men in a psychiatric hospital. I simply took their blood pressure, temperature, and heartbeat and questioned them regarding past medical history. Mostly they were nonviolent, easygoing patients with minor symptoms.

Suddenly, the hospital was opened to women, and my functions were applicable to them. The procedures should have been supervised for both sexes, but since I worked the shift from midnight to 8:00 A.M., supervision was practically nonexistent.

The patients did not know what to expect or how far my "preexamination" was supposed to go. They were easily led, used to following directions. My own social life and sexual life were limited because of my work schedule and my own inhibitions. So here was a chance to make up for this.

I practiced a routine for several weeks that would satisfy me. Finally, the chance came. A very pretty, slender, but well-built girl was admitted to the hospital during my shift and turned over to my care alone.

I went through all the required mundane procedures with her, recording blood pressure, heartbeat, reflexes, certain medical history, and purposely omitting the oral temperature taking. The latter I saved for the right time with an added twist.

Then I told her to remove her blouse and bra for an examination of her breasts. I felt and pushed and squeezed them and massaged her nipples, which got hard rather quickly. I explained that I was looking for any abnormality and suddenly squeezed her breasts hard. She complained to me, and I simply told her that this was necessary and could possibly save her life. Of course, I was very matter-of-fact and direct so that she felt that she must comply.

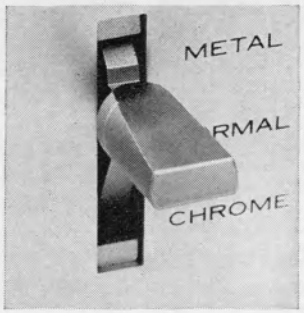
After this I told her to remove the rest of her clothing. She did so and actually tried to cover her private parts with her hands. I directed her to lie down on her back on the table in the room. Spreading her legs, I probed her genitals. I couldn't believe that this was actually happening. I was so excited and thrilled beyond belief.

She begged me to skip this as I rubbed her bare clitoris. Soon she started to moan, and her pussy was very wet. She talked about how long it was since a man had touched her there.

Next I turned her over, on her stomach, with her legs spread and her rear end raised. I put the Vaseline, which I had brought, on my middle finger and inserted it into her rectum. She hollered loudly but just for a few seconds. At this point I told her that if she wasn't quiet I would have to push two fingers in there to get the right medical information needed and that this would certainly hurt. She quieted down and began to squirm. She actually appeared to be enjoying it.

As I put the middle finger of my left hand deeper into her ass hole, I used my right hand to rub her cunt and her clitoris. Suddenly I removed my left hand and inserted a rectal thermometer in its place. I pushed the thermometer all the way in. When it started to come out slowly, I shoved it in harder. She really was moaning and gasping and getting hotter than hell.

"Well, your urine seems to be all right."



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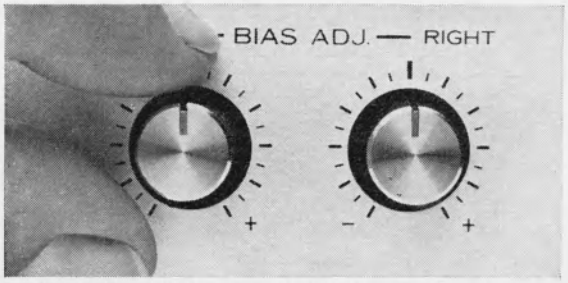

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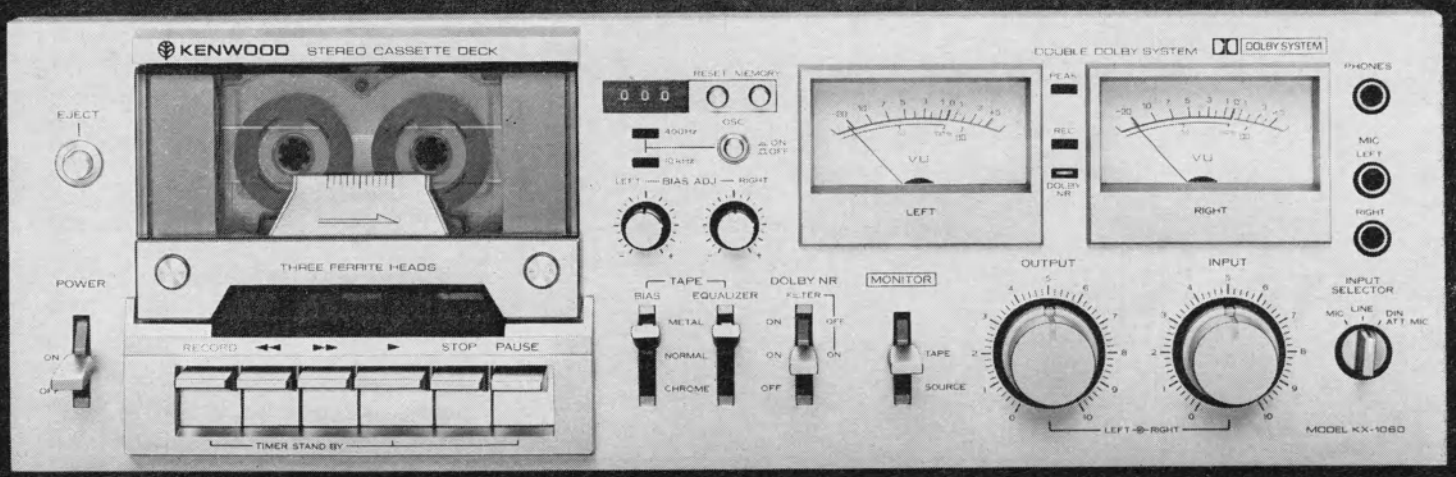

She then climaxed for a long time. Unfortunately, so did I—all over my military pants and underwear. At this point, I simply told her that the examination was over and that she should go to her assigned room. Luckily, I had a spare change of clothes. Luckier yet, she told no one of the details of what happened.

I never did do this again after that experience, because I became too frightened and did not have that much time left to go in the service. Boy, I wish I could get another chance like that again!—*Name and address withheld*

Lover unknown

Until recently, my fantasy of making love to a total stranger seemed as if it would never be fulfilled. I'm 18 years old and engaged to a wonderful but rather sexually ignorant guy named Doug. I love him deeply, but I just can't seem to express my desires to him. He is also very conservative when it comes to sex, and though I enjoy our relationship, there doesn't seem to be enough variation from the most common sexual acts. As an avid *Penthouse* reader, I wanted to share an experience with you.

One day I went to the store to buy the newspaper and few other items I needed. My purchases were rung up by one of the most gorgeous male specimens I had ever seen. He was wearing an extremely tight-fitting pair of Levi's, and I couldn't help noticing the bulge in his pants. I remarked that he was new in the area. He told me that his name was Paul and that up until then he hadn't seen any action. We talked for a few more minutes, and I left because Doug was picking me up in about an hour and half. I had to get ready for my date with Doug, but before showering, I flipped through the newspaper to see if my girl friend's engagement announcement had been printed. While doing this, I came across a scrap of paper that said, "If you're bored and looking for excitement, come back to the store." It was signed "Paul." Hardly able to control my excitement, I quickly showered and did my face. I put on my tightest pair of jeans and the lowest-cut top with no bra. I ran out of the house, telling my roommate that I was going back to the store for something I had forgotten and that if Doug arrived before I got back, she should tell him I'd be only a few minutes and to wait for me there.

I arrived at the store, and Paul's knowing smile gave me every reason to assume he was pleased with what he saw. He locked the store doors and put up the "back in 30 minutes" sign. He then took my hand and led me to the back of the store. We then proceeded to undress. Compared with Doug, Paul had a cock like a telephone pole. It was about nine inches long and very thick. It throbbed, and even though it was very large, I knew I would have no trouble handling it as I have been around a bit and have had my share of big cocks. Guys have compared my mouth to a human vacuum cleaner. I proceeded to give Paul the most fantastic blowjob of his life. While doing this, he licked my clit with an expertise I had never known existed. As I mentioned before, Doug is a little sexually ignorant and not very proficient in the art of oral sex. We came together, and I couldn't seem to get enough of him. I licked my lips and told Paul how great he tasted.

With my deft fingers tantalizing and teasing his balls, Paul was soon erect again. We fucked for what seemed hours but couldn't have been more than 15 minutes. Paul had to reopen the store, and I had to get back; so we quickly dressed and said good-bye.

I made it back home just minutes before Doug arrived. The knowledge of having fulfilled my fantasy of screwing a stranger and the fact that Doug had no idea of what I had been doing excited me all over again.

Since then Paul and I have had many great times. Though he is no longer a stranger, I will always be grateful to him for the many enjoyable hours he gives me.

Doug and I will be married when he graduates from the agricultural university he is attending. Then he will be home for good, and I know Paul and I will have to part ways. Until then I have Paul during the week and Doug on weekends. So I really believe I have the best of both worlds.—*T.W., Ontario, Canada*

On the books

I am an associate at one of the high-powered Washington law firms. During law school or my first two years of practice I never thought law was very stimulating.

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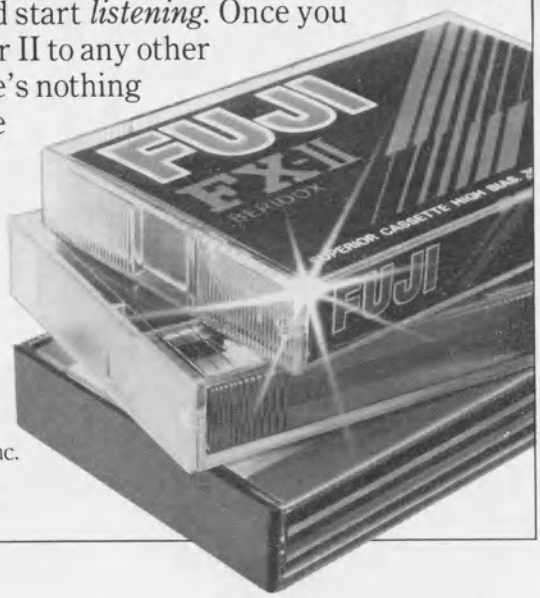

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However, one evening, several weeks ago, I discovered how exhilarating the practice of law could be.

It was well after midnight, and my fellow associate, Susie, and I were the only ones in the office. We had sequestered ourselves in the senior partner's office and were working feverishly to finish the brief that was to be filed with the Supreme Court the following day. We knew it had to be good because we were working for the most demanding senior partner in the firm.

I was sitting at the senior partner's royal-oak desk, reading a tangentially related case that I knew would get me nowhere. Books were piled high all over the desk, several open and marked at key pages. Susie walked in and pushed aside a stack of reports, sat on the top of the desk, and let out a weary sigh.

"I've just about had enough of this," she said. "I've got to have a break." I asked, "What do you have in mind?" "Oh, I don't know. I guess it's too late to go anywhere."

For the first time I noticed that she had a strange look on her face. Susie is quite attractive. A top graduate of a West Coast law school, she is Californian all the way. She has silky blonde hair, China blue eyes, a bronzed skin, and a body that violates the rule against perpetuities. Clearly her face belongs in *Penthouse* instead of being stuck in a federal supplement.

It was extremely warm in the office, and the top three buttons of her blouse were open. In fact, tiny beads of perspiration had formed into droplets and had begun to trickle down her cleavage. She caught me looking at her ample consideration and smiled broadly. Then she glanced down at the bulge in my trousers and asked, "Is that a firm offer I perceive?"

Before I realized what was happening, we had made an oral contract, a verbal agreement. She stated: "I want you to know I expect full performance." So saying, she opened my pants zipper and inched her hands up my leg, soon becoming a holder in due course. Then, since it was a contract, she demanded inspection of the goods to make sure they satisfied the warranties of merchantability and fitness for a particular use. Having approved, she balanced the hardship in her mouth until I quickly obtained satisfaction and release.

However, Susie claimed that "was only part performance of the oral contract we made. I expect perfect tender."

"Okay, but you have to give me a reasonable time to cure the defective goods, and, furthermore, you have a duty to aid in the cure."

She smiled and began to diddle with my limp, lifeless member. Very soon I achieved vertical privity and was ready to assert my property interests. She spread her legs as I laid her back down on the *American Juris Penis*. Then I feasted my eyes on what all lawyers crave—a deep-pocket defendant!

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I began to touch and concern and soon became the dominant estate to her servient estate, joined in horizontal privity. I had the benefit, and she had the burden of a negative easement for the flow of my artificial stream. Soon our estates merged, and the easement was extinguished, but not before she emitted several excited utterances. I withdrew and made known my withdrawal, thereby relieving myself of all further liability for this unlawful enterprise.

We barely got the brief done by 6:00 A.M. The senior partner loved it except for the last couple of pages, which were stuck together.—*Name and address withheld*

The bigger the better

I'd like to tell you about a fantasy experience that happened to me recently. Up until a few months ago, I was an unhappy, sexually frustrated housewife. Charles, my husband, had been trying everything to make me happy and content. I must say that we had tried almost everything until a friend lent Charles some X-rated movies. I had always thought of X-rated films as being disgusting, but at this point I was ready to try anything to help our sex life.

We watched the first film, and it did nothing for me, but the second film devastated me. The star of the film was John Holmes. I had never heard of John Holmes or seen a cock as big as his. I must admit that prior to marriage I had no sexual experiences. Charles, up until a few months ago, had been my only lover. As I watched the film, I became uncontrollably excited. My husband asked me what I thought of the film, and I told him I loved it. I also stated to him that I couldn't believe the size of the cock and that I was immensely turned on. Charles and I finished watching the film and went to bed and had fantastic sex. I kept thinking of the huge cock as Charles rammed my pussy. I had finally realized what would make me sexually excited, a big cock. Charles is about average, five inches long when erect.

On a few occasions Charles and I had discussed swinging with other couples, but to my surprise it was Charles who was against it. He stated that if I wanted to, I could go out with other men, but he had no interest in making it with other women.

As we talked, I found out that Charles has long had a fantasy of seeing me being fucked by another man. It looked as though both of our fantasies were going to be fulfilled. Charles and I had decided to find me a lover with a huge cock to see if what I saw on the film was for real. The blonde girl being fucked by Mr. Holmes was out of her mind with pleasure.

Charles and I considered many different ways of finding my stud, but we decided to leave it up to him. He is a member of a local paddle ball club and health spa and has plenty of opportunity to look around in the locker room.

I waited about a month and began to get angry with Charles because he couldn't find anyone who would be suitable for my fantasy. Finally, on a Tuesday, Charles called and said he had found someone. Charles said that the stud's name was Doug and that he was a guest of someone at the spa. Doug was to be in town for two weeks. Charles wouldn't tell me anything about him—only that I would be quite satisfied. My mind and body went crazy. Charles arrived home and told me that he had told Doug that his sister was in town and that she was looking for a good time. Charles had set up a dinner date for Doug and me for Friday.

As Friday grew closer, my body began to tremble. I still don't know if it was because of anticipation or fear. I kept asking Charles questions about Doug, but he just smiled and told me to be relaxed and patient.

Friday arrived, and I was almost out of my mind. Charles arrived home and told me that Doug was on his way. I waited in the bedroom and double-checked my appearance. I must say I looked good. I still turn a few heads and get whistles when I walk down the street.

The door bell rang, and Charles answered the door. He invited Doug in and fixed him a drink. With my heart jumping, I entered the room. Charles introduced us. Doug was gorgeous. After a few drinks Charles excused himself, saying that he had work to do and hoped that we would have a good time. Doug and I were alone. Doug was quite young, I would guess in his twenties. After a short time, we left for dinner. I didn't eat much, but I did drink a few glasses of wine—something I don't normally do. I found myself staring at his crotch, and on one occasion I believe he caught me.

We left the restaurant, and he asked me where I would like to go for a few more drinks. I told him I would like to go back home. He agreed.

Upon arrival, we entered the living room and I told him to sit on the couch and I would fix him a drink. I sat next to him, and he put his arm around me and kissed my neck. This was more than I could stand. I kissed him, and we lay down on the couch. My heart was roaring. After a while I told him that we should go into the bedroom. I quickly got up and almost ran into the bedroom. I took off my clothes faster than I ever have and found myself almost tearing his clothes off. I never before had acted like this, but after he removed his underwear I got even worse. His cock was huge. It stood out proudly, and I put my trembling hands around it. I pulled him on top of me and screamed that he should put it in me. He grabbed it and rubbed its head against my pussy lips. He continued to rub my pussy lips, and on occasion he would push the big cock head in my pussy, and then he would pull it out. I did everything I

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could to get it in me, but it seemed as if he were teasing me. I must say that I finally begged him.

Finally, it happened. Doug slowly worked his cock into my pussy. I got the head and about one-third of the huge stalk in. For the first time, my pussy was being stretched. I couldn't believe the feeling. This dick of death was not only about ten inches long; it was big around. I humped madly, and after a short time I had engulfed the whole thing. I was in love again. I was in love with a big cock. Doug slowly began to pull out his cock and push it back in. The feeling I got while it was being pushed to areas of my body that had never been touched by a cock before made me feel like a virgin again. I lost all concept of time; we must have fucked for an hour. I had orgasm upon orgasm and was quite surprised that the police didn't come because of my loud screams.

Doug fucked me exquisitely, and I didn't want it to end. We worked our way to a devastating final climax, and he filled me with his come. We both dressed, and to my dismay Doug left.

I had completely forgotten about Charles. When I returned to the bedroom, I found him waiting for me. He had been hiding in the closet and had watched from the partly open door all the time. He said that he had been turned on by watching Doug fuck me.

Charles and I went to bed and fucked, but I must say I had been spoiled by the earlier experience. I love Charles and with his understanding we are happier than ever. I get to go out and search for a big cock as long as I occasionally come home with a pickup and Charles can watch or I tell him every detail. This experience has helped our sexual relationship at home.—*Name and address withheld*

Landlord and tenant agreement

My story may seem strange, but it's true. I've just been married to a great woman recently, but my story is about an experience a couple of years ago when I was still single.

I was working nights and not making very much money; so I needed a cheap place to live. I answered an ad for a one-bedroom cottage, which was renting for a very low rent. I drove out to see it. The couple who were renting it lived in a big house in front. The cottage had been empty for several months, and the couple, Earl and Lois, had decided to clean it up and rent it.

It was too good a deal to pass up; so I paid a month's rent and moved in the same day. I had very few belongings; so moving wasn't much of a job. The cottage was rented furnished, and although the furnishings were rather sparse, it was comfortable.

A swimming pool was next to the cottage. After I was there for a few days, I came home from work one morning (I work an evening shift) and Lois was in the pool. She yelled a warm greeting and asked me if I would like to join her in a swim. I told her I was sweaty and dirty from working and would have to shower first. When I came out to join her, she was lying on a big towel next to the pool.

She was wearing a very brief bikini, which did not cover much. She was about 35, and I was 24 at the time. She had a very nice figure, and her breasts were very sexy but only about 34 inches.

I dived in and swam for a few minutes, and when I got out, she moved over to one side of the towel and motioned for me to lie down.

I hadn't been swimming all summer and had no tan at all. Lois mentioned that I would probably get sunburned and offered to rub some of her suntan lotion on me. She started at my shoulders, and by the time she got to my navel, my cock was hard. I've got only six inches, but it's quite thick, and with the tight swimsuit I had on it stood out like a sore thumb.

Lois pretended not to notice my hard-on and continued to rub on the lotion. After she had finished, she smiled at me and said, "Steve, take off your trunks." I was only too happy to do so. She then proceeded to give me the best blowjob I had ever had. When I came, it felt as if I

For full color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21," send $2 to Box 929-P, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

would never stop shooting into her mouth. She swallowed every drop.

She then led me into the house. We headed for the bedroom and a terrific round of fucking and sucking. She had the sweetest pussy I had ever eaten, and I sucked it so hard that she came time after time. And the way she deep-throated me I stayed hard even after shooting my load two or three more times. After that, every morning, when I got home from work, I would shower and go up to Lois's bedroom and we would fuck and suck for several hours. One day, a few weeks after the affair had started, we had just finished our daily sex session, and I had started back to my cottage to get some sleep. Just about the time I reached her back door, I decided to ask her to pick up a couple of things for me when she went to the store. I walked back to the bedroom. Then I heard voices. I was really dumbfounded. Very quietly, I leaned against the wall and peeped through the door crack. I couldn't believe my eyes. There was Earl, in the nude, very busily eating Lois's pussy.

I stood there unable to move and watched as he ate her out for at least 15 minutes. She came several times. When he had finished, he lay down next to her and they started talking. I was shocked. He was telling her what a big tasty load of come I had left for him in her pussy. He also told her that he had jacked off three times while he was watching us from his hiding place in the closet.

She told him how good it felt when I was fucking her and how good I tasted when she was deep-throating me. Earl said that he would like to suck me off and have me fuck him in the ass. I slowly tiptoed out of the house and went back to my cottage. I didn't know what to think. I told myself I should find another place and move out, but the following morning after work I had a big hard-on. Even though I knew Earl would be hiding in the closet, I went up to the bedroom and had a wild orgy with Lois.

Now that I knew he was watching, I started doing a lot of new and different things to her. I started fucking her in the ass and got her to give me rim jobs. I put a dozen cherries in her pussy and sucked them out and ate them one at a time. I dipped my cock in a can of chocolate syrup and had her lick it all off.

I really got to enjoy performing for Earl, even though he didn't know I knew. Finally, one weekend, when I had three days off, I reached a decision. I pulled the closet door open and told him to come on out. They were both scared at first, but I said, "Earl, I know you want to blow me; so go ahead." We got into a triangle. Earl was blowing me, I was eating Lois's pussy, and Lois was blowing Earl. I fucked him in the ass, and he sucked my ass. I gave him golden showers. What a workout! The three of us were fucking and sucking all weekend.

For the next year and a half, we had sex almost every day. I never sucked him or let him fuck me, but I did get to the point where I would jack him off while he was watching Lois blow me.

Now I'm married and have moved away, but I still go over to Earl and Lois when I can get away for a few hours, and we go at it the way we used to.—*Name and address withheld*

Fantasy come true

As a frequent reader of *Penthouse* magazine, I would like to share an experience I had that fulfilled a part of my life never before fulfilled.

I am a restaurant manager, and with long hours, I very rarely get out to meet many people, especially women. For this reason I date girls from the restaurant.

There is one girl that I have known for about two years. Her name is Belinda. Belinda and I have been good friends, and nothing had ever happened between us until the other night. Belinda and I sat down in her apartment one night and started talking. We talked about many subjects until we came across one subject that interested both of us. She asked me if I had ever had sex with a man. Now, there is no one that I would ever tell this to, but Belinda was different. I started talking about how I had had oral

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sex with this one guy until he came in my mouth and how I had tried in vain to get other guys to do the same.

While I was explaining all this to Belinda, I noticed her getting off on the idea, and so was I. She spoke of her gay experiences with one of her friends, and by this time we were really hot. I started to rub Belinda's back. Belinda has long, blonde hair, is flat-chested (but with cute nipples), and has the wildest tongue I have ever seen. As I rubbed her back, she did likewise to my leg, getting ever so close to my by now erect cock. I rubbed her back and then placed my hands on her stomach, slowly easing them to her breasts. Before long I was caressing her nipples, which by this point were hard. She acknowledged that she was receiving great pleasure from this. Before I knew it, Belinda was lying down on my lap, French-kissing me while I fondled her tits. This was the *best* French kissing I had ever encountered in my life. After about five minutes we eased up and began talking again, especially about her boyfriend, whom she lives with. She explained how happy she and her boyfriend are, and I would not want to ruin that situation. But after talking and my seven-inch cock being harder than ever, I explained that I had this fantasy about her. I asked her if she would jerk me off. She didn't really give me a straight answer. Then I asked her if she would mind me jerking off myself in front of her. She said she would not mind, if I felt I had to.

Of course, by now I was about to explode in my pants. As I lay there and started to unbuckle my pants, Belinda quickly placed her hand on my buckle to enable me to pull my zipper down. She then helped me take my pants off until my cock, hard as a rock, popped out. I heard her breathe in astonishment. I started to stroke my cock ever so slowly while Belinda looked on. She placed her hand on it and started stroking it. This was just the fantasy I had had, and I was moaning in pure enjoyment. As Belinda stroked my cock, I could see her tongue swirling around her lips. This action was really turning me on. I again put my hand on her breasts, and I was in heaven. I then placed my hand back on my cock and took hers off. As I started to stroke away, jerking progressively faster, she lay against my shoulder, coaching me, saying, "Do it! Do it, Tom! That's it. . .harder, harder!" All this made me blow my wad all over my chest. Belinda got a wet rag and wiped me off before she would let me lie down to go to sleep. By this time it was 7:00 in the morning, and we both went to sleep.

Nothing has happened since, but it was a fantasy in my life which I have fulfilled, and I will never forget it or forget Belinda for it.—*Name and address withheld*

"Can you tighten up those cuffs just a notch?"

Hitchhiker's paradise

I've been a faithful subscriber to *Penthouse* since it first came out, and I was always amazed at the letters people send in to "Forum." I was never sure they were all true, but one thing is for sure—this one is.

I have always fantasized picking up a female hitchhiker who was good-looking, friendly, and horny. This came true not once last month but *twice.*

The first one had a dog with her and a few small travel bags. I told her I could get her to the other side of the next big city to a good spot on the thruway to catch another ride. I told her that I had to make one stop in the city but would then take her farther. She took her dog for a walk while I did my errand, and I met her in the park. She then told me that she had left her "music box" back where I had picked her up. Well, I told her that I could take her back but she would have go to it alone from there. She said fine.

I always bring a couple of joints and beer with me when I go out; so we had a smoke and shared a beer.

On the way back, she started talking about sex. I thought, *Oh boy, this is it.* By the time I got to the exit, she was in my pants, sucking my cock, her pants down and my hand busily manipulating her clit. We pulled off the highway to a commuter parking area, ate each other, played, and fucked. Here I was, fucking this horny female in the passenger seat of my car while her dog was watching me, eye to eye. After I left my load in her by now wet pussy, I started back to the original spot where I had picked her up. She sucked my cock for five more exits until we got to where her "music box" was. Sure enough, it was still there on the ground. She thanked me, I thanked her, and off she went—right where she had started three hours ago. Well, I was in heaven. It had finally happened, my fantasy came true. I figured it would never happen again. Wrong.

Two weeks later I was on another errand on a real hot Sunday afternoon. On my way home from a store, I saw this real fox crossing the road and heading up the entrance ramp to the highway. She had on a halter dress and was carrying a travel bag. I'll call her L.G. I asked her where she was going. She said New Jersey. "Well, I can get you to the other side of the next big city on the highway." Off we went. I asked L.G. if she would like a joint, and she said sure. I opened a beer, and we started talking. I really couldn't keep my eyes off her. She had her legs crossed on the seat, with her dress pushed down between her legs. I said to myself, *I wonder if she has anything on under that dress.* I was about to find out. She was undecided whether she should go to New Jersey or to Cape Cod. I said the Cape would be better, and so we headed for the Cape.

L.G. was scratching her leg. I asked her what it was, and she said she had a

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bite. So I started scratching her leg while I was waiting for the joint and beer to be passed. She didn't mind at all. After we finished the joint, I kept my hand on her thigh. I figured by this time it was going to happen again, but I wasn't sure. I started rubbing her thigh as I drove down the thruway. Now I was real horny—my cock was sticking out the end of my cutoffs. So I asked her if she was as horny as I was. She smiled at me and shook her head yes. So I unbuttoned my jeans, and she was down on me in a flash. She knelt on the seat, licking and sucking while I had my hand under her dress—nothing else on. I fingered her ever so slowly and softly as we drove.

We pulled into a rest area, but there were too many people; so I went to the commuter parking area again, and there were people there, too. I then headed down the road next to the river, where a lot of people fished. We were in luck—I found an old road off the main road that went down by the water. We had to wait because there were two motorcycles parked. We stayed in the car, sucking and licking each other. Her pussy was shaved all around the sides, with just a clump of thick, black hair on the top. While I sucked her tits, she would play with herself. Then she'd suck me some more. Finally I heard a bike leave. So we drove closer to the river and parked, but there was still one bike there. We said screw it—let's go out into the water.

It was real hot that day, and the water felt so refreshing. The guy on the motorcycle was just walking along the shore. Well, L.G. pulled off her dress and laid it on a rock. I immediately removed my cutoffs and tank top. The sun was shimmering on the water and on her lovely body. I'm not sure what the guy on the motorcycle was doing, but I'm sure he was enjoying it. I sat down in the water, and she sat on my cock. We fucked ever so slowly in the water, coolly and peacefully. The birds were singing and the water flowing by us as we pumped away at each other. I left a load in her but kept on going because it was so beautiful. She kept smiling and saying how good it felt. I said let's go back to the car because the rocks were sort of digging into my ass. The guy on the bike had left, and so we walked naked back to the car.

She put the front seat down, lay down, and spread her lovely legs. I licked her pussy for a while, and she sucked my cock again. Finally I got into her luscious pussy again. Now we really got into making love. She was pushing her legs on the seat, arching her back up to get as much as she could. I was holding onto the back of the seat, pushing as hard as I could. She could feel my cock swelling, and she was groaning and saying how beautiful it was. She started to hump madly, saying she was going to come—"Push harder!" she said. By now, my knuckles were white from holding onto the seat, my knees were chafed, and I'm sure I still had rock marks on my ass. But every time she squeezed my back, I pushed harder. She was screaming as I started to come, saying, "Harder, harder." I knew that if I pushed any harder, I'd tear my kneecap off and break my fingers, but I did my best, and we came together.

I kept my cock in her until it fell out. We kissed and hugged, saying how beautiful it was, just because it had happened in a way that could never be planned. L.G. went back to the water and washed off. I put my clothes back on and watched. She looked so inviting, splashing water on her well-used pussy. We got back in the car, and off we went. I took her to the thruway and tried to find her a ride on the CB radio. No luck. So she said good-bye. She got another ride in no time.

I did manage to find out where she lived and gave her my name and office phone number. I asked her to call the next time she came by to visit her mother. I'm still waiting for the call. She was great!
—Name and address withheld

Developing in the darkroom

I'm a married woman, aged 24, who also enjoys reading *Penthouse* (especially the "Forum" section). Until recently I never dreamed that I would have anything worth writing to "Forum" about.

I'm a schoolteacher and "Vince," the man who teaches across the hall from me, attracted my attention about halfway through the school year. Apparently he was also attracted to my tall, slender body. Since both of us are pretty open and liberal-minded, we passed several verbal innuendos. These progressed to "jokingly" suggestive notes and other things.

Nothing happened for the longest time because I suspect he was wary of my husband (Vince is not married). After numerous occasions in which I made every opportunity, short of raping him, to consummate our passion (but to no avail), I was getting pretty horny and pissed off.

Vince worked part-time in the summer as a typesetter for a newspaper. Since he was taking a month off for vacation, he asked me if I would take his place and typeset while he was gone. I agreed and went in to be trained. Looking at his tall, slender body in shorts that showed off his muscular but slender legs and his firm ass and seeing his nipples whenever he leaned over the paste-up table were almost too much for me. I'd get wet just from looking. My mind wandered and fantasized about luring him into the darkroom to seduce him.

Well, one night I was working particularly late, and Vince called from home to see how things were going on the paper. He was stoned and said he was leaving the next day for California. Maybe it was the pot that got him started, but it turned

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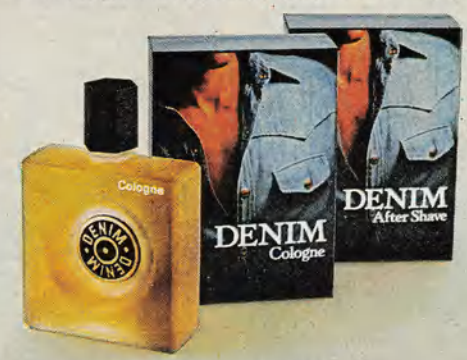

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into the nicest one-way obscene phone call I've ever received (one-way because there were people at my end and I couldn't be too graphic). He told me he lusted after my body and wanted to eat me until my love juices flowed and ran down his throat. He invited me over to his house after I finished working, but I declined because he had friends and a roommate there. After he hung up, I was so horny I couldn't even type straight. My mind kept returning to the phone call and I decided to play out my fantasy. I plotted every detail, right down to removing my bra and sticking it in my purse to make matters easier for him.

I called him at midnight, after the others had gone home, and told him that the machine wasn't working properly and needed "service." I asked if he would come down to fix it. He agreed. (He told me later that he saw right through this ploy.)

When he arrived, I already had the film canister in the darkroom with a screwdriver ready to make it all look "legit." I had turned off all the lights except the red light in the darkroom.

Vince laughingly suggested that there was probably nothing in the film canister at all, to which I just played sweetly innocent. Finally, when he had it opened and it revealed nothing, I confessed that I had lied and asked him if he minded. He smiled and kissed me in reply. Our tongues went wild, circling each other in deep French kisses. It seemed like we never came up for air! While our tongues were busy, our hands weren't idle, either. Vince's trembling hands slid up under my T-shirt to cup my now erect breasts and nipples. It felt as though there was a nerve running from my breasts to my cunt because it sent wild sensations through the lower portions of my body. I suddenly squeezed his tight little ass and pressed my mound up against his rock-hard member. I gathered from his deep inhaling and low moaning that he liked it. My tongue flickered over, in, and around his ears, sending shudders through his body.

Vince then proceeded to tear off my jeans and suck, lick, and blow my clitoral area. He slid a finger up into my steaming-hot cockwringer. By this time I was writhing on the floor in agony/ecstasy, my head flipping from side to side. I think he put more fingers in me, but everything became blurred as my cunt took over my brain and all inhibitions melted away as my cunt ground into his face for more. Finally the sensations were too much, and I arched up and came with a jolt. But he wouldn't quit. My climax aroused him even more; so he licked me faster and faster with short, feather-light flicks of fire over my clitoris, his body moving and moaning all the while. I then jerked and came twice more.

Then it was my turn to please him. My tongue roamed over every inch of his body and stopped at his cock. I blew on it slightly to tease him and then took the entire length in my warm, wet mouth. I sucked and licked his swollen cock until I could tell he was about to shoot his wad. By then he was begging me to let him fuck me. I continued licking, driving him wild for a while longer until he was desperate. Finally he rolled on top of me and shoved in its entire length as I wrapped my legs around him. My insides went wild squeezing and wringing his cock from the base to the tip while my cunt jumped to meet his pubic bone at each thrust. He shot his load in a minute, but he was still hard enough for more. By then I was ready to climb the walls. He came three times while we fucked and told me later that he had come just by eating me during the preliminaries. I had been too "indisposed" at the time to notice.

Exhausted, we finally quit our lovemaking when Vince had to relieve himself. I looked at the clock; we had been at it for three hours! Much to my surprise, when Vince came back from the bathroom, he pulled down my panties and ate me again!

I'll always remember this fantasy-come-true. Vince confessed that he had fantasized about eating me in the darkroom but that the real thing was much better. Once in a while I flash back to that darkroom episode in the middle of grading papers and get a hot flash and a prickly sensation in my groin just thinking about it! Who says teachers don't know how to have fun?—*Name and address withheld*

"I'm required by the government to fill out an environmental-impact statement every time I break wind."

All is fair in love

I would like to relate to your readers a story that happened to me a couple of years ago. I was working in the North, and my company would fly me home one weekend a month for a visit. One Sunday a gang of us went to the river for some swimming and fun. Everyone was having a good time, but I had an evening flight to catch and had to leave early. This is where my story really begins.

Charlie and his wife, Lisa, gave my girl friend and me a ride back to their house so that we could change and then go to the airport. Lisa drove so that Charlie could roll up a few joints for the trip. Meanwhile, Donna and I were in the back of the van with Donna already starting to feel lonesome because I was about to leave. Donna is only about five foot two but has the finest set of tits that I have ever flapped a lip over. As far as sex is concerned, she would rather suck a cock than eat ice cream. I saw that look in her eyes as she started down toward my cutoffs. She had already taken off her bathing suit and was only wearing a long T-shirt that came down to her knees.

I was leaning against the back door of the van with Donna facing me, her head in my lap and her long, red hair covering

CONTINUED ON PAGE 244

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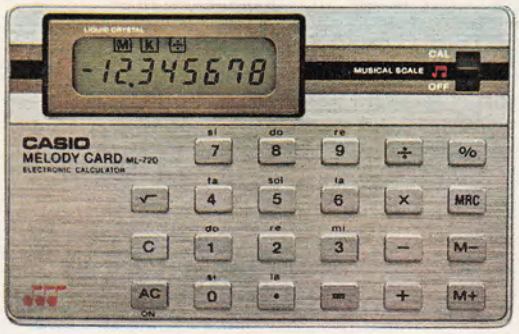
Now I think I'll look into a Casio Melody Card, a four-function calculator which lets me tell time, play pre-recorded melodies, has two different alarms, a count-down timer, stopwatch, *and* I can play the same beautiful music as I do on my Casio Music Card.

I'll bet I could charge admission.



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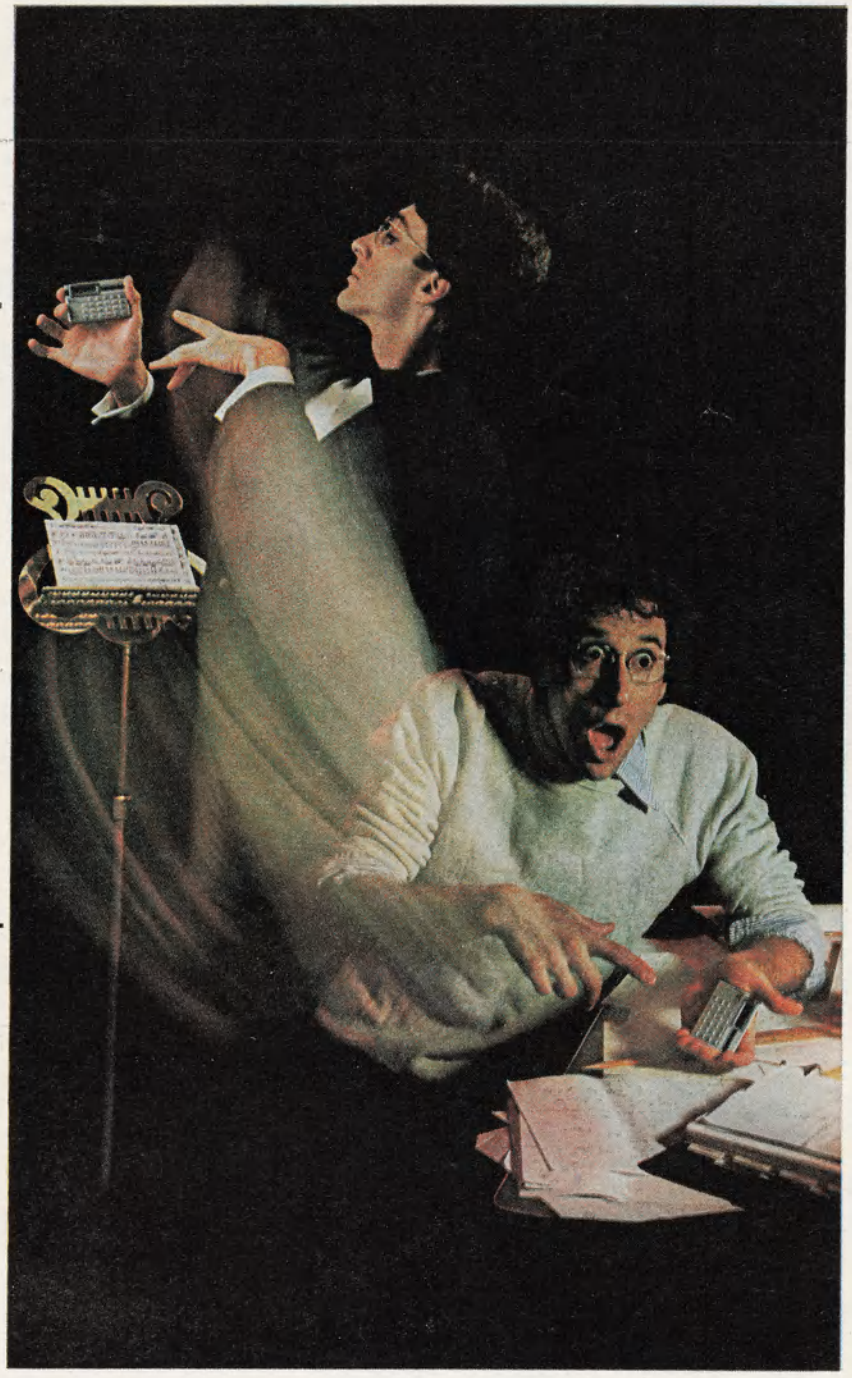

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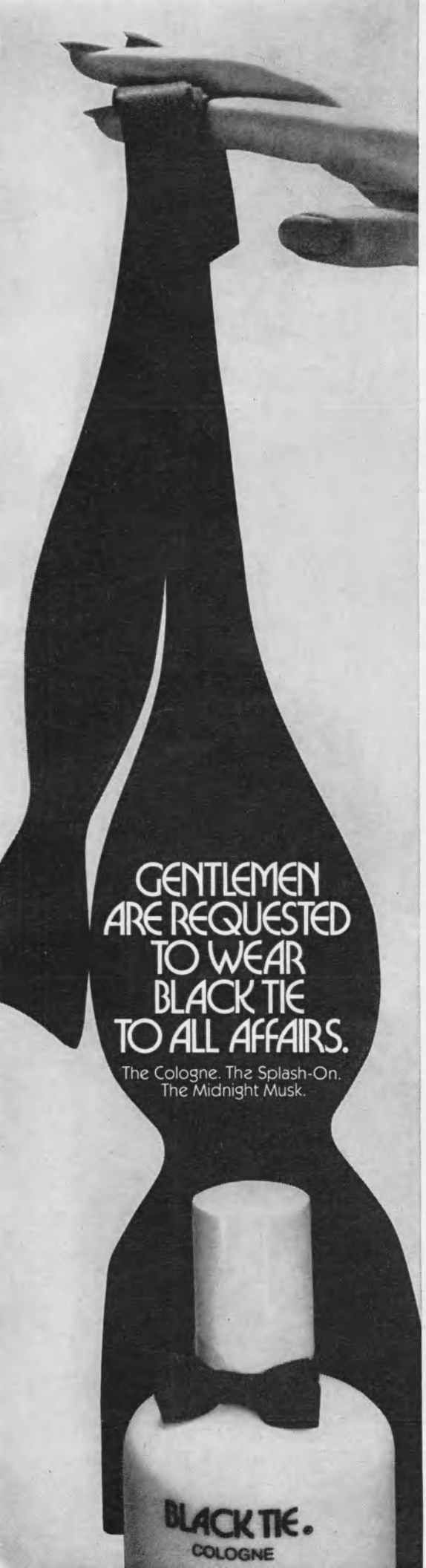

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The big C

It is difficult to express the profound effect that "The Great Cancer Fraud" (September 1979), by Gary Null and Robert Houston, had upon me, my family, and my close friends. You see, I represent one of the 400,000 who, most likely, will die of cancer. Like so many other terminal patients, I am at a great crossroads in my life—wondering whether to continue chemotherapy or to gamble on an alternative. Like Mr. Null, I had also researched what medical literature was available to me and became confounded and frustrated as I saw potential evidence of cures and/or controls for cancer totally unrecognized by orthodox medicine. During my 39 years on this earth, I have never been one to give up. The more material I researched, the angrier I became. What is the truth? If these alternative therapies were so much garbage, which I could not wholly accept, then okay—I'd fight till the end as hard as I could, knowing the truth. But if, as Mr. Null suggests, conspiracy and suppression of promising treatments are evidenced, the entire system we are all brought up to respect is very much in question.

After your article appeared, I decided to do all that was in my power to find answers. I called my congressman and met with his staff in Washington to emphasize my concerns. I telephoned the producers of several television news programs, citing your article and the need for more exposure concerning promising alternative therapies. I recently met with a United States senator to air my feelings. Where are we, I asked, in this so-called War on Cancer? Ultimately, I personally contacted the author, Mr. Null, and indicated to him the overwhelming legitimacy of his task and that of *Penthouse* as I, and hundreds of thousands of other terminal patients like me, viewed it.

With the help of a close friend, an ex-newspaper reporter, an article was written in a local newspaper, voicing my questions as to the truth. I, as an individual, will continue to ask these questions—to doctors, to the media, to whoever might help to get to the truth.

A dying cancer victim continuously reviews his life—his priorities—and eventually tries to make peace with himself and the world. Truth is of the utmost importance when you are close to death's door. It gives meaning to all that is important and allows you to die with confidence that your children will inherit a better world. I am afraid we are far from the truth in this issue of cancer and cancer cures. Your article is of such significance in this search that it has served to inspire me, and others like me, to regain a certain faith that the truth will indeed be recognized.—*J. Robert DeBragga, Westerly, R.I.*

Congratulations on the article "The Great Cancer Fraud." I don't know how many letters you receive from "dead" people, but this is one. In November 1978, I was literally written off as terminal. I was diagnosed as having lung cancer.

I received the death sentence after extensive treatment—so-called accepted therapy (chemotherapy and radiation)—in New York at the largest and most respected institution devoted to the research and treatment of cancer in the country, if not the world.

On November 11, 1978, I was told that I would not live until Christmas. Frankly, I was so ill from cancer and—I firmly believe—even more so from the therapy that I didn't care. My husband and four children agreed to celebrate Christmas with me on December 6. We opened packages and exchanged gifts that night of my supposed last Christmas season on earth.

After my return home in November, however, my husband had made inquiries about the Immunology Researching Centre in Freeport, Commonwealth of the Bahamas, and about the immuno-augmentative therapy of Dr. Lawrence Burton. Arrangements were made for us to fly to Freeport on December 7, 1978, to be interviewed for possible admission to the center for this therapy. I knew it was my last chance and final hope.

I hobbled into the clinic on canes, looking twice my 42 years, for examination, review of my medical history, and recording of my previous therapies. Dr. Burton and the medical staff didn't want to accept me: I was too far gone. They finally agreed, however, to give it and me the old college try.

Yes, I celebrated a second Christmas that year in Freeport, and I'll be celebrating Christmas 1979 at home with my family. Now, almost a year later, I'm just about my old self again, leading a happy, normal life. Dr. Lawrence Burton and immuno-augmentative therapy saved my life and have restored my health. Gratitude goes without saying. How can you thank someone for saving your life?

But I think congratulations and encouragement are in order for those dedicated

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scientists who, through research and treatment, have the guts to buck the cancer establishment in their sometimes lonely and professionally isolated attempt to save lives and fight the ravages of the big "C." Thanks for your courage for telling it like it is.—*Phyllis Pfeiffer, address withheld*

My congratulations to Gary Null and Robert Houston for their enlightening and informative article on cancer. I was very surprised to see an article of this nature appearing in a publication that is available to the general public. I had read articles like this previously, but they usually appear in health journals and are therefore intended only for health-care providers like me. And I feel this is wrong. The American public is entitled to judge such articles and reports and form its own educated opinions, not to be told what it should think.

As a practicing chiropractic physician, I now see a trend in that the medical profession is finally being asked to explain its findings and qualify opinions. Its word is not final and can be questioned, just like anyone else's.

The point I'm trying to make is that doctors aren't gods. Treat them with respect, but not with awe. And it's okay to ask questions.—*Andrew G. Roberts, Jr., D.C., Jacksonville, Fla.*

You are to be commended for publishing the articles "The Great Cancer Fraud" and "The Suppression of Cancer Cures" (October 1979). After so many years of unnecessary suffering through ignorance of the truth about cancer, the public is gradually being touched by a growing movement toward informed, active participation in deciding on one's treatment program for cancer. It is being increasingly recognized that diet, reduced emotional stress, and environmental factors are important in reversing the disease process.

September marks the beginning of a new program, one that reflects this movement and comes out of the personal experience of recovered cancer patients. LIFE-FORCE is an information/guidance service for cancer patients. It provides a place for getting comprehensive, personalized information on treatment options and guidance and support in one's decision making. It is based on the premise that it is vitally important for the person with a diagnosis of cancer to take charge of his or her decision-making power in selecting a course of treatment. This action in itself begins to release a powerful force for healing.

LIFE-FORCE is in its pilot phase. It offers a growing library of information on referral sources for treatment options, as well as personal accounts of those who have experienced various treatments and whose lives have been deeply changed by actively participating in their healing process. Support groups are being formed for the exchange of experiences and to assist in individual decision making.

We would welcome hearing from others who have a personal story to share of meaningful, active participation in their course of healing.

Again, thank you for publishing such a timely and relevant article.—*Richard Turner, Rel. D., LIFE-FORCE, 2210 Wilshire Boulevard #281, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403*

Religion of growth

Even though Edward Abbey's "Grow and Die" ("Advise and Dissent," September 1979) was written on a narrow, nationalistic level, it should still be required reading for every literate human on this planet called earth. For in less than two pages of print, he accurately describes the global dilemma we now find ourselves in: the willingness of the corporate-political alliance to sacrifice environmental quality for profit-oriented quality. In their determination to prove the infallibility of the "free" enterprise system, the disciples of the "religion of growth" are leading us down the finite path of no deposit, no return.

It is now more than clear that the majority of the world's leaders are willing to gamble on future technological breakthroughs to provide raw materials when the well literally runs dry. Unfortunately for us bystanders (and I use the word maliciously), the probability of launching rockets to star mines in search of asteroidal salvation is far outweighed by the possibility that we ourselves will be rocketed into space first—à la nuke.

With time now becoming a large factor in the game of human existence, it is necessary—no, mandatory—that we heed Abbey's advice to "open our eyes, rise and stand, speak up, assert control, and regain our humanity." For the consequence of prolonging the suicidal policies of the "religion of growth" is the inevitable reenactment of the Jonestown Massacre—but this time on a global scale.—*Daniel J. Dillman, State College, Pa.*

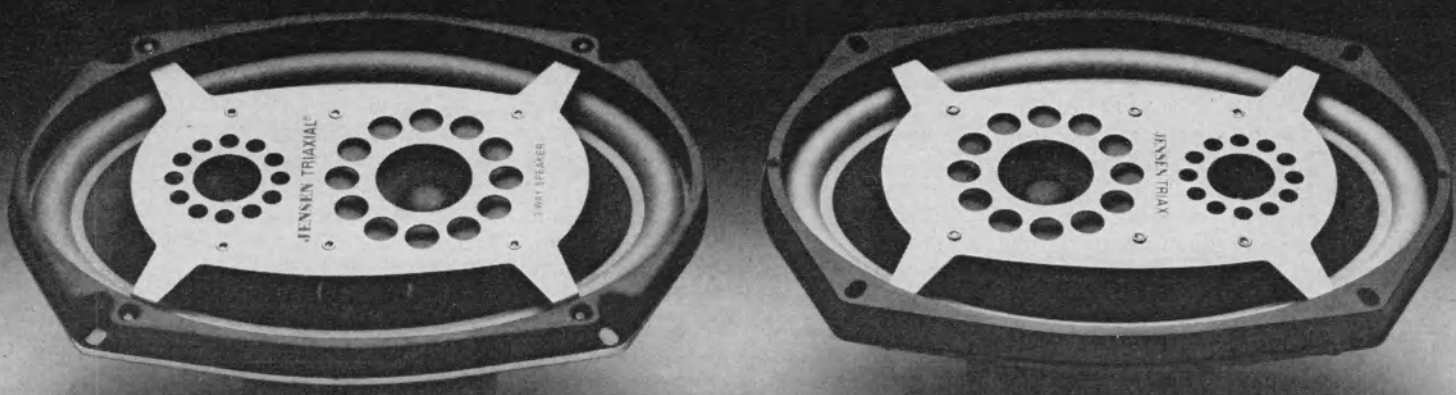
"Dear Putz"

I have to question Lawrence Linderman's predictions of "The Twenty Worst College Football Teams for 1979–80" (October 1979), although his record speaks for itself. The colleges he has looked at are schools in major football conferences, but he would have "improved" his record if he had included Macalester on his list.

Macalester is a member of the Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference and had the distinction of setting an NCAA record last season by losing its forty-second consecutive game. A year ago Macalester was outscored by an average of 44 to 4.

All attention is drawn to the football scores of Saturday afternoon, with the hope that Macalester will stop its losing streak this upcoming season. But until it does, it holds the record for consecutive

Same looks. More guts.



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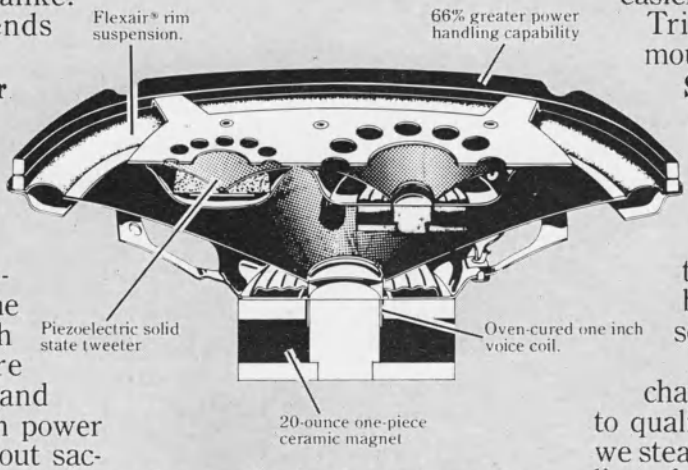
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You say you still can't *see* any difference between the old Triaxial on the left and the new Series I Triaxial on the right. Maybe not. But you sure will be able to *hear* the difference. And after all, that's the guts of the matter.

losses in the NCAA.—*David Silker, Rochester, Minn.*

I just finished reading Larry Linderman's predictions for the 20 worst college football teams. I was amazed—happily so—that Iowa wasn't among them. True, the Hawks haven't had a winning season for about 18 years, but apparently there is much optimism this season. We do have a new coach this year, Hayden Fry, but it is hard to believe the Hawks will win more than two or three games this year, especially with their tough, nonconference schedule. Anyway, *Penthouse*, thanks for the much-needed optimism on Iowa's part. We need it.—*Tom Krall, Charles City, Iowa*

In its second game of the season, Wake Forest shocked the entire nation by dominating the University of Georgia Bulldogs and their junkyard dog defense. Final score: Wake Forest Demon Deacons 22, Georgia 21. Of course—if everyone has predicted correctly—the Deacs may not score another point this season. The score was not, however, a true measure of this team's talent—we only rolled up 570 yards in total offense against the hapless Georgia defense.

Even though I am just a freshman at Wake, I have followed the Deacs for as long as I can remember. Sure, they have not had the football tradition that other schools such as Notre Dame, Michigan, and *Georgia* have had. But second-worst in the nation? I guess Coach Mackovic's maharishi did a pretty job of foiling Mr. Linderman's well-informed opinion. May the generous Deacon defense give his writing hand permanent paralysis.—*Name and address withheld*

I have honored Mr. Linderman's request not to start this letter "Dear Putz," but, I must admit, a more fitting term is hard to find. As you may have guessed, I object to the listing of the university I attend on the "Twenty Worst." I stand ready to defend Tulane!

While you recognize the talent of Tulane's quarterback, Roch Hontas, your assessment of his limited passing is a gross oversimplification. It ignores such factors as Hontas's ability as an option quarterback and the presence of Marvin Christian, who stands to become the Green Wave's first 1,000-yard rusher since 1949. However, this is your educated (?) opinion, to which you are entitled. What really has me upset is the printing of erroneous information.

To quote: "Since 1978, graduation has claimed seven of Tulane's finest defenders." Where you obtained this statistic is a mystery to me (my only guess being arch-rival Louisiana State). This year's defense returns 8 of 11 starters and 10 of the 13 leading tacklers (including the top 4).

I would also like to know if you limit your research to the opinions of gamblers. Your article shows no evidence of personal scouting. Here at Tulane, we believe in using national, respected sources, such as "Street and Smith," considered by many to be the foremost guide to college football. On Tulane it reads: " . . . the Green Wave a winner this year, maybe a Bowl team."

Tulane opened its season against the Stanford Cardinals, ranked twelfth nationally by the Associated Press. After a humiliating 33-10 defeat at the hands of the Green Wave, I wonder if any of the members of the Stanford squad still agree with your ranking of Tulane.

In closing, I'd like to know how a defense that couldn't "stop a sneeze" managed to hold a nationally ranked powerhouse to six yards rushing, four first downs, and 125 yards of total offense.—*Russell J. Weisman (Tulane '81), Jefferson, La.*

Fiction fans

I congratulate and thank *Penthouse* for publishing the excerpt from J. P. Donleavy's novel *Schultz* (September 1979). Donleavy is without doubt one of our finest living writers. His command of the English language is unsurpassed. Coupled with his imaginative genius, this places him far above the rest of the literary crowd. I hope *Penthouse* continues to publish such quality fiction.—*J. R. Shaw, Moraga, Calif.*

Three cheers for Craig S. Karpel's "Smokey the Pig" (September 1979). Although the piece was fictional humor, many of the incidents cited in it are, sadly enough, true. Mr. Karpel should be highly commended for the insight and humor he projects into these miscarriages of justice, which all too often occur to decent, tax-paying citizens like me.—*James Shuster, Coolspring, Pa.*

Editor's note:
"The Albatross," by Stanislaw Lem, which appeared in the November 1979 issue, is part of a collection of stories, *Tales of Pirx the Pilot*, published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd.

Cover girl

Last month's cover featured Joanne Latham, who first appeared in Penthouse *as the September 1979 Pet of the Month. Joanne's hat and shoulder throw were courtesy of Frank Olive, and her jewelry was courtesy of Christopher E. Walling. The cover was photographed by Pat Hill.*

Campus Spies

Editor's acknowledgment: The quotation of Kemba Maish ("Spies on Campus," October 1979, page 72) first appeared in an interview published in the April-May 1979 issue of CovertAction Information Bulletin.

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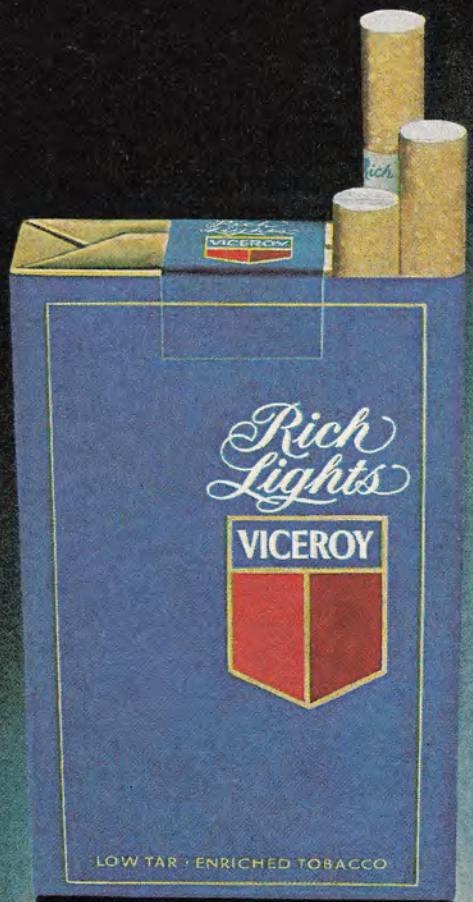

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I really have a dilemma. I will admit that several years ago I would have loved to be faced with such a dilemma. My problem is that my wife has me fucking my mother-in-law, my mother-in-law's sister, and even her own two sisters.

I really love my wife and don't want or need any other women. My wife thinks the present situation is good for me; I think the amount of service that I'm called upon to give is a lot more than normal.

The first time I was initiated into performing sex with the rest of the family happened about a year after I was married, when we were visiting my wife's parents. I had taken a shower and gotten into bed, as usual, in the raw. I had just fallen asleep when I felt someone playing with my cock. I naturally assumed it was my wife; so I relaxed and enjoyed her soft, warm hands, followed by her lips and tongue, licking and sucking me into a frenzy. She had me hard beyond my wildest dreams, and my balls were aching to unload a gallon of juice into her mouth. Just as I was ready to explode, she mounted me and slid my cock deep inside her in one glorious stroke. Never had I felt her cunt massage the tip of my cock so beautifully—it was as though she had a second set of lips inside her. After 30 glorious minutes, during which I felt her come five times, I decided that that fucking was the best my wife had given me since I had known her. She left the room briefly, and upon returning she told me that I had been wonderful.

When I woke up the next morning, I realized that my wife had the rag on and knew she still had several more days to go before she would be over it. I knew that that couldn't have been her the night before and thought maybe I had just been dreaming. But I felt too satisfied for it to have been a dream. I had been fucked by an expert!

An hour later the whole family was at breakfast. My mother-in-law kissed me good-morning with a really tongue-lashing, jeans-creaming kiss, just as though she were a teenager giving me a cockteasing. All the women went shopping that day, and at night we all went out to dinner. When we returned, at about midnight, I wasn't really tired; so I just lay in bed, watching television while my wife, Liz, slept beside me. My sister-in-law, Judy, came into the bedroom, wearing a long nightgown, and slid into bed alongside me, saying she knew that Liz wouldn't mind; after all, they were sisters, and they always shared everything. I know that I wasn't even thinking or imagining what she had in mind when, after watching television for about 20 minutes, she put her hand on my crotch and grabbed hold of my cock. At first it was a shock, but I must admit I found it extremely pleasurable.

Liz had already informed me that it had been her mother who fucked me the night before and that they had planned it. Liz's Dad didn't fuck too much anymore, and since she was having her period, she liked the idea of me fucking her mother. Even though I understood how Liz felt about her mother, it was still quite strange to me. I don't think that I would want to share Liz with any other guy, especially not my dad or brother, because they both have cocks on them nearly twice the size of mine.

I didn't want to awaken Liz, and yet I was beginning to enjoy Judy's fondling my cock. I whispered to her: how would we ever explain to Liz what we were doing if she woke up? Judy just looked at me and smiled and said she "would probably think it was something she was watching on television." Then she

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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slipped off her robe and said, "Maybe this will change your mind."

I was looking at a slightly younger version of my wife. Judy was perfectly proportioned. Her beautiful tits were standing out, and I really wanted to suck on those beautiful nipples. Judy had apparently had plenty of experience and knew what she wanted. She rolled over on top of me and began guiding my cock inside of her already moist vagina. She took her time until I was completely buried inside her, and then she began a slow, rocking motion, with her ass rising and falling so that my cock was alternately nearly out and then buried to the hilt. Her knee was nearly touching Liz, and I kept wondering what would happen if my wife woke up. But within a few minutes I wasn't thinking about anything except what a wonderful, tight cunt Judy had.

After we both climaxed, she lay on top of me, then rolled me over on top of her, with her legs wrapped tightly around my buttocks. She said that she wanted every last drop of me. She obviously wanted some more, for she again began rocking her ass up and down until my limp cock began responding and got hard as an oak again. The whole bed was rocking; we were fucking so hard. I know that Liz had to be awake, but she pretended to be asleep. This time when we finished, Judy and I both went to the bathroom, where she douched herself out thoroughly and I washed and dried off my cock and balls. She went to her bedroom, and I got back into bed with Liz.

Liz kissed me the next morning, saying that I had slept like a baby. Little wonder after that fucking her sister had given me! Later, when we went down to breakfast, both Mom and Judy gave me cock-hardening kisses, and Mom even grabbed a small handful of my cock through my pants, with a promising glint in her eyes. I don't think that anyone else noticed, but I knew that she had something planned.

After breakfast, Liz told me that the whole family was going to visit her Aunt Rebecca on the far side of town. I'm not much on visits, but I know that they're just one of those duties a family guy has to perform.

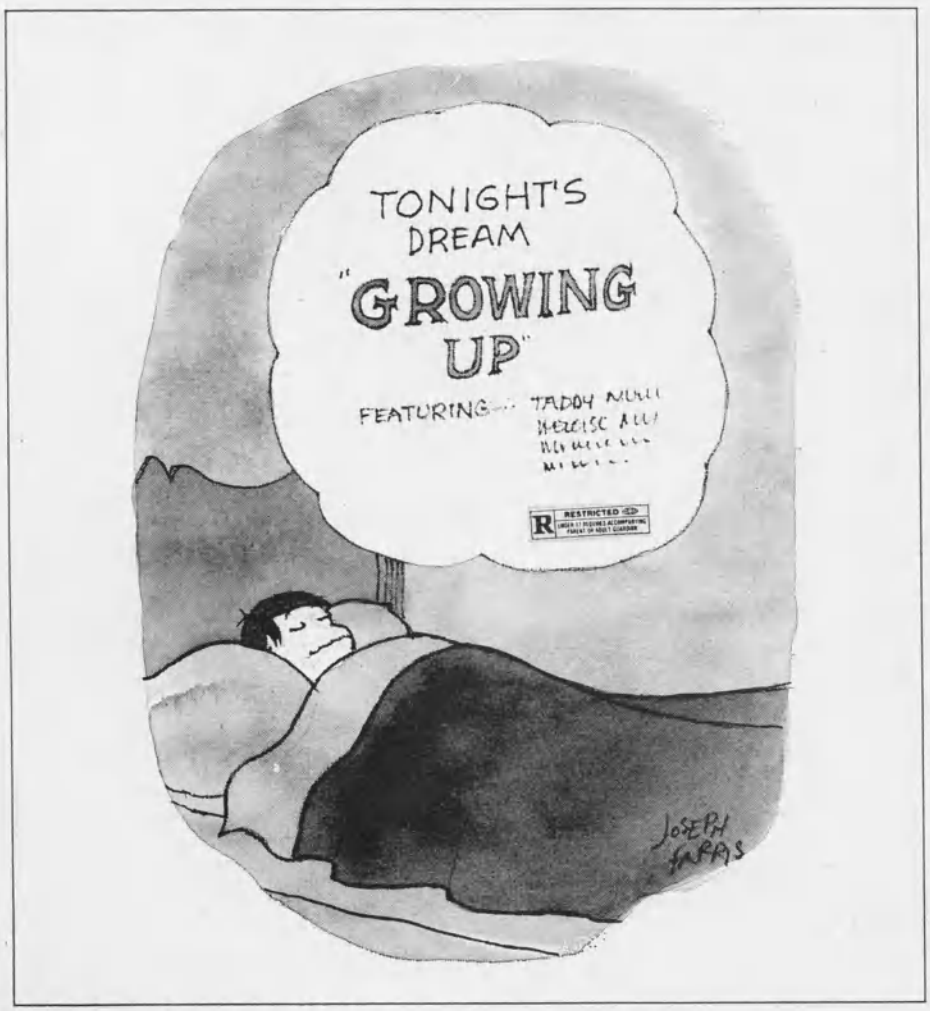
An hour later I met Rebecca for the first time. She was maybe two years older than Mom, but she really looked sharp in slacks and a buttoned shirt with a wide V that exposed the top of her tits. I do love tits, and I know that I took more than a dozen good looks whenever I could, because she was built even better than my wife (although I'd never say that to Liz, even though she thinks Rebecca is the most voluptuous woman she's ever seen). We had been there for nearly an hour when Liz said that she, Judy, and Adrienne, her other sister, were going to take Rebecca's two boys, Allan and Bruce, down to the amusement park for several hours and leave Mom and Rebecca to entertain me.

I don't believe they were even out of the driveway when Mom came over, sat in my lap, and began kissing and tonguing me. I was embarrassed and not at all sure that I completely understood just how open this family was. Then she started unbuttoning my shirt and also unbuttoning her blouse. She then asked me to open her bra. I reached under and unhooked it. Of course, even though I knew she had fucked me the first night, I had not seen her body at all. Now we were on the living room sofa, and she was telling me to get my damn clothes off as she stood up and began stripping. Nothing had been said, but Rebecca was also slipping out of her slacks and blouse. I was amazed, when she unhooked her bra, that her tits didn't even sag one inch.

Mom told me to lie down on the rug and immediately began giving me fellatio while Rebecca stood and watched, fingering her cunt with her fingers—one of them going in maybe an inch for a minute or two before she would take it out and lick it. I knew that this had been planned and that there was nothing for me to do but to enjoy it and do whatever they wanted. When Mom had me hard again, she asked Rebecca whether she wanted my cock or my tongue. Rebecca said that she would settle for my tongue this time, and she lowered her cunt down toward my face as Mom mounted my rock-hard cock. Rebecca kept her cunt just high enough so that I had to reach out with my tongue to flick her—this way she left me enough air to breathe and also to get a good look at a very beautiful, sweet-smelling cunt!

I didn't last too long that first time, and when Mom got off a little later, she cleaned my balls off while Rebecca and I were lying there necking and tonguing. Rebecca then said that it was her turn and assumed a 69 position, and I went back to eating her already juicy pussy. I really thought that she was going to suck me completely off, but she brought me to the point of coming about ten times before saying that she wanted me to bury my cock inside of her. Little wonder that Liz knows how to fuck so well—this whole family sure keeps in practice when it comes to fucking! Rebecca rode my cock fast, slow, up and down and around, and took a rest whenever she knew that she was going to have an orgasm. Finally, after what seemed like an hour, I couldn't hold back. My rocket was shooting all over the place inside of her, and she was going up and down my shaft and moving that ass of hers around and back and forth and exclaiming that she loved to fuck and I was so good. I was thinking that with a woman like her, all you had to do was to get hard and hold on—she'd do all the rest.

About an hour later Liz and the others came back. In the meantime, of course, we had gotten dressed and cleaned



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several spots off the carpet. I was happy to just sit and relax because I felt "fucked out." I think a two-year-old kid with a feather could have knocked me out then. As we were leaving, Rebecca gave me a kiss and grabbed my cock, saying that she wanted seconds as often as she could get them and so I should please come by for a visit soon.

We went back to Mom's and rested for a while, then went out for a good spaghetti dinner. We returned home around 11:00 P.M. Liz still had the rag on, and after that large dinner I was sleepy. I took a hot bath to relax, and Liz was already asleep when I got into bed. This was our last night, as we were going to leave for home in the morning. I should have been asleep, but I lay there thinking about how much fucking I'd been getting and what a wonderful time I'd had, although the only pleasure Liz had gotten was being able to visit her family. The thought occurred to me that I had made love to every female in the family except Adrienne, the youngest sister, who was only 20. I kept thinking about Adrienne and what a beautiful young lady she was, and how great she was built. It must have been mental telepathy, because I then saw the door open and a feminine form come into the room. When she dropped her gown on the floor, I figured it was Mom or Judy, but I was wrong. It was Adrienne, and she said that she wanted to make love to me and hoped that I would enjoy it her way. With that she began to kiss and tongue me and feel my cock and balls. No man could resist such temptation, and my cock hardened so damn fast. Without a word she began blowing me while she spread her legs over my head. It's difficult to gauge how long we went at it, but we must have eaten one another for nearly an hour. She sucked my cock so dry that I thought I would need a week to recuperate. She crawled up beside me, and we kissed for a few minutes, and then she left. I was sorry to see her go, because I was thinking how I would have loved to fuck her. She has such a great body, and I was hoping that during our next visit I would get lucky. (I did.)

All of the above happened nearly 18 months ago. Every weekend since then, though, either Mom, Judy, Rebecca, or Adrienne is at our house for a "visit." At first I looked forward to all the extra fucking I was getting. I know that I'm unusually lucky, but I'm asking you, Xaviera: just how long can a man last? Does he wear out sooner because he gets too much? And how old is a man to be when he stops wanting sex? Please give me your opinion.—C.E.

A man lasts as long as a man wants to last. And he stops wanting sex when it's no longer any good.

There's that old saying, "It's the quality and not the quantity that counts." Well, in your case that old adage has proven false. Not that the quality is so bad, either, but like a child gorging himself on chocolates, you just have to learn how to say no —for your own good.

THE TONGUE OF LIFE

I'm male, 24 years old, and not hung all that well (four inches soft, five and one-half inches hard). The only good thing (I think) I've got going for me is my tongue. I wear glasses, and the distance from my upper lip to the bridge of my glasses is seven inches. When my glasses slide down my nose, I can, with no strain, push my glasses back up with my tongue—and without getting them wet.

The problem starts on dates. After a little kissing and nibbling, I get the bra and top off, and then my tongue goes to work. I take a breast in one hand and softly massage it while my tongue plays teasing little games with the other. I keep switching until my date is panting. Slowly, I work down her tummy, removing what clothes she may have left until I reach her pussy. That's when I give her the best head she'll ever have. I let her get hotter and hotter, to the very edge of orgasm, and then slide my tongue deep—and I do mean deep—inside her until she screams with pleasure. After all that, she's ready for the fucking of her life. She takes out my cock, and bang —it's a real turn-off for her. I've had girls just look at my cock and ask to be taken home. I feel sort of bad about this. But eating pussy is all I really like to do, and I always get to do it before my dates fizzle out.

What do I do about the women who just want big cocks? Please help me. Do women have to be fucked to have sex? I'd like to hear from other readers on the subject as well.—P.E.

I think you've just been picking the wrong women. I mean, five and a half inches is just a little under average—average being about six inches. So you see, you're not all *that* small. And I speak from experience.

But that tongue of yours was made in heaven! I once knew a man who had a much smaller cock than yours, but my goodness, what a tongue! He could lick and suck my pussy and ass better than any other guy I've known. And believe me, his anilingus was superior to any man's assfucking.

Part of your problem might be that you give women too much right away. While you're tonguing them, you might try exposing your body. Okay, your cock isn't the greatest turn-on in the world, but there's no reason why you have to bring them almost all the way to orgasm before you've even started to take your clothes off. That's like giving them the product even before you've begun to advertise! Don't take them quite to orgasm—just show them a good time—and then expose your cock. Give them some more tonguing; then stick it in. And if they don't respond, give them some

more tongue. Back and forth, back and forth. They may not find your cock to be the best—although I must confess to having had some pretty great fuckings from a five-and-a-half-inch cock—but who else can touch his glasses with his tongue?

A PICKY EATER

I am a 27-year-old housewife, five feet eight inches tall, 123 pounds, 38-24-36, with coal-black hair and green eyes. I have been fucking other men in front of my husband for five years now, and to date I have fucked 23 different men and some on more than one occasion. When I first refused to do this, my husband went out with other women in order to bring more pleasure to his life. So I agreed to try it if he would stop running around. After all, I would rather be fucking another man than have him always chasing new pussy, and I loved him too much to leave him. It has been the best thing I ever did. I found out you don't have to love the person to give and get a super fuck, and I actually enjoy bringing other men great pleasure in front of my husband with my mouth or cunt when they are supposed to be for my husband's use only.

My question for you is this. After a man fucks me, my husband always eats the man's come out of my pussy. I have nothing against this, but a few times I have asked him to eat me after he has filled me up, and he refuses. He also refuses to give a man a blowjob. Maybe you or your readers could tell me why he gladly eats another man's come from my cunt but won't experience the pleasures of a hard cock throbbing against his tongue and shooting directly into his mouth, or why he won't eat his own come from my cunt.—D.R.E.

Strange, but not incomprehensible. Your husband is probably something of a masochist. He enjoys being humiliated, eating the sperm of a man who's just fucked his wife. Eating his own come just wouldn't have the same masochistic kick.

Some men like to see their wives being fucked by another man because it makes the woman into a more potent sex object in their eyes. This is probably true of your husband, and his eating you out afterward only increases the eroticism.

Your husband probably isn't gay; so he doesn't want to suck another man. That's understandable, and if I were you, I wouldn't press this point. Okay?

SWING LOW

I have always been turned on by my wife's wearing of see-through or revealing clothes. We travel an awful lot, and I always purchase her away-from-home wardrobe (Lynn purchases the at-home wardrobe).

Our favorite time of year is summer, when Lynn can wear her sexiest clothes. For example, she has sheer sun dresses and halter tops that show off her perfectly proportioned body. Her bathing suit becomes see-through when wet, and on the beach there is a constant flow of people who walk by to catch a glimpse of Lynn

CONTINUED ON PAGE 230

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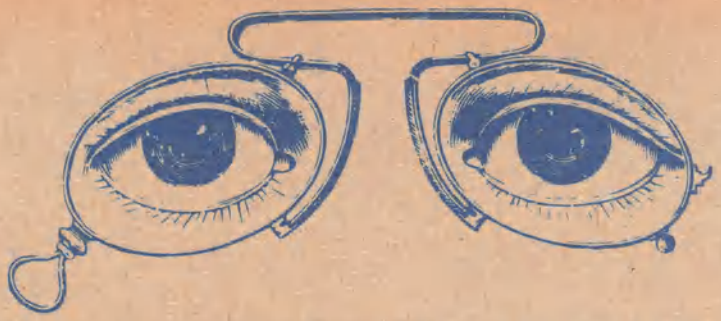

VIEW FROM THE TOP

RICH KIDS

BY BEN STEIN

Aspen, Colo., is the most beautiful place in the world. By law there may be no neon signs, no fast-food stores, no buildings above three stories, no car washes, no junkyards, nothing *déclassé*. Nestled at the end of Roaring Fork Valley, Aspen is the most exclusive winter vacation spot in America and is almost inaccessible by plane or automobile. In every direction it provides perfect vistas of staggeringly tall and powerful mountains.

Aspen is not for the ordinary citizen. Prices are high, even compared with America's other extravagant city, Beverly Hills, and there's almost no way of earning an honest living. In Aspen even the dishwashers and waitresses live on trust funds. Herewith, a few glimpses of the land at the end of the Yellow Brick Road.

On a rainy night my wife and I drove the six blocks from our house to the Ute City Banque. The Ute City Banque is a restaurant that was once a bank for the silver miners who flourished in this easternmost end of Roaring Fork Valley. The silver miners left, and the environmentalists and the kids with trust funds—usually the same people—came in. So the Ute City Banque became a restaurant, with the original brass tellers' windows—reading "Collections," "Deposits," "Discounts," and "Cash"—overlooking the booths where men and women in tennis outfits drink Perrier and eat spinach salad.

Miko, the statuesque brunette hostess, seated us next to four people in their twenties, two men and two women. One man was married to one woman, and the other couple were just living together. The men wore jeans, topsiders, flannel shirts, beards, wire-rimmed glasses, and earnest eyes. The women wore cotton blouses, corduroy trousers, and penny loafers.

"I know what's wrong with this country," one of the men said. "The average guy in the street, the guy who's making maybe fifty thousand a year on the assembly line at General Motors or Ford, that guy just wants to run his RV all over the place. He doesn't care at all about the environment."

"Really," said the other man. "I think maybe the only way to help these people is to, well—" and he held up his glass of Puligny-Montrachet '73 ($32 the bottle) to the light to think—"well, to blow up a few power plants to get people used to living without all this damned pollution for a while."

"They'd thank you for it eventually," his wife said.

"Oh, for sure," the other woman said.

"Meanwhile," the first man said, "I am having a hell of a time about that rug my aunt left me. No one will give me my money's worth."

"The oriental?" the bomber asked.

"Right," the first man said. "I had it appraised at twelve thousand, but the auction man said I'd be lucky to get seven or eight for it."

"Wow," said his girl friend. "People are always trying to rip you off, you know?" She toyed with her duck.

"I wouldn't sell it," the other man said. "You're gonna want that rug for your house here, and you know it."

"Well," the first man said, "that's another problem. See, I went to the bank, and I applied for a mortgage. I didn't have a bit of trouble with the houses I bought in New York and in Easthampton . . ."

"Oooh, I love Easthampton," said the other man's wife. "That's where Mopsy came out."

"Yeah, but at the bank here in Aspen," said the rug owner, "I had to explain to them about my Granddad's will and the bonds and everything, and they really gave me a hard time about it. The whole thing got to be such a drag that I just decided not to get a mortgage at all. It's a lot easier to just pay cash."

"Now, see," the bomber said, "that's the problem with this country today. Not enough people pay cash."

A man in middle age with stern, muscular looks, cool blue eyes, and a turtleneck jersey lounged at the bar of the Ute City Banque a few days later while my wife and I ate a late lunch with a friend. The man at the bar was flirting with a young girl. He had a heavy German accent.

"The girls all love that guy," my friend said.

"Why?" my wife asked. She glanced at the man in the turtleneck.

"Well," my friend said, "he tells them all he knew Hitler, and they love that. It's real different from most of the lines they hear. He scores just about every time."

Michael Ng

The elderly wife of a famous professor, a frequent discussant at the Aspen Institute, asked me if I would tell her the names of all the drugstores in Aspen.

"You probably wonder why I want to know," she said.

"I certainly do," I answered.

The woman picked at her curly gray hair and let her eyeglasses fall. They were caught by the string that went around the back of her head. She wrinkled her nose and said, "I am searching for a brand of deodorant called Amolin. It was made years ago by a certain drug company. I used it because it was powdered and it had no perfume." She paused briefly. "You follow me so far?"

"Yes," I said. The woman's eyes darted around the restaurant as she spoke.

'Well, about ten years ago, they stopped making it. I went to the drug company in New York City and asked for the formula. They told me the ingredients but not the proportions. Those were supposed to be a secret." She looked disgusted. "So I went to a man I know who teaches chemistry at Johns Hopkins University and asked him if he could make it for me. He said he didn't have the ingredients."

This was getting interesting.

"Now, whenever I go anywhere, I go to all the drugstores in the city and ask them to look in their storerooms for Amolin. I haven't found any yet, but I keep hoping. It's a very good deodorant. Cheq is almost as good, but not as good," she said.

"That's the problem with this country," the man across the table, a famous television newsman, said. "The businessmen make it impossible to live the way you want to live."

"What are you talking about?" the woman asked.

I took a friend to the Aspen airport to catch a three-o'clock plane to Denver. Besides driving four hours to Denver, the airplane is the only way to make connections to the rest of the country, whatever that is.

My friend walked up to the ticket counter of Aspen Airways, in the solar-heated waiting room, and handed the girl behind the counter his ticket. She glanced at it, pulled at her frizzy blonde hair, and started to giggle.

"Oh, wow," she said. "That flight's been cancelled. I'm really sorry, you know."

"Can I get on the four-o'clock flight?" my friend asked.

"I'll sure put you on the waiting list," the ticket clerk said.

"How many are ahead of me?" my friend asked. He had connections to make in Denver.

"Well," the girl with the frizzy blonde hair said, "there are forty-five people on the waiting list, and there'll be about five seats."

SCENES

WEEK ART

Okay, it's January 1980, and that means it's calendar time, and the big question is which calendar to choose: what pictures can you live with for a 30-day stretch without feeling as if you're in a psychic Alcatraz?

Can you live with **Miss Piggy** (Abrams Art Papers with The Muppet Press, $6.95)? At last, a calendar so campy even drag queens will take offense. Yes, move over, Lupe Velez, and make room for Miss Piggy as Cleopatra, Miss Piggy as Jeanette MacDonald, Miss Piggy in King Kong's fist. Complete with Frog, interviews à la Pig, and special pig dates. I pigged out.

If you like to look at boring pseudo–Early American paintings and whale death, then don't miss Lowell Herrero's **Whales and Friends** (Box Tree Productions, San Francisco [where else?], $5). No basis in reality and really depresso. The only good thing is the five bucks goes to save the whales.

And while we're on the subject of extinction, it's **The Last Wildlands Calendar** (Simon & Schuster, $4.95). Pretty pictures of leaves, streams, and beaver habitats, accompanied by selections from Henry David Thoreau and designed for you by Friends of the Earth. Discount for vegetarians.

February is green noodles, March is milk, and April is leeks in **The Food Calendar** (Universe, $5.95). Banned by Weight Watchers. And **The Rainbow Calendar** (Manzanita Publishing, $5.95) is not pretty enough. I've got a home movie of rainbows that blows any of their photos off the map, and I'm sure each of you does, too. Pity.

A favorite with Russian defectors and KGB men alike, it's the **Martha Swope Dance Calendar** (Abbeville Press, Inc., $5.95). The pictures are boring and the color is off, but there's a Baryshnikov box shot that I could live with all of November.

Louis L'Amour's 1980 Western Calendar (Bantam Books, $4.95) is an ad for Marlboro cigarettes every day of the year. Paintings of cowboys in the Old West or costume sketches for *Cruising*—I couldn't tell which. For macho men only.

Okay, on to sci-fi, and there's a glut of it: (1) **The Black Hole** (Walt Disney Productions, $5.95). Good title but in truth a scummy advertisement for what looks to be an even scummier movie. And printed badly to boot. Boycott on principle. (2) **A Celestial Calendar for 1980** (Heron Press, $5.95), by Geoffrey Chandler. Lovely paintings by Chandler, pithy quotes, a celestial glossary. Makes for highly existential thoughts. (3) **Terrestrial Voyages** (Big O Posters, $9.95), by Rodney Mattheus. Oh, I'm sorry: it's Rodney Matthews; I couldn't read it the first time because the man's name is in alien print. So are the numbers on the calendar. The thing is huge and should be hung only in the chambers of small boys

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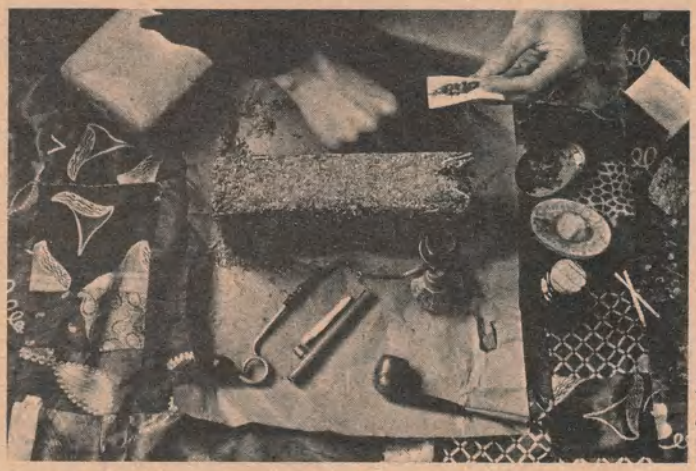
Camping it up with Miss Piggy: drag queens may take offense.

who like toads and advertising art directors. No woman could wake up to this. (4) **Science Fiction** (Doubleday, $5.95). It's all right, not fabulous. The paintings are by different artists. They are mediocre except for July's, by Richard V. Corben, which features a hunter proudly posing with his foot on the head of a dead purple tyrannosaurus. All the color is psychedelic. Not great if you're hung over. (5) **The '80 Lunar Calendar** (The Luna Press, $7.95). "Dedicated to the goddess in her many guises." I don't know what this is, but I think the people who put it out may be involved in snuff movies. It's very culty, and it freaked me out. Here's some poetry from it:

Tomorrow, Copulatrix, you and
I
lead beasts from these caves
with sticky strands of song . . .
Coarse inlet, which only
nuns can love:
Awake, love quickens,
and even you veer north tomorrow, north
where Dog Rumour refashions
the globe . . .

See what I mean? Wait a minute. There's a poem in here by Sappho, and you know what? Nobody quotes Sappho unless they want to appeal to gay women, which also explains the photo of the nude girl with the very hairy armpit. Perfect, I guess, for moody Druid lesbians.



Bob Combs

The 1980 drug calendars rate high: your dealer will want one.

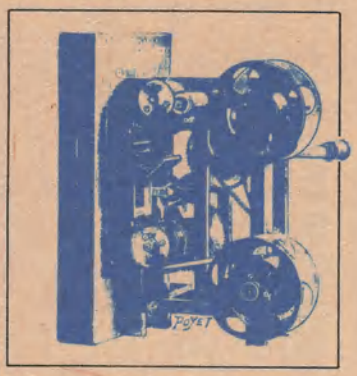
Now it's time for drugs, and I must say the drug calendars are always among the prettiest, even though those who buy will be looking at them stoned and the pictures could be a little out of focus and it wouldn't hurt. So let's give praise to the drug-oriented who produced the beautiful **Cocaine Calendar** (And/Or Press, $5.95). Complete with Underground Cocaine Data Sheet used by West Coast dealers circa 1975, with stunning photos of coca wine, freebase, and merck, it's a must for rock star and pimp and a good prop for a Woody Allen movie. **Cannabis 1980** (And/Or Press, $5.95) is equally lovely, featuring enlarged photos of Colombian Gold, Mexican, and Hawaiian. My dope dealer adored it, and yours will, too. Then there's **The Marijuana Datebook** (And/Or Press, $9.95). Once again, stunningly produced by And/Or Press. It's also funny, containing such important dates in drug history as August 10 (1975), the day "Betty Ford, wife of President Gerald Ford, said all her children had 'probably tried marijuana.' She added she would probably have tried it herself if marijuana had been popular when she was young." And if she hadn't already been addicted to Champale. Good old Betty.

No calendar review would be complete without **The Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders** (Dell Publishing, $5.95). Now, if you're a beer-drinking asshole who loves out-of-focus crotch shots of spread-eagled, nubile American women in short-shorts and ecstasy, buy it. But Jesus, at $5.95 it's really a gyp, guys. You can't see much, and if you're a breast man, lemme tell you there's nothing in it for you. The good side is your wife will only be mildly annoyed.—*Emily Prager*

Martha Swope

Mikhail Baryshnikov in action: calendar centerfold.

FILMS



ON THE GRAND TOUR

Junior Year Abroad. I'm not sure when I first heard of it, but in my college days I used to think a lot about it, not always in intellectual terms. Images of clean-limbed, carefully groomed eastern college girls pouring out of the Metro and through the portals of the Sorbonne, bent on broadening their cultural horizons. It was the ultimate certification for the well-heeled upper-middle class, and to this moment I couldn't say whether the glamour I felt surrounding everyone involved grew out of sexual lust or social envy—or my usual unholy combination of the two. At that time it was mostly girls' schools that sponsored Junior Year Abroad (heaven knows what "abroad" meant; I never heard of anybody going anywhere but Paris), and so it seemed natural to imagine junior *girls* abroad, in their pale cashmere sweaters and tartan skirts, perfecting their French accents, their grasp of medieval history, their amorous education.

Some of that fantasy, and maybe even a bit of reality as well, creeps into ***French Postcards***, which deals with 1970s American college kids, both sexes, in Paris for a year at a school called the "Institute of French Studies"—not the Sorbonne, you can bet, but more of a Mom-and-Pop operation falling somewhere between genuine education and academic scam. The movie itself is rather a Mom-and-Pop operation, written by the husband-and-wife team of Willard

Huyck and Gloria Katz (an exceptionally young and lively Mom and Pop); directed by Huyck, produced by Katz. They also wrote *American Graffiti*, and you can detect a family resemblance, not only in the wordplays of the titles but also in the scattered, anecdotal plotting that characterizes both films.

The Paris that confronts the scholars of the Institute of French Studies might constitute some postcards of its own. Not the most famous sights, but some mild cross-cultural in-jokes that are very characteristic: things like having a Big Mac at one of the Paris McDonald's; disco dancing in a club that seems to have sprung up in a mansion decorated with seventeenth-century splendors; the institute director's house outside of town, which just happens to be the famous, starkly modern Villa Savoye—an art-history postcard—that Le Corbusier designed in the 1920s, and in which his wife (Marie-France Pisier) attempts seducing one of the students, Alex (David Marshall Grant), who may be more promising in bed than with the rudiments of French syntax.

Alex and his timid roommate, Joel (Miles Chapin), along with lonely and precocious Laura (Blanche Baker) and the French girl Toni (Valérie Quennessen) whom Joel falls for, make up the student nucleus of *French Postcards*. Their director, M. Tessier (Jean Rochefort), and his beautiful wife furnish the adult ballast—though the adults' affairs are in greater disorder than the students'. The several adventures, mostly versions of boy meets girl, vary just about enough to float not quite two hours of film. None of it seems especially remarkable; and when, near the end, all the kids collect to act in the school play Joel has written (somewhat disconcerting, because until the night it is produced I don't believe you even *hear* about a school play), it might almost be the climax of some Judy Garland–Mickey Rooney high-school musical of the American 1930s. Despite all the complications their lives run into, the kids are always somewhat less complicated as people than they ought to be—not just for real life but for the good of the movie. By the time you finish watching them—especially Miles Chapin—ingratiate their way through the movie, you may feel something akin to the subliminal strain that comes from looking at a television commercial, when we suffer with a poor model's 30 seconds of nonstop smile.

Pisier: schoolmarm, seductress, and closet disco queen.

In the long run I like *French Postcards* rather more than less, partly because it is low-keyed and even genuinely disarming, partly because it makes so many haphazard efforts to be liked. But I don't think I'd like it without Marie-France Pisier, who gets only feature billing but who virtually controls the movie. She has been in French films since Truffaut's segment of *Love at Twenty* (1962), and through the years she's simply become more and more authoritative—and no less beautiful. You may have seen her a while back in the immensely popular *Cousin Cousine* (she plays the comic neurotic wife) or recently, for Truffaut again, in *Love on the Run*. In *French Postcards* she has, in the abstract, an impossible role. Schoolmarm, seductress, French classicist, closet disco queen, deeply vulnerable and yet very tough—she runs a gamut of attitudes that almost amount to different characterizations within one character. She is not only fine at each of them; she is superb at relating each to the others. While everyone else has one dimension, she has half a dozen. And often you may have the feeling that it is mainly the animation of her intelligent, fine-boned face that holds together, and pulls sense from, the mixture of simple charm, blatant sentiment, and slightly topical satire that *French Postcards* means to be.

If the special, rather fragile quality of *French Postcards* seems unlikely without Marie-France Pisier, Rainer Werner Fassbinder's ***The Marriage of Marie Braun*** would be unthinkable without the presence of the breathtaking Hanna Schygulla. Her name probably won't mean much to you. With a few exceptions, the reputations of European movie actresses don't transport readily to America. And Schygulla has been so closely associated with Fassbinder, the now middle-aged prolific whiz kid of intellectual German cinema, that even people who have noticed her may see her as no more than an especially glamorous member of his expert stock company. Sometimes she has been that; a range of roles is part of what a stock company is all about. But she is also a star. Not just a very good actress but also a presence, like the reincarnation of some great personality out of old movies—a fact that Fassbinder fully recognizes and, to his credit, knows exactly how to exploit.

Simple charm and blatant sentiment: French Postcards.

About the actual movie I have mixed feelings. *The Marriage of Maria Braun* covers perhaps 30 years, a chronicle of post–World

Parody that is both serious and revealing: Maria Braun.

War II West German reconstruction paralleled in the rise of one Maria Braun—loyal wife, tender daughter, mistress, whore, murderess, executive in the textile firm of a man, Oswald (Ivan Desny), who honorably tries to be her lover. Her husband, Hermann (Klaus Löwitsch), has been in jail for many years, having chosen to take the rap for her killing of the gentle black American soldier (George Byrd) she had been sleeping with before Hermann, presumed dead, had found his way home from the Eastern front after the end of the war. The exact relation of Hanna's career to German history largely escapes me; political allegory often does. But until that relation grows too specifically pressing—about two-thirds of the way through—*The Marriage of Maria Braun* is a fabulous, mysterious movie, and Hanna Schygulla is much of the reason why.

Fassbinder creates contexts for her: a historical context in Germany's postwar confusion and suffering; its gradual adaptation to and exploitation of the very forces that had conquered it; and a dramatic context in Hanna's own will to survive and to sustain her virtually unconsummated marriage. Through these contexts moves his actress, sometimes with great determination, sometimes almost as if in a dream. She is by turns clever and aimless, seductive and unaccountably cold—but always riveting, with her dusky blonde hair, her bright red lips, her lustrous open face, her calm gray eyes. She is a ravishing woman. But within the film she becomes an icon, partaking of a special movie quality that continually mediates between what a star looks like and who she actually is. Fassbinder likes photographing her introspective stillness—a woman captured in a moment of contemplation. But he also likes photographing her power, which is at once both very direct and almost unearthly. An apparition hovering between imagination and reality, she can be as uncanny as her director wishes. It is only when she has been made answerable to the contrivances of social significance that things seem to go wrong.

But before that happens, there are sequences as fine as anything in recent movies. Things like Maria's early career in the sleazy off-limits club where she meets the American soldier, against a theatrical background of booze and dancing and smoldering glances. Or the whole conduct of her relationship with Oswald, from the way she initially picks him up, with calculated indifference, in the deserted first-class carriage of a nighttime railroad train, through the course of her distant, encouraging, affectionate, cruelly manipulative treatment of the man. I'm not sure what phase of doomed capitalism Oswald is supposed to represent in the political scheme of the film. But as he actually appears—tall, stout, genuinely perplexed by the woman he has fallen in love with—he is the soul of a lumbering, world-weary decency, in his own way as enigmatic as the woman he adores. Between these two—much more than between Maria and her jailed Hermann—the movie comes to its most interesting life.

A few years ago, Fassbinder seemed a much stranger case than he does today. His movies, sometimes based on absurdist parodies of American genre films, were consciously almost impenetrable in their severe and difficult style. He's become more accessible, sometimes rather elegant and complex, but with a surface complexity that's not too difficult to decipher. *Maria Braun* looks to me like a partial return to a sparer, earlier manner. It is not an easy movie to deal with. It is slow, reserved, puzzling. But it is also dazzling in its appreciation of the woman who keeps it going. Of course, she is also parody—the sort of parody you'd get, say, if Marlene Dietrich had been revitalized for another journey into movie decadence. But at this level parody becomes both serious and revealing. And in its bemused attention, it begins to look like something very close to love.—*Roger Greenspun*

Schygulla: an apparition hovering between imagination and reality.

WORDS

CURES FOR THE LISTLESS

If trivia was the rage of the seventies, then the eighties are headed toward becoming the Age of Checklists. Paging through miscellaneous facts and statistics of one kind or another has proved to be the addiction of erstwhile triviaphiles who've elected to carry their enlightened silliness to ridiculous extremes. And publishers are making sure there's plenty of stuff on the street to satisfy their habit.

Thanks to the glut of recent books of lists, it's no longer necessary to forage through moldy volumes in order to establish, say, the recipient of the coveted Bore of the Year award in '77 (it was Barbara Walters, "for proving that a million dollars doesn't buy what it used to") or that a mouthful of sperm contains a mere five calories (try *that* on your cornflakes, Dr. Stillman!). And even though the season for giving is just about over, the following book titles are perfect references for making out your future lists and checking them twice.

In the beginning there was *Information Please*, which begat *The People's Almanac*, which undoubtedly begat James Trager's mammoth brainchild ***The People's Chronology*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $27.95). This baby weighs in at slightly over five pounds and is an annalistic collection of tidbits dating from 3400 B.C. to the present. The 30,000 entries (including every historical tyrant from Nebuchadnezzar to Nixon) are indexed by a rather bizarre pattern of symbols that, upon deciphering, may tell you more about your personality than about history. Either way, there are several hundred hours' worth of trivia crammed inside to keep you pleasantly entertained and out of shock therapy.

Movie Star News

Last laughs: exiting with Joan Crawford.

For those with less of an identity crisis, there's the ***The Jewish Lists*** (Schocken Books, $12.95), by Martin H. Greenberg, a who's who of nice boys and girls who made good without having to go into the family business. They've all been written into the good book: the artists, physicists, actors, athletes, politicos, and "even an occasional thief or worse." *Oy vay!* Guaranteed to put an end to the challenge "Funny, you don't *look* Jewish," this book is on its way to the top of the PLO hit list.

The Book of Smith (Paragon, $4.95), by Elsdon C. Smith (you were expecting *Stein*, maybe?), isn't as problematic a book, unless, of course, you're a namesake of the author, who has had difficulty checking into certain motels. This incestuous little volume is a spin-off of the elephant jokebooks of a few years back, replete with its own treasury of smithisms. For openers, there are lists of Smith surnames, Smiths to remember, Smiths of old, and jokesmiths (Smith and Dale, if you have to ask). It's a clever bit of monkey busmiths, although rather limited in scope.

The Book of Smith makes a suitable companion to ***The Average American Book*** (Atheneum/SMI, $12.95), by Barry Tarshis. This collection of statistics purports to extract the virtues of mediocrity—which is like trying to squeeze personality out of a prune Danish. Nevertheless, Tarshis goes to great lengths settling such polemical issues as: How many average American families own miniature schnauzers? Or: How many average American women get stimulated by erotic photographs? (According to *The Average American Book,* only 32 percent; someone's not telling us the truth.) Let's face it, being average is a drag, and so is this book.

There's no room for clinkers like average Americans in ***The Book of Winners*** (Harvest/HBJ, $8.95), Clair Walter's archives of those who clawed (along with other activities) their way to the top. Her lists illustrate, however, that once you're a winner, it's a dog-eat-dog world simply to stay alive. Frank Kendig and Richard Hutton cover that game nicely in ***Life Spans*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $10.95; $4.95 paper), a fascinating compilation of the life expectancies of everything from platypuses, radioactive isotopes, and the sun to snowflakes and stretch-resistant panty hose. And for the final word on lists you might want to consult ***Exits: Dying Words and Last Moments*** (Dutton, $7.95 paper), by Scott Slater and Alec Solomita. Considering some of the embarrassing epitaphs—including beauties from Joan Crawford and Solomon Foot—you might want to swallow your words when you go.

One of the more frightening aspects of the so-called list genre is the knowledge that there is an army of people out there who spend their days compiling all this weirdness. The impact of that isn't so great until you check out books like Scot Morris's ***The Book of Strange Facts and Useless Information*** (Doubleday, $5.95) and David Louis's ***More Fascinating Facts*** (Crown, $6.95). *Strange Facts* lets us in on a couple of little-known truths that, the dust jacket claims, will "stop conversation dead and amaze your friends." That depends on the type of people you hang around with. However, it's amusing to come across the fact that Henry Thoreau is credited with inventing raisin bread, and that in 1938 a mule named Boston Curtis was elected Republican precinct committeeman from Milton, Wash., by a 51-vote plurality—which isn't so strange, when you think about it.

The Stranger Collection

Henry Thoreau, Barbara Walters: raisin bread and boredom.

Louis's book, the second in a series, is more useful as a reference and is equally entertaining. To attract buyers, it's got the required lists of obscure and idiotic municipal laws, but they're strictly come-ons for the more salient items on medicine and history.

The list book with the most audacity is John Train's ***Remarkable Names of Real People*** and its sequel, ***Even More . . .*** (Potter, $4.95). This man's lifework consisted of searching through directories for the world's more unusual and authentic names. Sixty-four pages of listed names is not what I'd call a good read, but with characters like Mustafa Kunt, Santiago Nudelman, and Basil Crapster, who can complain?

If you whip through these titles and find yourself, well, listless, you might want to sink your teeth into something a lot more challenging and with a little more depth. I suggest you try the New York Telephone Directory. Its lists will boggle your mind, and the price is right.—*Robert Stephen Spitz*

Kenneth Harrison

SOUNDS

MAKING MAGIC

Bill Cosby has been a **Sonny Rollins** fan for a long time. Last fall, when he was hosting NBC-TV's "The Tonight Show," he decided to do something about it, and lo and behold, there was Rollins, our greatest living saxophonist, lifting his tenor high in the air and blowing great cascades of melody into millions of American homes. It was a rare moment. Charlie Parker and John Coltrane never made network television appearances, and Louis Armstrong was as much an entertainer as a jazz musician by the time his name was known in every household. Rollins, whose art is equal to theirs, is still at the height of his powers.

In fact, *Don't Ask* (Milestone), Rollins's latest album, is his best collection in some years. He's never felt entirely comfortable in recording studios, and as a group leader he's a great soloist; his albums have often been plagued by either a certain stiffness in his own playing or mediocre accompaniment. For a while, in the middle and late sixties, he didn't record at all, and when a gentlemanly jazz producer named Orrin Keepnews first coaxed him into the studio for the then new Milestone label, the results were uneven. Gradually, *very* gradually, Rollins loosened up. Last year he made two live recordings, *Don't Stop the Carnival* and *Milestone Jazzstars in Concert*, that captured superlative solos and featured sympathetic backing. On *Don't Ask*, his touring group and guest guitarist Larry Coryell finally give him the kind of versatile but committed support his other recent studio albums have lacked. It may not be so important a career watershed as his "Tonight Show" appearance, but you can buy it and take it home with you.

Rollins, who was 50 years old this past September 7, comes to his present preeminence with an unimpeachable jazz pedigree. He grew up in New York City with some of the best of the early modern jazzmen as neighbors. By the time he was 21, he had already recorded with the most awesome of pianists, Bud Powell, and one of his earliest gigs was with a temporary Miles Davis band that included another very young saxophonist, John Coltrane. By the mid-fifties he was an ex-junkie and a brilliant improviser; his recordings from this period with the Clifford Brown–Max Roach quintet have yet to be surpassed for sheer virtuosity, fire, and group spirit. Beginning in 1957, he made a series of stunning albums for the Prestige and Riverside labels, and by a convenient twist of fate all this material now belongs to his present record company, the Fantasy-Milestone-Prestige combine. Under Orrin Keepnews's meticulous supervision, it's been reissued in a series of two-record sets, and at least three of these—*Saxophone Colossus and More*, *The Freedom Suite Plus*, and *Taking Care of Business*—belong in any collection. Performances like "Blue Seven" (on *Colossus*) and "The Freedom Suite" are examples of exceptional virtuosity and spontaneous inventiveness, harnessed to one of the most rigorously analytical minds in jazz.

In 1959, Rollins pulled off something no other major musician has dared to attempt: he took a three-year vacation to practice, study yoga, and sort out his future directions. During a similar sabbatical in 1968–71, he visited India and Japan and continued his studies in eastern mysticism and body disciplines. The results of these years away from the draining intensity of the jazz life are now

David Redfern, Retna

Full steam ahead: Sonny Rollins gives jazz a new direction.

abundantly evident. At an age when many jazz players have already burned themselves out or are simply dusting off their earlier discoveries for a new audience, Rollins is sailing full steam ahead. He is still curious and exploratory, as his work with the Lyricon, a new electronic reed instrument, and his forays into funk rhythms indicate. He gives every indication of being in superb physical condition; when he feels like *playing*, he has enough stamina to wear out musicians half his age.

And he's as unpredictable as ever. Unlike many great jazzmen, who develop an idiom that's comfortable for them and then work within it, Rollins has always been known for his abrupt changes. When free-form improvising was new and controversial in the early sixties, he borrowed several musicians from the band of avant-gardist Ornette Coleman and took on the new wave on its own turf. He was playing unaccompanied saxophone in long, demanding solo concerts a decade before the present vogue for such concerts began. On his latest album, he's given a definitive answer to the critics who would rather hear him play the way he did in the fifties. His composition "Disco Monk" has two alternating sections, one a lovely and utterly traditional jazz ballad, the other a contemporary vamp with a pronounced disco rhythm. Maybe nobody else could have made it work, but Rollins's encyclopedic saxophone soloing sails in and out of the contrasting moods, linking them together in a manner that pointedly suggests that his newer directions are every bit as valuable as his fifties classicism.

In person, Rollins is a quiet, modest man. He lives north of New York City, in a house not far from the highway, with his wife, who handles his business affairs and leaves him free to practice. Yes, he still practices. And although he's very pleased with *Don't Ask*, he still anticipates recording sessions with considerable trepidation. "Recording is a kind of traumatic experience for me," he said recently. "I much prefer to play live. But I had a good relationship with Orrin Keepnews in the fifties, when he recorded me for Riverside, and we still have one. I respect him as a person, and that's really important to me."

Good as the album is, Rollins is probably right to prefer his concerts. Certainly there's no experience quite like them. You can hear something of his remarkable presence and power on "Silver City" and "Autumn Nocturne," from *Don't Stop The Carnival*, but you can't *see* him. He's a big, barrel-chested man who comes striding out onto concert stages smiling beatifically and cradling his tenor sax as if it were a newborn infant. Some time ago he began mounting a small microphone in the bell of the horn so that he could move about the stage freely. And now, as he plays, he paces back and forth, bending at the knees for huge, authoritative low notes, leaning back and pointing the instrument heavenward for his multi-noted flurries, walking to the very lip of the stage to punch out irresistibly rhythmic riffs, and abruptly cutting off his band to deliver unaccompanied orations, during which he may quote from Irish folk melodies, corny show tunes, jazz standards, and any other melodies that are filed in his extensive memory bank.

During these moments Sonny Rollins's richly husky sound fills the hall, and each and every note gets its own personal inflection and expressive twist, even when he's playing his saxophone at breakneck speed. And just when you think he's about to overwhelm you with machine-gun intensity, he'll settle back and play an exquisitely lyrical ballad, usually a little-known standard from years past that only Rollins would have thought to play in the first place. It's magic, but then the very best jazz always is.—*Robert Palmer*

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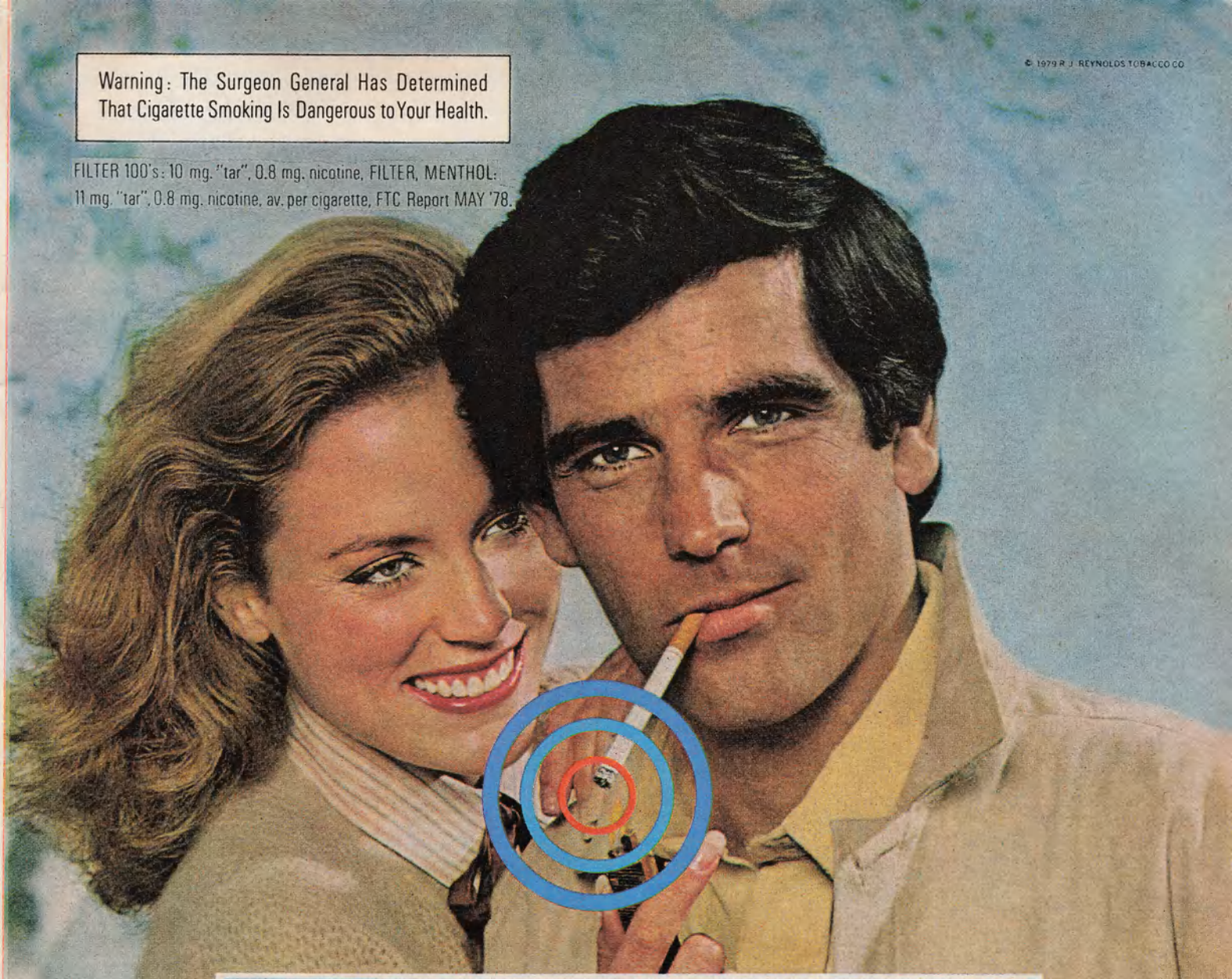

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PART ONE

Israel's very existence
depends on the world's most formidable
security operation.

TALES OF THE MOSSAD

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

Tel Aviv. Along the corridor there are small rooms. In each a woman is seated at a desk, reading obituaries. Newspapers published in Damascus, Baghdad, Amman, Riyadh, Kuwait, Tripoli, and Algiers are forbidden to send copies to the Zionist enemy. Nevertheless, it is these newspapers whose obituary notices the women are reading. Each room represents a single Arab country. The women tabulate and diagram the names of persons and associations that have placed advertisements mourning the prominent Arabs who died the day before. To Israeli intelligence the analysis of the interrelationships of individuals and organizations in Arab countries is a matter of life and death.

The Mossad. "The Institution." European intelligence officials purse their lips and nod with admiration. American intelligence officials shake their heads with wistful envy. International terrorists look nervously over their shoulders. Israelis shrug: "It is like our little Uzi, the submachine gun your Secret Service uses to protect the president. It is small, but it's not advisable to get on the wrong side of it." Israeli intelligence comprises the following:

- The Foreign Ministry's Center for Research, the equivalent of the U.S. State Department's Office of Intelligence and Research.
- The Intelligence Branch of the Israel Defense Forces, *Agaf Modeyin*, known as *Aman*.
- The General Security Service, *Sherut Bitachon Klali*. The *Shin Bet* (its first two initials) or *Shabak* (its acronym) is responsible for counterespionage and internal antiterrorist intelligence and is analogous to the FBI.
- The Central Bureau of Intelligence and Security, responsible for espionage and special operations outside Israel, known as "the Institution"—*HaMossad*. The heads of the Mossad and Shabak report directly to the prime minister. The head of the Mossad is chairman of the Committee of Heads of Services. "But there is no director of central intelligence as you have," I am told. "We rely on cooperation between the services, which is better here than in the States. We have no one address that is in charge of everything."

Israeli intelligence doesn't send out press releases. The Mossad never says "no comment." "No comment" is a comment. So we shall allow three events of the recent past to speak for themselves, and we shall wonder what they say.

THE TALE OF THE PERSIAN

To the spinner of geopolitical fantasy, Israeli intelligence is one of the last remaining wild cards. Sean Connery is no longer in Her Majesty's Secret Service. The CIA is Howard Hunt in a wig. If a blimp is about to explode over the Superbowl, as in *Black Sunday*, page the Mossad. If Israel were to cease to exist, it would take a whole segment of the paperback industry with it.

The Mossad is equally useful to the chronicler of what is very loosely termed the real world. For example, Zuheir Muhsen, head of the Saiqa faction of the PLO, and known as "The Persian" for having plundered the rugs of the rich of Beirut during Lebanon's civil war. On July 10, 1979, Muhsen arrived in Cannes, France, from Monrovia, Liberia, traveling on a forged Chilean passport. Five days later, as he walked toward the door of his luxurious apartment, two men shot him in the head. Yasir Arafat announced that the killing was carried out by the Mossad. A Syrian broadcast said the same.

It is entirely possible that Israeli intelligence killed Muhsen. It is equally likely that it didn't. Saiqa, like the other constituents of the PLO, is not an authentic grass-roots organization. It was created in 1968 by Syria's Military Intelligence Directorate, which finances and controls it. Two weeks before Muhsen's death,

terrorists identifying themselves as Eagles of the Palestine Revolution seized the Egyptian embassy in Ankara, Turkey, to protest the Egypt-Israel treaty and killed three people. EPR is a front for Saiqa. Muhsen's death thus may well have been the work of Egypt, which has been castigating Syria for trying to sabotage the treaty negotiations.

Muhsen was viewed as being dangerously frank about the artificiality of the Palestinian Arab movement. In 1977 he told a Dutch newspaper that the notion that there is a distinct Palestinian people was concocted as an anti-Israel propaganda ploy: "There are no differences between Jordanians, Palestinians, Syrians, and Lebanese. We are all part of one nation. Only for political reasons do we speak about Palestinian identity, because it is in the interest of the Arabs to encourage separate Palestinian identity in contrast to Zionism." Also, Muhsen was critical of Arafat's courting of Jordan's King Hussein. It is possible that the PLO chief had his colleague eliminated.

A simple rule when one is tracking Israeli intelligence in the media: the Mossad doesn't do many things that are attributed to it and does do many things that aren't attributed to it.

THE TALE OF OSIRAK

At 3:00 in the morning of April 5, 1979, at a storage structure of Constructions Navales et Industrielles de la Méditerranée in the port of la Seyne-sur-Mer on the southern coast of France, two cores for the nuclear reactors code-named Osirak, scheduled to be shipped to Iraq on April 9, were destroyed by eight charges of plastic explosive detonated with sophisticated condensation fuses. Other nuclear equipment standing nearby in similar crates, destined for West Germany and Belgium, was not touched. Damage was estimated at $23 million. Delivery of the reactor would now be delayed for two years, as would that of 65 kilograms of 93 percent-enriched uranium—enough to make six Hiroshima-sized bombs within five years. In the meantime, it was possible that France could perfect, and get the Iraqis to accept, a fuel code-named "Caramel," only 7 percent-enriched and not usable in weapons. The reactors had been manufactured subject to an Iraqi stipulation "that there not be employed on this project persons of the Jewish race or the Mosaic religion." Without effect Israel had protested the deal through diplomatic channels since it was announced in 1976.

Was the sabotage at la Seyne-sur-Mer a more direct method of registering disapproval?

THE TALE OF ZAVENTEM

At 2:00 P.M. on April 16, 1979, as El Al Flight 334 landed at Zaventem International Airport in Brussels, a group of Palestinian Arab terrorists threw a hand grenade into the crowded, duty-free shopping area of the terminal, injuring five Belgians. They then entered a self-service restaurant and opened fire with Soviet-made automatic rifles, wounding seven more people—none of them waiting for the Tel Aviv flight. After a shootout two of the attackers were arrested, and two escaped. Police sources say that Mahmoud Husseini and Khaled Dayed Dokhet confessed that they had intended to injure as many El Al passengers as possible but were prevented from reaching the gate by security precautions. Belgian Deputy Prime Minister Paul Vanden Boeynants says the first shots were exchanged with plainclothes El Al security men who "just happened to be there."

When you travel El Al, you may notice men outside and inside the terminal who seem to be waiting for someone who never comes. You may notice men in blue blazers spaced at intervals around the aircraft on the ground. You may notice on the plane men who are traveling alone and seem remarkably well acquainted with the crew. You may notice them—just after they notice you. It has been reported that these men are "reserve Mossad agents," and it has been reported that they are "Shin Bet operatives." They may be either, neither, or both. "We were fully prepared for Brussels," I am told.

The Mossad never says, "No comment." "No comment" is a comment.

THE TALE OF THE PALESTINIAN JEWS

Israel's intelligence capability did not spring out of nowhere on May 14, 1948. It grew out of four organizations created by Palestinian Jews as they fought for independence against the British, who governed the area after World War I had put an end to Turkish rule.

Shai was the intelligence arm of the Haganah ("Defense"), founded to protect the Jewish community against the Arab riots that were being encouraged by the British government which, attempting to consolidate its influence with Arab rulers, was trying to scare off potential Jewish immigrants. Shai developed agents among the Jewish officers of the police, postal workers, customs inspectors, and telephone operators. It obtained advance information about British actions against the Jewish community and assembled dossiers on Arab terrorists. Shai's greatest coup was in 1946, when it broadcast over its clandestine mobile radio station the contents of the "black book" British intelligence had compiled on members of the Jewish underground. The commanding officer of the British army in Palestine bitterly described Shai as "a perfect intelligence system."

The *Irgun* ("Organization") was founded in 1937 by Vladimir Jabotinsky, the mentor of Menachem Begin. Jabotinsky viewed the situation of the Jews of Europe as untenable. He advocated massive emigration to Palestine and retaliation for Arab attacks. The British were opposed to both. The Irgun broke with the Haganah's policy of nonretaliation and took the offensive against the Arabs and the British. Begin became commander of the Irgun in 1943 at the age of 30. The British put a price on his head and searched for him door to door for five years in one of the most extensive manhunts in history.

Begin evaded capture by moving from house to house and from identity to identity. One year he was Israel Halperin, a Polish-refugee law student. Another, he was Israel Sassover, a bearded Talmud student. Begin's forces attacked the headquarters of British intelligence in Jerusalem three times. In his book *The Revolt*, Begin describes a typical "confiscation" of arms by Irgun men in British uniforms:

"When the party arrived at the camp gate, the men's papers were punctiliously examined. Everything was in order, especially 'Jackson's' Scots accent. They drove into the camp. They found the big armoury. The truck was halted where it could not be seen from outside. . . . Inside the store were many British soldiers and workers, mostly Arabs, a few Jews. The boys spread out and took up their positions. . . . The real British soldiers had saluted the tall captain. He returned the greeting.

"Giddy put his hand on his revolver and said quietly:

" 'Hands up please.'

"The British soldiers thought the captain was drunk.

" 'What's that?'

" 'Hands up!'

" 'Sir . . .'

" 'Hands up, quick. I'm not a bloody British officer, I'm a terrorist of the Irgun.' "

Rekhesh was created by the Haganah in 1945 to obtain arms for the rebellion against the British and protection against the Arabs. Rekhesh operatives tricked the British into issuing them ingredients for explosives by disguising themselves as Arabs and, showing forged identity cards, presenting themselves to receive the ration of potash that the British traditionally supplied to Muslims for firing cannons to mark sunrise and sunset during the holy month of Ramadan.

Rekhesh agents in Italy broke down

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weapons they recovered by diving to sunken Allied supply ships off the Italian coast and hid the parts in meat grinders and washing machines that they shipped to Palestine. Rekhesh found four Bristol Beaufighters that were being sold for scrap in England. The British government refused to allow the planes to leave the country. It did, however, give permission to an obscure British company called Alpha Film, Ltd., to use the planes in a movie. Shortly after the planes had taken off one day, the camera crew packed up, drove away, and disappeared. Within a few days four Beaufighters joined Israel's air force.

Mossad LeAliyah Bet ("Institution for Immigration 'B' ") was organized to spirit escapees from Hitler's death trap to Palestine in defiance of the British ban. After VE Day Mossad forward headquarters were moved from Istanbul to the back of the Jewish Soldiers' Club in Milan, out of which secret arrangements were made for bribing border officials to let truckloads of Holocaust survivors pass frontier checkpoints, buying and chartering ships under the names of fictitious shipping companies, and running the British naval blockade of Palestine.

Operations were coordinated by clandestine radio stations in Paris, Marseilles, Milan, Naples, Bari, and Athens that had to keep one step ahead of British intelligence. To provide a cover for its truck fleet, the Mossad set up a fake Allied army camp manned by fake soldiers outside of Milan.

The competence gained by these organizations in prosecuting sensitive activities on a shoestring under hostile conditions survives in Israeli intelligence today, as does the appellation "the Institution." Little is known about the Mossad. But tales are told . . .

THE TALE OF THE *SCHEERSBERG A*

In 1964 Israel completed construction of a nuclear-research facility at Dimona, in the Negev Desert. But, aside from some uranium supplied by France at that time, no other country has been willing openly to supply Israel with fuel for its reactor.

In March 1968, Asmara Chemie G.m.b.H., a small West German defense contractor, ordered 200 tons of uranium oxide from Société Générale des Minérais, S.A., of Brussels, for $3 million. The yellowcake was consigned to Società Anonima Italiana Colori e Affini, a small company in Milan that licenses a formula it developed for textile dyes. SAICA was to process the yellowcake and return it to Asmara Chemie, though the Italian company had no experience with uranium and did not possess a factory.

On August 19, 1968, Gerd Lanz, a Zurich lawyer, applied to Liberian Corporation Services, S.A., in that city to create a firm to be called Biscayne Traders Shipping Corp. The company was formed the next day in Monrovia, Liberia, with J. D. Boyd, E. K. Nugba, and P. Satia, three employees of the Liberian Trust Co., as founding directors. On August 21 they appointed a Turkish-born shipowner named Burham M. Yarisal as president and resigned. On September 27, 1968, Biscayne Traders paid $300,000 for the M. V. *Scheersberg*, a 258-foot freighter built in Germany in 1955, and rechristened it *Scheersberg A*.

On November 16, 1968, the *Scheersberg A* arrived in Antwerp and was loaded with 560 drums of uranium oxide from Société Générale des Minérais' plant in Olen, Belgium. Early the following day she sailed, with her destination listed as Genoa.

On December 2, 1968, Asmara wrote to SAICA, advising that the uranium oxide would not be shipped to Genoa and paying $17,000 for the Milan company's trouble. The following week the *Scheersberg A* arrived in Palermo, Sicily, and was left at dockside without a crew. A new crew was hired by Burham M. Yarisal and arrived on December 11. When the crew looked in the ship's log to see where the ship had gone after it left Antwerp, it found that the last two pages had been torn out.

> The Mossad is like Israel's Uzi submachine gun. It is small, but it's not advisable to get on the wrong side of it.

It is against the regulations of the European Economic Community for uranium to be shipped from any of its members to a point outside the Common Market. Euratom, the EEC's atomic-energy agency, conducted an investigation, as did the governments of Germany, Belgium, and Italy, but never determined what happened to the yellowcake. But it is said that 200 tons of uranium oxide arrived in the Israeli port of Haifa early in December 1968, and that it was transported from there to Dimona, where it is used to this day as fuel for Israel's reactor.

THE TALE OF THE STARBOATS

On December 28, 1968, Israeli commandos blew up empty Arab planes at Beirut International Airport in reprisal for a terrorist attack on an El Al airliner. President Charles de Gaulle had been looking for a pretext for cutting off arms shipments to Israel to cement France's relations with the Arab oil-producing countries. Now he had found it.

On January 2, 1969, he announced an arms embargo against Israel. Not only would five 150-foot, 50-knot gunboats built by Constructions Mécaniques de Normandie in Cherbourg not be delivered, but also Israel would not even get back her $4 million down payment.

On October 13, 1969, the Cherbourg yard received an offer from Ole Martin Siem, a prominent Norwegian shipping figure, to buy the ships for $10 million on behalf of a client. Siem explained that the ships were to be used off the coast of Alaska as supply vessels for oil exploration by a company called Starboat Shipping Corporation. No such company existed, however, until November 5, when Starboat was incorporated as Public Deed No. 2251 by notary public number five of the Circuit of Panama, with Esteban Bernal, Roy Carlos Durling, and Fernando Cardozo, of the Panama City law firm of Arias, Fabrega y Fabrega, as its directors. The vessels were christened *Starboat 1, 2, 3, 4,* and *5*.

On the stormy night of December 25, 1969, as all Cherbourg was snugly indoors, celebrating Christmas Eve, 100 Israelis boarded the five ships, started their engines, cast off, and made for the open sea. They were refueled off the Spanish port of La Coruña by the *Scheersberg A*, the freighter that had transported the uranium oxide.

On December 31, 1969, the five gunboats arrived in Haifa. They were fitted with an extensive range of armaments, including Israeli "Gabriel" missiles, capable of sinking a ship at a range of 22 miles. On January 20, 1970, Biscayne Traders Shipping Corp. sold the *Scheersberg A* to a Greek shipowner named George Franjistas for $235,000.

THE TALE OF THE RED PRINCE

On September 5, 1972, 11 Israeli athletes were killed in a terrorist raid on the Olympic Village in Munich. Four years before, a Palestinian Arab named Ali Hassan Salameh loaded a truck with beer bottles filled with gasoline and blew it up on a busy Jerusalem street, killing 12 people and wounding 53. In 1969 and 1970 Salameh executed opponents of Yasir Arafat within the PLO.

In 1970 Arafat created the Special Operations Apparatus, *Jihaz al-Amaliyat al-Khassa*, known as Black September, to undertake terrorist actions in Europe while the PLO assumed a "moderate" image. He made Salameh, now known as "The Red Prince," its director of intelligence. Shortly after the Olympic massacre it became known that the attack had been planned and coordinated by Ali Hassan Salameh.

On the evening of October 16, 1972, as Awel Abdel Zwaiter, a Palestinian who had lived in Rome for 16 years and was employed as a translator at the Libyan embassy, approached his apartment building, 12 .22-caliber bullets snapped into his head. The assailants were never

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

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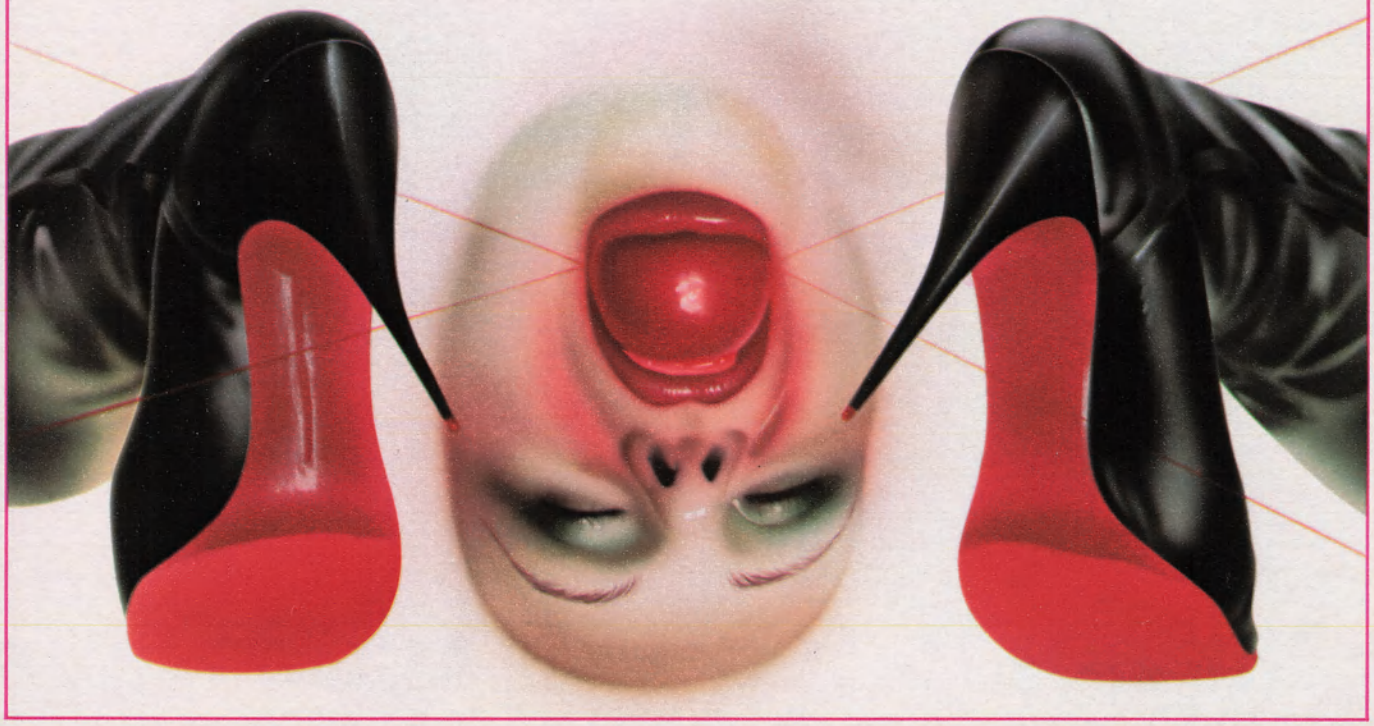
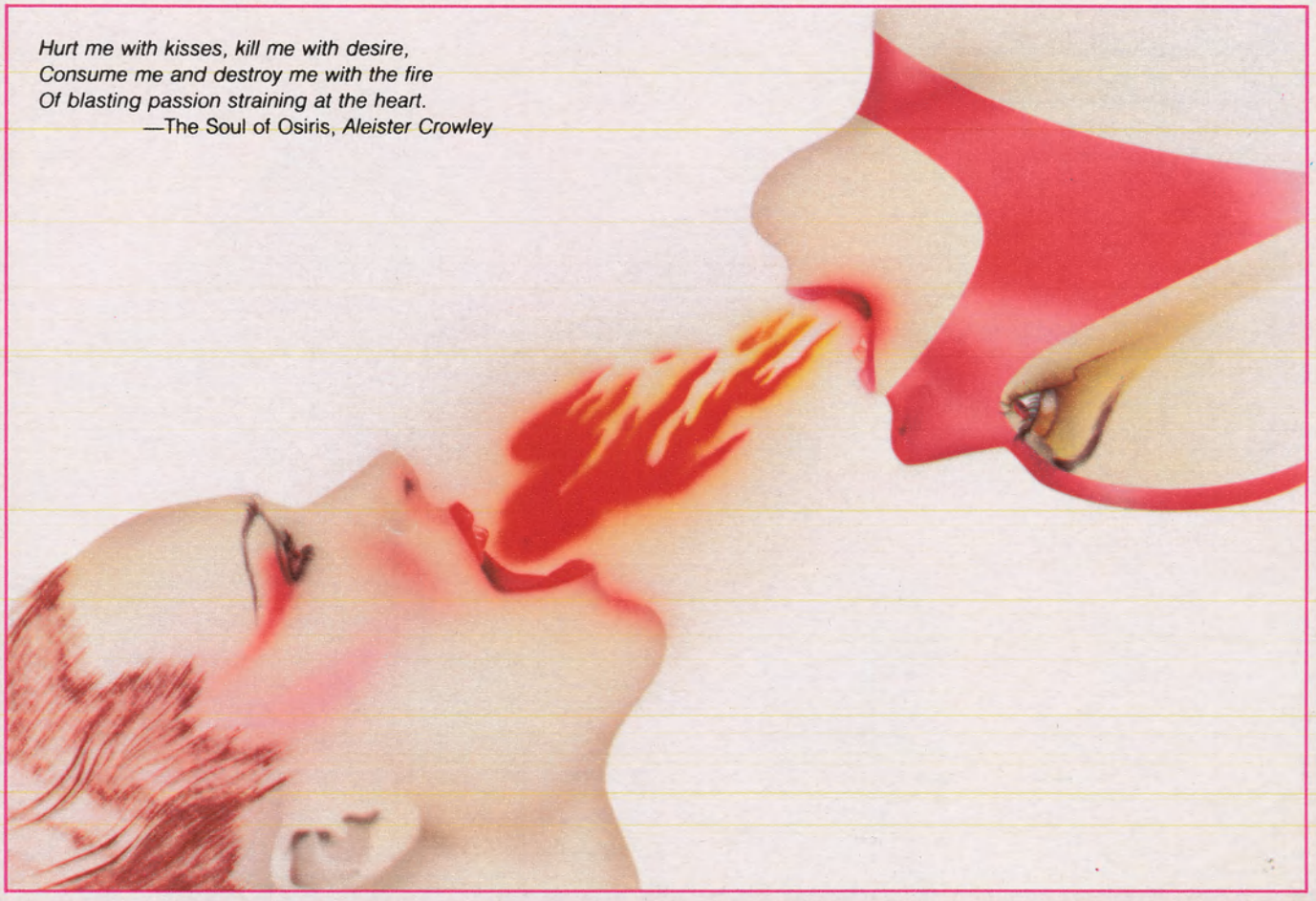
You buy my spirit with those
shameless eyes
That burn my soul, you loose
the torrent stream
Of my desire, you make my lips
your prize.
—The Soul of Osiris,
Aleister Crowley

Letterforms by Tom Carnase

My fate is now my delight;
I will obey it like one predestined;
Docile martyr, condemned innocent,
My passion excites the tormentor.
—Le Léthé, *Charles Baudelaire*

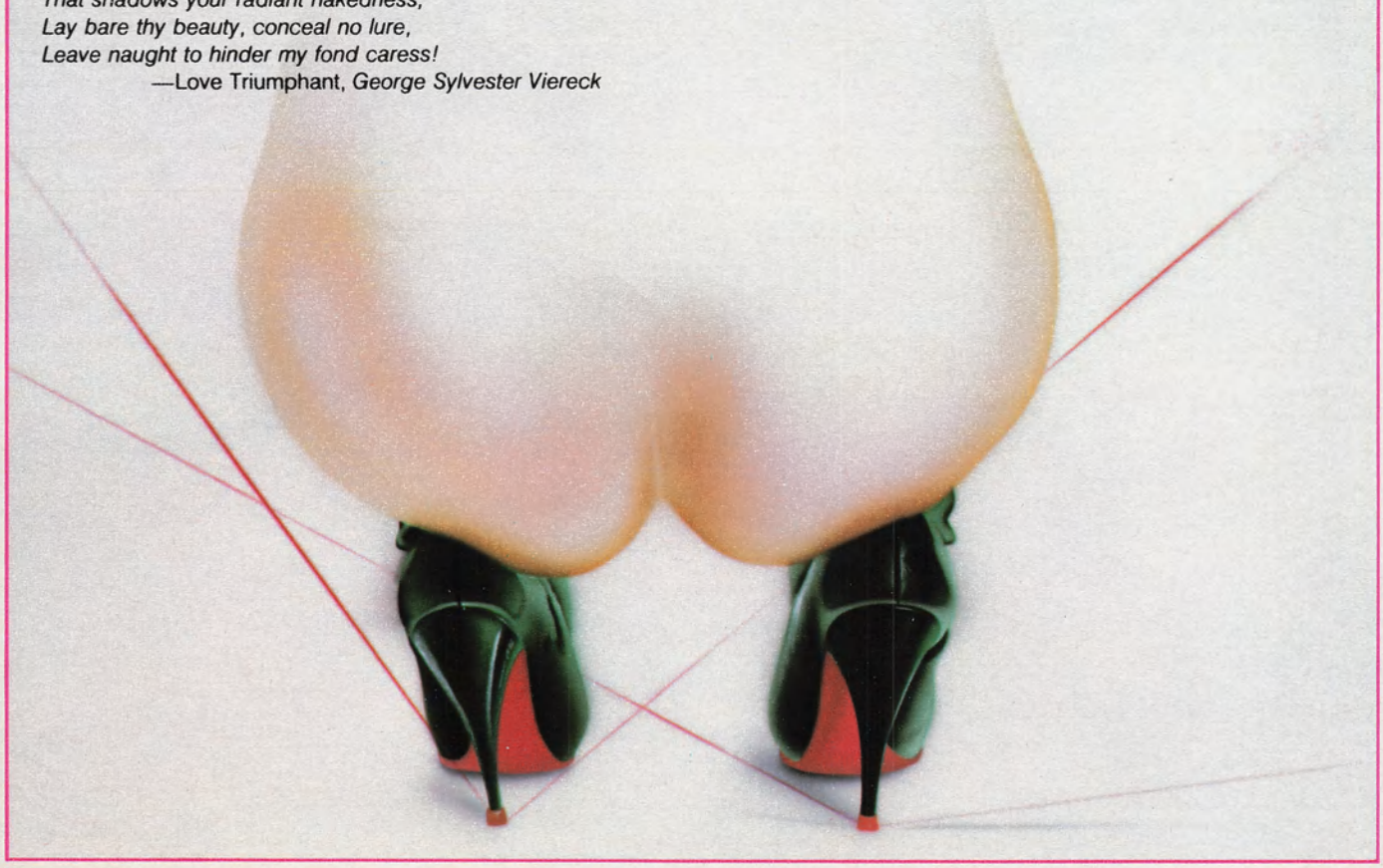


Hurt me with kisses, kill me with desire,
Consume me and destroy me with the fire
Of blasting passion straining at the heart.
—The Soul of Osiris, *Aleister Crowley*

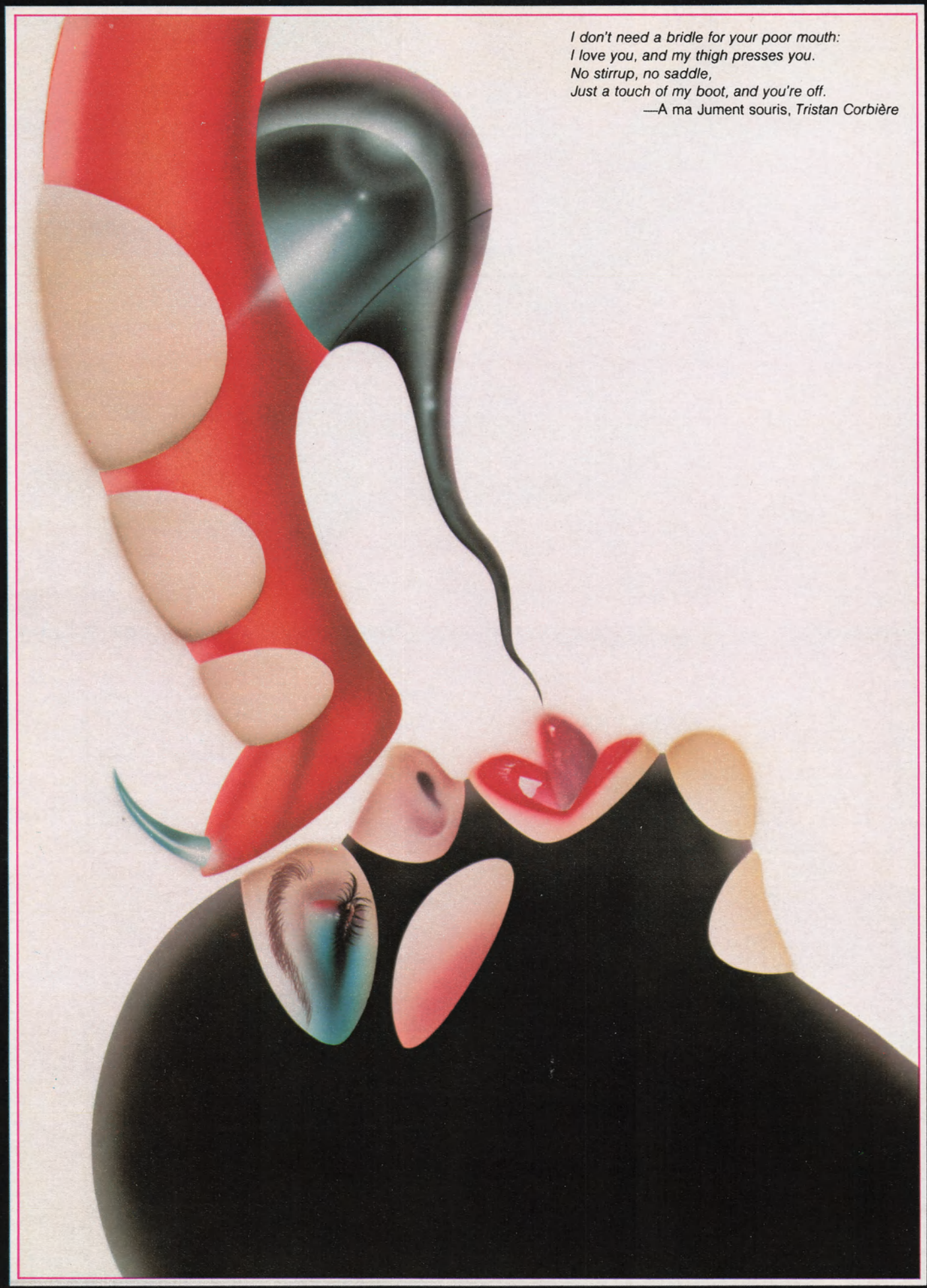


Upon thy neck I will leave the mark of my kisses:
and while I kiss thee my hands shall stray in
mad delight.
—The Songs of Bilitis, *Pierre Louÿs*

My hot strong hands will no veil endure
That shadows your radiant nakedness;
Lay bare thy beauty, conceal no lure,
Leave naught to hinder my fond caress!
—Love Triumphant, *George Sylvester Viereck*

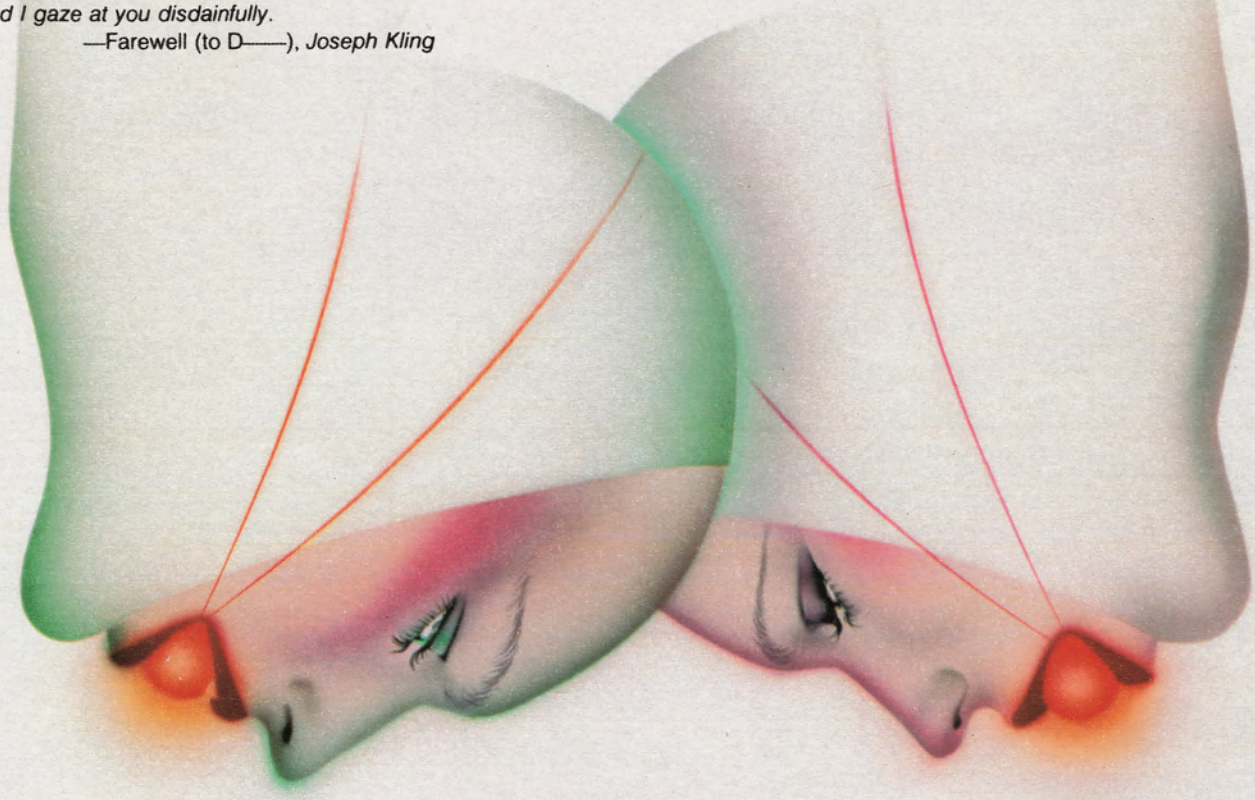


My mouth will be a hell of sweetness and seduction for you.
—Chef de section, *Guillaume Apollinaire*



I don't need a bridle for your poor mouth:
I love you, and my thigh presses you.
No stirrup, no saddle,
Just a touch of my boot, and you're off.
—A ma Jument souris, *Tristan Corbière*

I have placed you
In the hollow of my hand
Little toy-woman,
And I gaze at you disdainfully.
—Farewell (to D——), *Joseph Kling*



Your body's treasures are
mine today,
Though bitter as gall be their
savour still;
From head to foot shall my
kisses play,
Til naught is kept from their
sovereign will!
—Love Triumphant,
George Sylvester Viereck

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

PRIME MINISTER PHAM VAN DONG

There is no policy of human rights in America. Is attacking Vietnam and neglecting the people an example of human rights? Is supporting the shah of Iran? Is supporting Somoza? Is killing black people?

In late 1953 the French foreign minister, Georges Bidault, called Pham Van Dong "a nonexistent phantom." The French, Bidault told a meeting of the United Nations Security Council, would not negotiate with Pham Van Dong nor his Viet Minh cadres. Six months later, however, Bidault—along with Russia's V.M. Molotov, China's Chou En-lai, America's General Walter Bedell Smith, and Britain's Anthony Eden—was sitting opposite the nonexistent phantom in Geneva, negotiating the departure of France from Indochina.

The poignancy of that episode is more evident today than it was in the early fifties. For Bidault has long since passed into political oblivion; Molotov is gone; Chou, dead; Smith, dead; Eden, dead. But Pham Van Dong, a quarter of a century later, ever the phantom, has become one of the legendary world leaders. He was there, as prime minister of a country no bigger than Missouri, to wage 20 years of war against the strongest country on earth; there to preside over America's humiliating defeat; and is still there, battling with China, the not-so-sleeping giant to the north, with Cambodian genocide to the west, and with a million forlorn refugees fleeing from something that no one yet seems to understand.

For more than 40 years, Pham Van Dong has been Vietnam's tireless revolutionary. He has stalked the jungles and slept in caves and dined with presidents and prime ministers. Frank Snepp, the CIA's principal analyst of North Vietnamese political affairs during the war, called Pham Van Dong "a curious and mercurial old revolutionary with a well-honed pragmatic sense." Said Ho Chi Minh: "He's my other self."

Pham Van Dong was not born a Communist; he was born a nationalist, his country already 50 years under French colonial rule, on March 1, 1906. His father was a scholar and a well-to-do Mandarin landowner in Quang Ngai, a coastal city in southern Vietnam. When Pham Van Dong was just ten years old, his father was appointed head of the imperial Annamese cabinet by Emperor Duy-Tan. Both men, however, were ousted in 1917 by the colonialist regime after their attempt to throw off French rule.

Pham Van Dong attended a French lycée in the court city of Hue—the same school previously attended by one Nguyen That Thanh, later known to the world as Ho Chi Minh—and graduated with honors.

Upon graduation he went to Saigon and began a long life of political activism. He organized student strikes and street demonstrations that quickly resulted in an arrest by the French colonial police. After his incarceration, he fled to China and joined other political exiles in Canton. It was there that the 19-year-old first met Ho Chi Minh, then an experienced Communist activist, 16 years his senior, who had spent the previous 15 years traveling and studying in the United States, Britain, France, and Russia. Pham Van Dong, whose only political association was as a member of a nonideological Thanh Nien, or Youth League, joined Ho at his new Wen-Ming academy for Vietnamese political emigrés, and during the next four years the two formed a friendship that was to endure over more than 40 tumultuous years, until Ho's death in 1969. At Wen-Ming, Pham Van Dong quickly became one of the chief instructors, and the school became such a success that the French Communist party sent delegations to Canton to study it.

By 1929 Pham Van Dong was ready for a mission to his homeland. But less than a year after he arrived in Saigon to organize underground trade unions and other political activists into a unified nationalist party, he was arrested by French police and sentenced to 20 years in prison. His home for the next six years was a cell on Con Son Island, the Indochinese equivalent of another infamous French penal colony, Devil's Island. (Arrested with Pham Van Dong was Ton Duc Thong, a man who ultimately managed to survive 17 years on "hell island" and is now Vietnam's 90-year-old president.) "At least," recalls Pham Van Dong, "the prison wasn't always a horror. It was also a learning experience. . . . It may sound strange, but I read the complete works of Lenin while I was there."

A new reformist government in France freed Pham Van Dong in 1936, and he, along with Vo Nguyen Giap, who later conducted Vietnam's successful military strategy against the United States, and other comrades then set out to rebuild the illegal Indochinese Democratic Front. (Sentenced to death in 1931, Ho Chi Minh was forced to direct the activities of his young lieutenants from China.) The next three years were a period of frantic underground activity, with Pham Van Dong and his colleagues organizing peasant protests and strikes and publishing three newspapers: *The News, The Struggle,* and *The Will of Indochina*. Whatever successes the ardent nationalists were able to muster during this time, however, were interrupted by the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939. The agreement touched off a wave of anti-Communist repression that once again sent the colonial police after the mandarin's son. This time, however, Pham Van Dong was prepared and, with Vo Nguyen Giap, managed to flee a second time to China.

Now 34, wiser by ten years, hardened by many years of incarceration, and made more nimble by many hours of political organizing, writing, and evading arrest, it was a very different Pham Van Dong who greeted Ho Chi Minh in

Photograph by Roger Pic/Gamma

1940. A Vietnamese biographer recounts the meeting of Ho, Pham Van Dong, and Giap in May of that year in Kum Ming, capital city of China's Yunnan Province: "Uncle Ho jumped into the sampan where Dong and Giap were waiting for him and exclaimed, when he saw them, 'Our Dong hasn't aged much, and Giap looks like a girl of 20. . . .' " And so was born the famous "iron triangle" of leaders who, over the next 35 years, would succeed in pushing first Japan, then France, then the United States out of Vietnam.

A year later, from a new headquarters inside Vietnam, the three formed the Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh (League for the Independence of Vietnam), well-known to Americans of a much later generation as the Viet Minh. Taking advantage of the chaos of the Japanese invasion of Vietnam, Pham Van Dong established guerrilla bases in the mountains of the north and led resistance fighters and Viet Minh propaganda groups into Hanoi, Hue, and Saigon. With American assistance (according to official records of the U.S. Office of Strategic Services—the forerunner of the CIA—Pham Van Dong and his troops helped rescue American pilots shot down by the Japanese), Viet Minh cadres, led by Pham Van Dong and Giap, were able to liberate Hanoi on August 19, 1945; and by September Ho Chi Minh had proclaimed Vietnamese independence. (It was President Roosevelt's opinion at the time that the Vietnamese should be allowed to form their own government. Between April and October of 1945 a special presidential team, led by U.S. Army Capt. A.L.A. Patti, met some 25 different times with Ho Chi Minh, Pham Van Dong, and Vo Nguyen Giap to devise a workable plan. Patti remembers the relationship between the two groups as close and friendly and praises Pham Van Dong as a "quiet and brilliant political strategist." President Truman, however, hoping to improve Franco-American relations, abandoned the Viet Minh).

When Pham Van Dong went to France the next summer as Vietnamese minister of finance and head of his country's delegation to the Fontainbleau Conference, he quickly realized that the struggle was not over. The French warned his delegation not to use the word *independence*, and the chief French negotiator, Marius Montet, took Pham Van Dong aside and warned him specifically to "be reasonable, or in a simple police operation you'll all be wiped out within ten days."

Instead of ten days, the "police operation" lasted eight years. And instead of begging for mercy, Pham Van Dong was back in the West in 1954—again heading his country's peace delegation, now also as deputy premier and minister of foreign affairs—to accept the French admission of defeat.

Unfortunately for Southeast Asia—and the world—the United States believed it could take France's place in Vietnam. Twenty years, $300 billion, and hundreds of thousands of lives later, it did—not as victorious colonizer, but as defeated and humiliated giant. And as even the *Pentagon Papers* noted, it was Pham Van Dong, "regarded as 'the best nephew' of 'Uncle' Ho Chi Minh," who was the "formulator of North Vietnamese 'four points' for peace . . . sophisticated, articulate, a skilled diplomat." Hardly a nonexistent phantom.

Penthouse sent Edward Rasen to the Summit Meeting of the Nonaligned Nations in Havana, Cuba. One of 1,200 accredited journalists to attend the conference, Rasen and interpreter and journalist Don Luce were the only reporters allowed both formal and informal meetings with the Vietnamese prime minister and were granted this exclusive interview, the first given to any Western journalist in five years—since the U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam.

The 73-year-old Pham Van Dong was composed, relaxed, and candid during the intense three-and-a-half-hour interview. He refused to speak about his personal life (a dictum he shares with Fidel Castro), about his wife of over 35 years, Cuc, or his 28-year-old son. His assistants would say only that Pham Van Dong and his wife live a simple life in Hanoi.

Once during the interview, Pham Van Dong exhibited the emotion that has helped propel him through half a century of war as a leader in his country's fight for independence. In answering criticism of Vietnam's takeover of Cambodia in January of 1978, Pham Van Dong's eyes glistened with tears. He described the Pol Pot regime of two and a half years as one "that killed three million out of seven million people. . . . We have a conscience. We have a heart. We can't remain impassive to all this suffering. . .."

At the same time, Pham Van Dong was no less direct in explaining the plight of the refugees that are now streaming out of his country by the thousands, nor any less candid in placing the blame on the countries that had spent 30 years devastating the Vietnamese countryside and destroying its economy.

And as a prophetic warning to the Chinese, who invaded Vietnam last winter, Pham Van Dong says calmly and firmly, "We have defeated them before, and we will defeat them again." As the Japanese, the French, and the Americans can testify, this small, tough, and persistent man usually means what he says. He is no phantom.

Penthouse: Mr. Prime Minister, are there any U.S. soldiers, POWs, or other Americans who still remain in Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: I guarantee that there is no one remaining. The last one, Robert Garwood, has departed. We are very honest and reasonable in this matter. You cannot imagine how reasonable we are. Someone who is dishonest cannot understand honest people. We are honest with our friends, and we think that we must be honest with the enemy. That is why Kissinger said we don't know how to be diplomats. Obviously, Kissinger has his own policy of diplomacy.

Penthouse: What do you think of President Carter's "human rights" policy?

Pham Van Dong: I don't see such a human-rights policy. A policy of antihuman rights, the policy to make use of human-rights issues perhaps. There is no policy of human rights. Is attacking Vietnam and neglecting the people an example of human rights? Is supporting the shah of Iran? Is supporting Somoza? Is killing black people? Is neglecting the American Indians?

There are no human rights in these actions. Human rights is practiced by our side. Our discussions with the United States were based on human rights. We cannot talk with Carter about human rights. You must tell this to Mr. Carter. Write it in your magazine. Write just what I have said. Whose country is America? Who is going to answer for what America does? Where is human rights in the United States? Ah . . . let's talk of other questions.

Penthouse: What can you do to reestablish relations with the United States?

Pham Van Dong: It is up to your government to act. The ball is now in the American court. But I don't see anyone wanting to kick the ball. If one side wants to play ball, the other side must play also. That is why the ball is still in the American court. We will see how the president of the U.S. will play it. I think he is embarrassed. He hesitates. We all know why. I have said many times to the American representative in Hanoi—quoting a French proverb: "Those absent are always wrong." If they are late, that's too bad. We have lived thousands of years without the U.S.; we can live many hundreds of years more without the U.S.

Penthouse: How would the Vietnamese react to a resumption of diplomatic and trade relations?

Pham Van Dong: With the Vietnamese people there is no problem. We realize the difference between those who perpetrated the crimes and the American people. Relations between our countries is another thing. The Vietnamese people see relations between two countries as a normal thing. But now it remains unrealized with the U.S. The people do not have much hope. When it comes, it comes. If it doesn't come, it's no big problem. The world still turns round.

Penthouse: If Vietnam is to become a modern state, it will need Western technology. Can Vietnam strike a balance between Western technology and Western influence?

Pham Van Dong: We are interested in importing foreign technology wherever it may come from, because we are an underdeveloped country. We have had

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30 years of war. We have lost many people, and now we are hard pressed to rebuild a unified country. To develop our economy we need technology. If this technology comes from the West, with acceptable conditions, we will not reject it. But the terms must be acceptable; otherwise it is impossible.

Penthouse: Has Vietnam sold any of the weapons it acquired in April 1975, following the withdrawal of the United States?

Pham Van Dong: We kept most of the war supplies for our own defense. We need money, but not from selling arms. We are not arms sellers!

Penthouse: What is the status of the oil concessions purchased by several U.S. oil companies from the Thieu regime in the early 1970s?

Pham Van Dong: Those companies had concessions from the Thieu government. The provisional revolutionary government and the North Vietnamese government declared that those concessions are not legal, because the Thieu government was not the representative of the whole country. What we have is an illegal contract between the oil companies and the former government.

Penthouse: What goals would you like to achieve in the next five years?

Pham Van Dong: We have two tasks. One is to build socialism, and the other is to defend our socialist country. We don't know whether we will achieve all this in five years. Perhaps not. If we have not accomplished our goals by then, we will just continue.

Penthouse: In the reunification of Vietnam, what have been the major problems that you have had to overcome?

Pham Van Dong: In the South, there are many difficulties, because we have had to confront the consequences of war and the old regime—tremendous problems. They create many difficulties for us. The refugees created by the United States during the war are one of the big problems. Now the United States uses the refugees to create more problems for us.

Penthouse: What makes you think the refugee—"boat people"—problem has been created by the United States?

Pham Van Dong: There is incitement from the outside. The most clear example is the activity of the U.S. Seventh Fleet off the coast of Vietnam. Also, China has engaged in many devious maneuvers. In this refugee problem, the collaboration between the United States and China is very close. We see them desperately struggling for revenge after their big defeats. They cannot swallow Nicaragua. They cannot swallow Iran. But it is not finished. They must be prepared to swallow more.

The problem of the refugees is a false problem. It has been manipulated by the United States and now by Peking. They have invented all sorts of stories to create difficulties for us. After all, the refugees create their own problem. We have agreed to solve the problem, which is a humanitarian one, through humanitarian means. We are now in contact with the United Nations to solve this problem in an organized manner, through the United Nations High Commission on Refugees. In regard to the countries that take in refugees, they can take as many as they want. But one day those Vietnamese will say good-bye and return to their home.

Penthouse: Why do you think people are fleeing your country?

Pham Van Dong: The basic cause of this problem is the 30-year war, the Saigon regime, and the destruction inflicted by the U.S. and China. As a result, there are millions of people who do not want to lead the simple life that they must face here in their country. Many lived off the profits of war. Now they do not want to work. In this they are encouraged by the U.S. On our flank we have a hostile China that is creating all sorts of problems for us. We have many problems—how could we not after 30 years of war? It is these conditions that the people are trying to flee.

> Many of our people lived off the profits of war. Now they do not want to work. They do not want to lead the simple life that they must face now.

Penthouse: Is it true that people are given the choice of relocating to new economic zones or fleeing as refugees?

Pham Van Dong: No. That is an American story—an artificial one created by Washington. They are conducting an anti-Vietnam campaign. We now work with the U.N. to solve this problem in a humanitarian manner. The Vietnamese who depart from Vietnam are not being exported.

Penthouse: Many refugees claim to have paid the equivalent of up to $3,000 to leave Vietnam. What were these payments for, and who received them?

Pham Van Dong: This is not the policy of my government, to have them pay in order to leave. It is a private matter, abuses that take place on a very low level. In your country, you have abuses like Watergate and Lockheed at the top. In this country, abuses are not at the top but at the bottom. This is the difference. So we have punished and will punish these people who have abused their power.

Penthouse: What is being done with the property left behind by the people who flee Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: Our policy is to look after the properties of these people. The properties still remain theirs. We consider the people who have left as our countrymen. They still maintain the nationality of Vietnam.

Penthouse: Has your government stopped the unauthorized flight of refugees and boat people?

Pham Van Dong: Yes. We have very effective measures to stop the illegal exits. But at the same time we must open the legal door for emigration. Unfortunately, the U.S. has encouraged freedom of emigration but limited immigration of our people into the United States.

Penthouse: What were some of the problems you faced in bringing about the reunification of the two parts of Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: In the constitutional aspect and the legal aspect, we have reunified our country. In the economic, it is not yet achieved, because in the North we have a socialist system but in the South we still have private enterprise in agriculture and industry. But now, step by step, we are going to enact a socialist transformation in the South. It cannot be done in one day. It takes time—three to five years.

Penthouse: Has there been aid from other countries and international agencies to help reconstruct Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: The organizations of the United Nations have helped us a great deal. We have had many contacts with them. I was delightfully surprised by the number of good people I met at the Summit Meeting of the Nonaligned Nations. I must tell you that we had very good talks with each other. They have promised many worthy actions of international and humanitarian significance. That is a most beautiful remembrance to me.

Penthouse: How dependent is Vietnam on aid from the Soviet Union?

Pham Van Dong: We are not economically dependent on any other country.

Penthouse: How do you explain the fact that on November 3, 1978, you signed a 25-year "Friendship Treaty" with the Soviet Union, which promised $500 million in annual aid?

Pham Van Dong: We categorically affirm that one of our basic principles is nonparticipation in any military bloc—not to allow ourselves to become an instrument or servant of the aggressive and war-provoking aims of any bloc. To stand clear of blocs enables us to maintain our independence and promotes our role and identity in the worldwide struggle for peace, national independence, democracy, and social progress. Vietnam is making every effort to obtain great, valuable, and effective assistance from the Soviet Union, other socialist countries, and all forces struggling against imperialism and international reactionaries. At the same time, we maintain our independence and sovereignty and stand clear of blocs.

Penthouse: Is it true that the Soviet Union is being allowed to establish naval and

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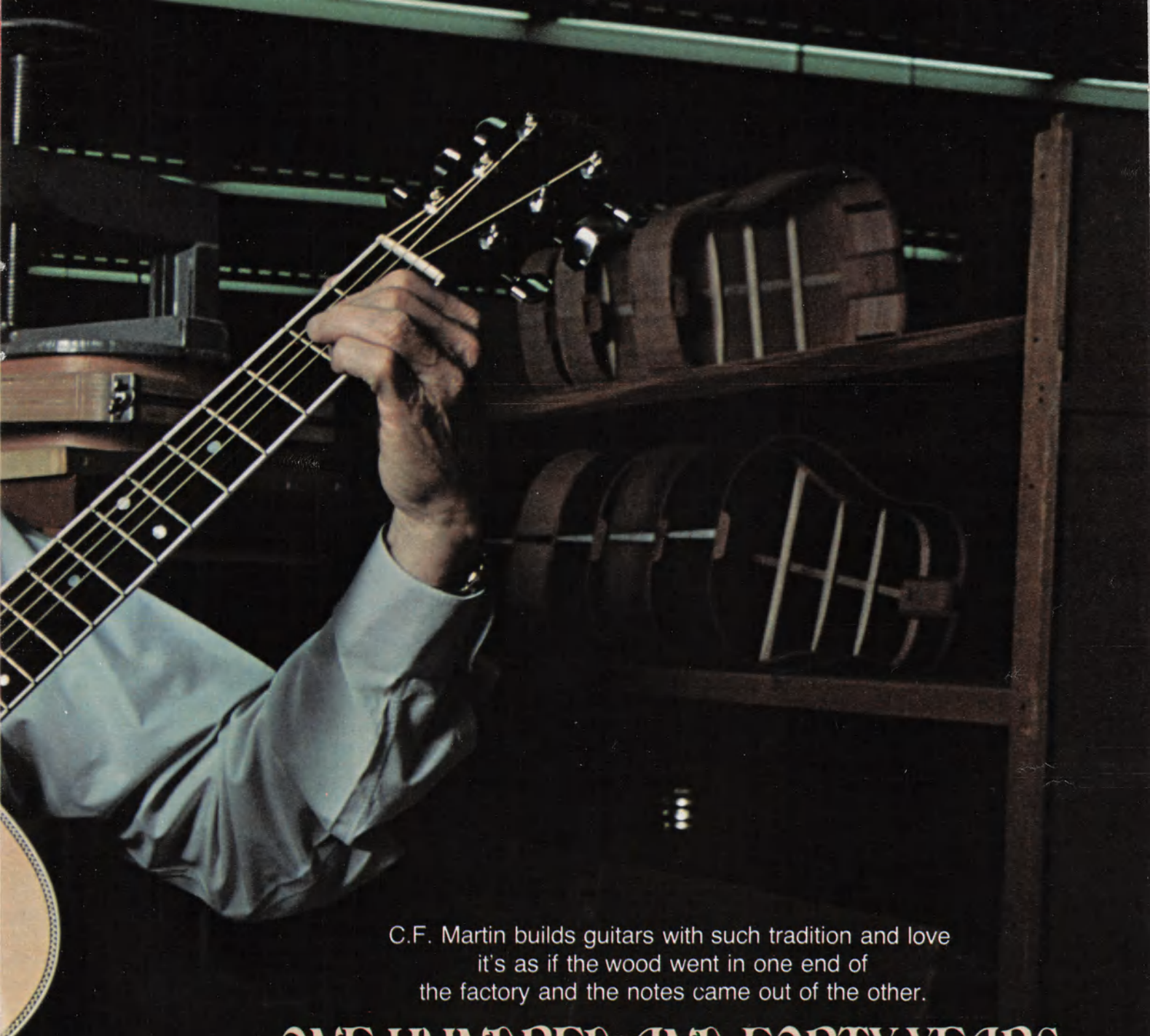

Photographed by Susan Gray

C.F. Martin builds guitars with such tradition and love it's as if the wood went in one end of the factory and the notes came out of the other.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS IN THE SAME LOCATION

BY PETER KAMINSKY

The C. F. Martin Company has been building guitars for over 140 years. It was founded by a man named Martin and is still, six generations later, run by a man named Martin. The generations in between have all been Martins, too.

Merle Haggard plays a Martin guitar, and so does Bob Dylan. Hank Williams played a Martin. Johnny Cash still does. Steve Stills and Arthur Godfrey, George Harrison, Joan Baez, William Randolph Hearst, David Bromberg, and Gene Autry all bought Martin instruments. If you want one badly enough, you'll pay cash money for your Martin just like the stars; Martin, unlike other companies, doesn't trade instruments for endorsements. Martin is one of the few firms left that "still makes 'em the way they used to," which is like a draft of cool water in an age when the indestructible Model-T has been replaced by the merely mortal Pinto.

Martin, you see, has an antiquated industrial philosophy: *Don't screw around with a good product.* To this day, their guitars are made in the same way that C. F. Martin I (there's also a II, III, and IV) built his first guitars in Germany in the

days after Napoleon. Since that first guitar was strung up, the task for the descendants of C. F. Martin I has been one of managing the people who work for them, rather than coming out with a new chrome-trimmed, air-conditioned model every year.

Of course, there are certain guitar mavens around who claim that the new Martins aren't as good as the old ones, and they're right, in a sense. After all, if you were to sip a spanking-new Bordeaux, right off the presses, you'd be something less than overwhelmed; after a few years of aging, however, you've got yourself a good bottle of wine. It's the same with guitars. They have to be aged or "played in." Through the vibrations on the strings, the music literally has to seep into every cell of wood fiber; and the fibers, in turn, have to move around and get in line before your new guitar becomes a fine old instrument.

C. F. Martin III, the current patriarch, has been around the plant for so long (84 years) that his personality has "played in" to every rasp and file in the place. Which is all to the good, because Mr. Martin (*everybody* calls him Mr. Martin) is a fine specimen of that rare commodity, a true American capitalist of the old school—paternalistic, cultured, dedicated to his product, and ever mindful of the bottom line. He looks, talks, and dresses like a product of the Woodrow Wilson era, which, as a Princeton grad (class of 1916), is exactly what he is. Just the kind of guy you'd want for your granddad—or to run your company.

He is full of memories, as men in their ninth decade of life tend to be—memories of Italian mandolin bands, vaudevillians of all stripes, hillbilly singers, bluegrassers, black bluesmen, folksingers, and rock-'n'-rollers. From Stephen Foster to Chuck Berry, American songs have been written for stringed instruments—guitar, banjo, mandolin, and ukulele—instruments that often read "C. F. Martin, Nazareth, Pa." on the label.

The Martins came to Nazareth via New York and Germany, or, more precisely, Saxony. In the early nineteenth century, stringed instruments were supposed to be made by members of the violin makers' guild. The fiddle makers didn't much care about guitars until the cabinet makers started to build (and, more to the point, *sell*) them. As soon as the cabinet makers started raking in the pfennigs, the violin makers went into a nasty pout:

"Who is so stupid," they asked, "that he cannot see that a grandfather's armchair is no guitar, and such an article appearing among our instruments must look like Saul among the Prophets? And just as little would a violin or guitar, finished by a master hand, when it had become old, figure in a lot of new carpenter-style goods, but it would, like a nightingale among parrots, remain unnoticed."

The cabinet makers replied that "the discovery of the guitar had been brought to Germany by travelers thirty years before and that Christian Friedrich Martin has been foreman of a factory of a noted violin and guitar maker and had produced guitars, which in quality and appearance left nothing to be desired."

After a few years of this, the cabinet makers finally won permission to make the guitars that they had been making all along (bureaucracy, like Martin guitars, has changed little over the centuries). But C. F. Martin had had his fill of memos and proclamations. So he packed his chisels, shook the sawdust out of his culottes, and headed for the New World, or at least his little piece of it at 196 Hudson Street in lower Manhattan. The year was 1833.

Life in the Little Apple (you could still hunt ducks on Fourteenth Street in those days) didn't sit well with young Martin; so he lit out for the wilds of Nazareth, Pa., in 1839. Nazareth is a small town just outside of Easton, about 70 miles from New York. Good farmland, excellent hunting, and fine fishing and fowling (to this day the Martin plant experiences a curious rise in absenteeism on the opening day of fishing and hunting season) had attracted the Moravians, an evangelical German Protestant sect, who founded an experimental commune in Nazareth and its sister city, Bethlehem.

> The real work of guitar building, the process that makes a Martin a Martin, is all in the hands—the hands of the 120 production workers.

Martin, already a skilled craftsman, and his journeymen immediately set about building guitars in the clean, efficient way that Germans will do things. Martin's small output was very quickly snatched up by a country on the move. As C. F. Martin III remembers from the tales he was told as a young boy, "The old folks did a lot of business in the cotton country. The guitars would go by stage to Pittsburgh, then down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and right on down to the river towns—Natchez, Vicksburg, New Orleans. Our instruments figured in the Civil War on both sides." You can still play some of those old Martins, and they sound none the worse for age.

C. F. Martin, Jr., inherited the business from his father. When he died, the Martin name and holdings were passed on to Frank Herbert Martin.

Frank Herbert Martin took over the business in 1888. If his grandfather represents the classic success story of hardworking-immigrant-makes-good, then Frank was the paradigmatic Yankee entrepreneur of the post–Civil War era. As C. F. III remembers, "My dad held the business together in the bad times of the 1880s. His dad died when he was only twenty-two, and he had four sisters and a mother to support. The first thing he did was get into the mandolin business."

Mandolins were big with the European immigrants who inundated the old eastern cities, and mandolins kept Martin and his guitar business going until the next craze hit—ukuleles. As C. F. III tells it, "I guess it was around 1915 or so when one of our dealers sent us a ukulele that this bunch of Hawaiians were playing at the Panama Pacific Exposition in California. Well, we tried and tried to make one, and we finally got the idea. It caught on, and ukuleles became the main part of our business for twenty years."

Eddie Cantor and Arthur Godfrey exploited the ukulele in their acts. Songs like "Princess Papoolie Got Plenty Papaya/She Love to Give It Away" topped the charts. Thousands of undergraduates used a combination of ukuleles, customized canoes, and bathtub gin to assault (and conquer) the virginity of flapper womanhood. The pinnacle of the ukulele craze was reached on May 9, 1926, when Richard Wesley Konter, an American seaman and global knockabout, smuggled a Martin ukulele on board for Commander Byrd's historic flight over the North Pole, making it the world's first transpolar musical instrument.

The great ukulele boom went the way of the Dow Jones average in 1929, and Martin was back to bedrock in the form of the good, old-fashioned guitars. It was at this time that F. H. Martin began to market a guitar they called the Dreadnought. Today about 90 percent of all new Martins are Dreadnoughts.

The Dreadnought was named after the big British battleships of the era. Like their floating namesakes, they were "big, ugly, and broad in the beam" (using the same reasoning, they could just as easily have been called Queen Victorias). They are large and boomy and loud enough to be heard if you happen to be playing along with a violin, mandolin, bass, and banjo, the classic ensemble country musicians were making famous on radio and in roadhouses across the South. Perhaps the most famous Martin ever made, a Style 45 Dreadnought, with more pearl inlay than a bed of oysters, was delivered to Gene Autry in 1933.

Country music kept the guitar orders coming in from the late twenties through the early thirties (Jimmy Rogers—the "Singing Brakeman" and the father of country music—went through a number of Martins before he was called to that Grand Ole Opry Up Yonder). Then came the Second World War, followed by more

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country music (Hank Williams's Martin filled the airwaves with visions of crawfish pie). And, finally, there was the folk revival of the late fifties and early sixties.

To reduce all this history to the business level (and C. F. Martin Company is very much a business): Martin built about 8,000 guitars from 1833 to 1898. From 1900 until 1929 it turned out 30,000 instruments. Another 35,000 came off the line in the thirties, and likewise for the forties. Martin built 60,000 guitars in the fifties, 100,000 in the sixties, and about the same in the first half of the seventies. One can infer that, in the hands of the Martins, the guitar business has been a most profitable venture. One can also infer that Martin is building guitars right.

Basically, a guitar consists of a top, neck, back, and sides. When you pluck the strings, the vibrations shake the top of the guitar. As the top starts to vibrate, it sets in motion the air inside the guitar, literally pounding it against the back and sides. The back and sides add some vibrations of their own and then send the whole vibrating mass of air bouncing out through the sound hole in the top and right on out to the audience. But before good sounding notes come out of the guitar, you've got to put good design, good materials, and good workmanship into it. That's where Martin steps away from the rest of the field.

First, you have materials. The top is the most important. Martin tops are made of Sitka spruce from the Northwest. Violin tops, too, are made of spruce, as is the sounding board on your parlor piano. Why? Because spruce, a light, almost airy wood, vibrates well. All softwoods are good in this respect, but spruce is the best. Not all spruce, however—only even-grained, unblemished wood, the kind that furniture makers hate. According to Don Thomson, who runs Martin's in-house milling operation, only about 5 percent of all spruce trees have some usable guitar wood. Twenty percent of the wood in those trees is of general instrument quality, and of that amount only 10 to 30 percent meets Martin standards. So if you have a stand of 1,000 Sitka spruce trees, you could sell one tree to Martin for guitars and save the rest for toothpicks.

As for the back and sides, the most expensive guitars are made of rosewood, the rest of mahogany. Both woods are dense, giving the guitar strength, and resonant, giving a distinct character to the sound of the guitar. Rosewood used to come from Brazil, but the generals in charge down in carioca land have put a stop to that, probably so that they can panel the prisons in rosewood. Nowadays most guitar rosewood comes from India, but that's a dicey affair since India, like most underdeveloped countries, wants to export finished products, not raw materials. Mahogany comes from Africa or Jamaica, and the bridge is usually rosewood or ebony. Ebony comes from Africa, and while there's no government standing in the way, one shipment was held up after Martin's chief supplier was beheaded (in Africa they don't mess around when you forget to pay your parking tickets).

Once you have the materials in hand, you have to know what to do with them. Making a guitar that will sound good today is not the same as making one that will sound good, and stay in one piece, a hundred years from now (Joan Baez still concertizes on an 1890s Martin).

All guitars are a "majestic compromise," a trade-off between the lightness and delicacy of the top and the strength and solidity of the rest of the instrument. When C. F. Martin designed his first guitars, they were strung with gut. Steel strings, which exert a lot more pressure, were not yet invented. C. F. Martin, in his solid German way, thought he was merely designing a strong guitar. Lucky for us that he did, because without steel strings there'd be no folk or rock music as we know it. A steel-string guitar is loud and brilliant in tone. It can be heard over the din of cash registers, falling barstools, clinking glasses, and cracking heads. But steel strings can also pull the top off a lightly constructed guitar faster than you can say Crosby, Stills, Nash, or Young. And they can bend the neck of your guitar around so that it looks like a gimpy beagle's hind leg. Martin's solution? The top is braced, underneath, with an X arrangement, which provides more strength than the traditional fan design on classical guitars. To offset the heaviness of the bracing, Martin will taper, or scallop, each brace by hand; the business part of the brace is thick, and the rest of it is shaved to a thin frog hair. The neck isn't just glued to a piece of wood inside the body; it's fitted in snug and tight, with a dovetail joint as pretty as any Mr. Chippendale ever put on a chest of drawers. The result of this kind of construction is strength, a strength that will support the most delicate of guitar tops.

A steel-string guitar can be heard over the din of cash registers, falling barstools, clinking glasses, and cracking heads.

The materials and the theory come together on the floor of Martin's new plant. It's a fine plant, a wonderful plant, neat, tidy, and happy as a Stalinist mural of the joys of productive labor. In the words of Matt Umanov, the Brooklyn-born guitar whiz who sells guitars to the stars in his Greenwich Village shop, "It's the cleanest marriage between organic materials and technology that I have ever seen. It's as if the wood goes in one end and the notes come out the other."

At the Martin plant, there aren't a lot of Rolaid-popping nervous wrecks, but it's not a hippy commune, either. Basically, it's just what you'd expect to find in a small town in Pennsylvania. The dress is about 80 percent Sears Roebuck, 20 percent L. L. Bean, and zero percent Gucci. The most prominently displayed sign tells you where the work force is at: "Hunters, stay out of unharvested cornfields. Help protect the farmer's crop." Farrah Fawcett's smile and lightly clothed torso account for *all* the pinups in the place—Farrah behind every corner, Farrah above every bench, Farrah on the side of every machine. A calendar from the trout hatchery and some color photos of Carvel "holiday cakes" round out the decor.

If the watchword of modern industry is *automation*, one could say that the word for Martin's methods is *humanation.* True, there are machines to do the rough work. But the real work of guitar building, the process that makes a Martin a Martin, is all in the hands—the hands of the 120 production workers. The tops are planed by hand; the backs are joined by hand; the ornamentation is done by hand; the sides are bent by hand. And the necks—those beautiful necks, made of unyielding hardwood and finished off with a graceful curve like the prow of a Viking raiding ship—are shaped with an old-fashioned woodworking tool called a drawknife. Even when you've seen it done, it's impossible to understand how a piece of hard steel can form those delicate curves. But the chips curl off the neck like sparks off a grinder's wheel.

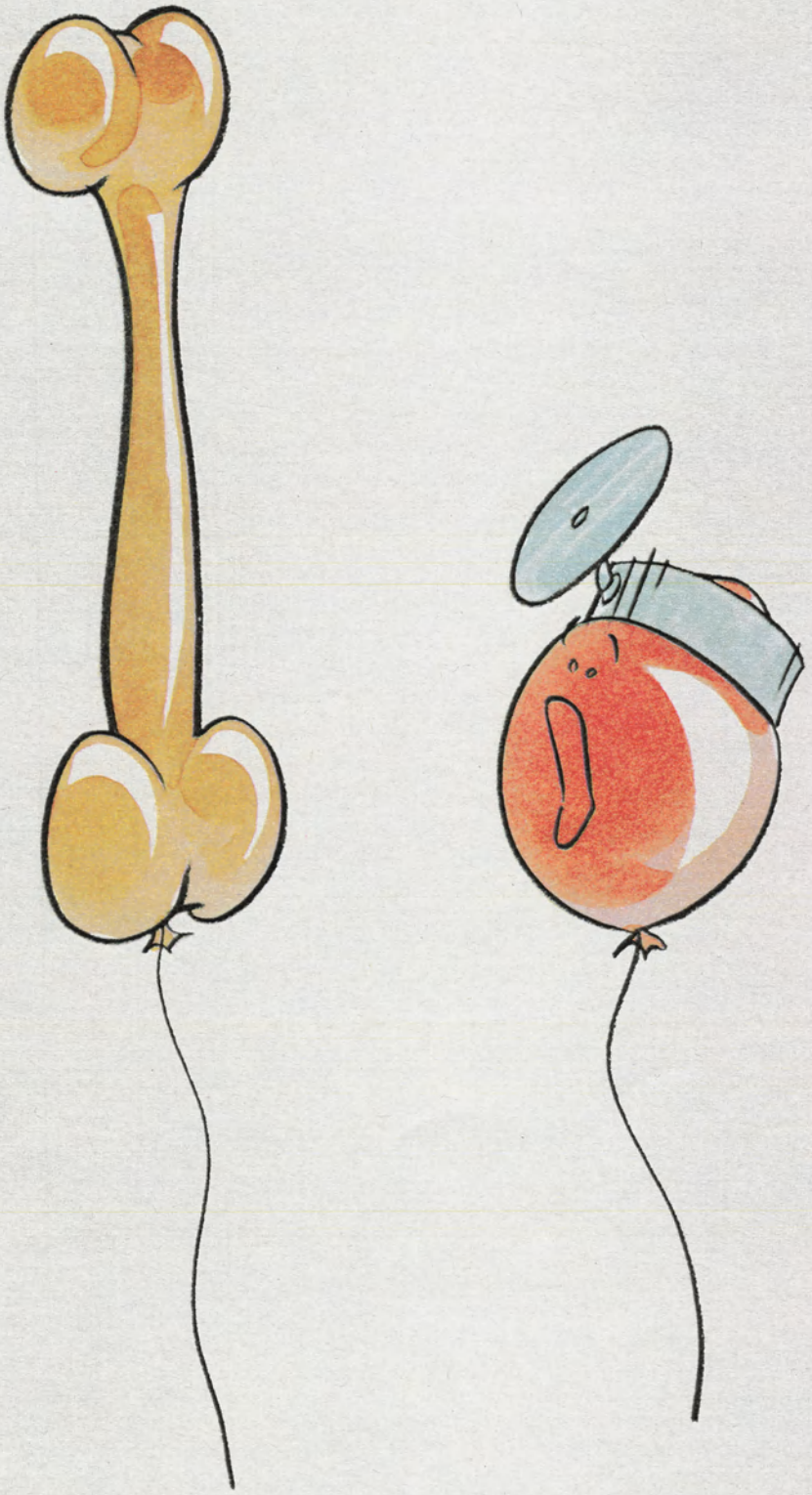
Four months from the sawmill and 338 separate operations later, the guitars are strung up, checked over, and packed in their cases. How well are they built? One woman sent in a guitar that she had "accidentally" run over with the family station wagon. She asked that it be "secretly" repaired. It was, and hubby never knew the difference. Merle Haggard sent in a guitar that looked like it had gone 15 rounds with Muhammad Ali. No problem; the Martin guitar doctors had it back onstage, good as new, in record time.

Then there's the story of Steve Boone's guitar. Steve Boone, the bassist with the Lovin' Spoonful, had a recording studio on a houseboat in Baltimore. One night someone pulled the plug on Steve's business, and as the houseboat gently sank, his guitar floated out the door and down the river to the mouth of the harbor. Hours later Boone finally fished that old guitar out of the briny, poured the beer cans, sea water, and condoms out of the sound hole, and struck a chord.

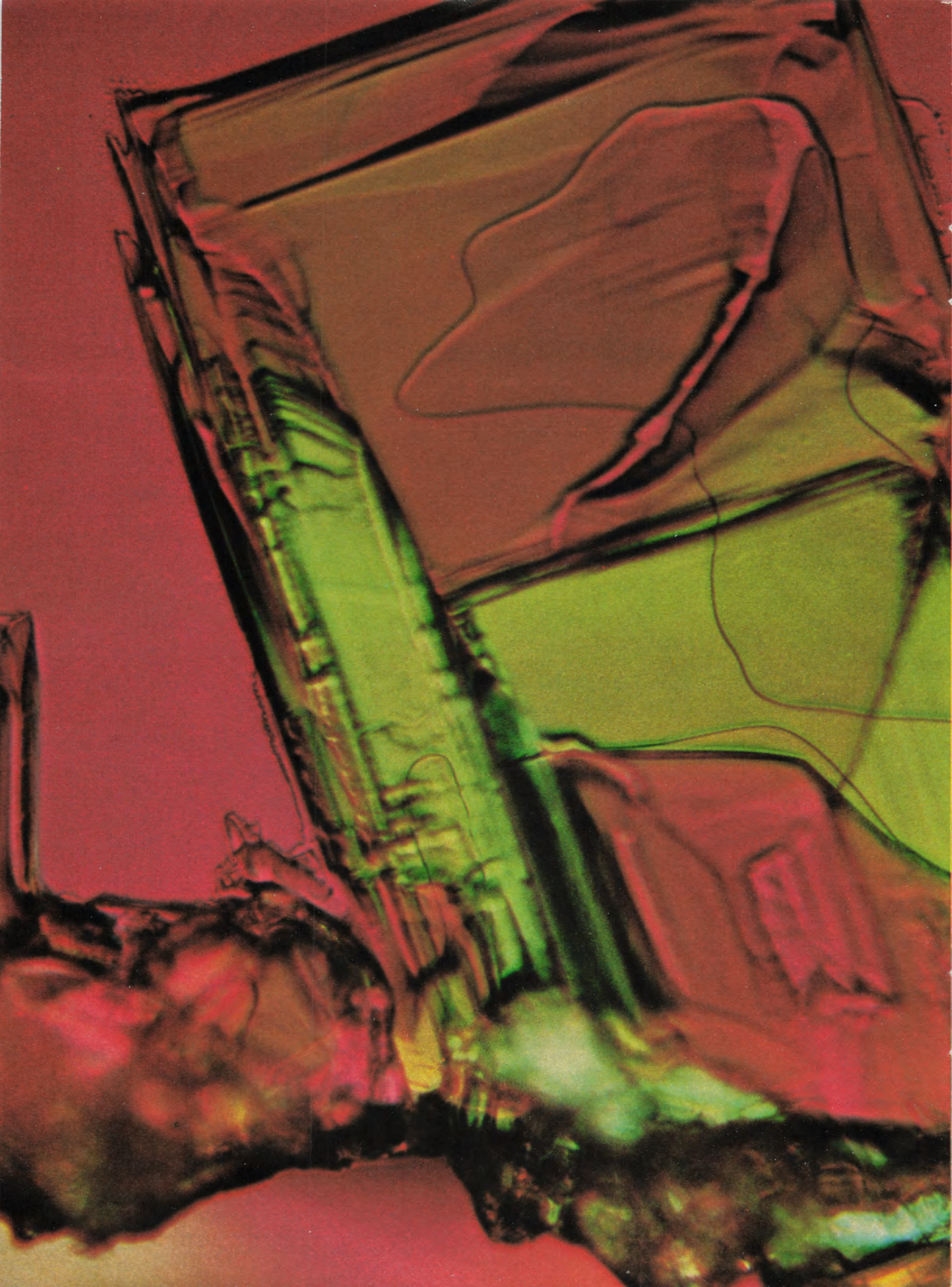
It rang loud and clear.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I think we can ease off on our diet for a while."



This hydrazine sulfate crystal was photographed at a magnification of 250X with an optical microscope.

Photograph by Phillip A. Harrington

There is substantial evidence that hydrazine sulfate is an effective, inexpensive anticancer agent. Then why is it on the American Cancer Society's Unproven Methods List?

SUPPRESSION OF NEW CANCER THERAPIES: DR. JOSEPH GOLD AND HYDRAZINE SULFATE

BY GARY NULL WITH ANNE PITRONE

The young woman in the doctor's waiting room shook slightly; her emaciated hands constantly darted to the back of her head to check the knot of her kerchief. The kerchief served to conceal the fact that most of her auburn hair had fallen out. The look of desperation and confusion in her eyes expressed a pain that consumed her whole body. Most of the people in the small waiting room hoped that the doctor could help her. They didn't know that it was the doctor himself who had put the woman in such a pitiable condition. She was just one more patient undergoing chemotherapy for cancer.

The toxic side effects of chemotherapy are well documented. The patient literally wastes away, his body under attack by both the cancerous growth and the cytotoxic chemical agents used to kill the growth. The blood cell count drops dangerously low and the entire immunological defense system is practically destroyed. At times major body organs permanently cease normal functions. The damage often is irreversible; many times the patient cannot recover even if the cancer vanishes completely.

After surgery and radiation were found to be ineffective treatments for most cancers, chemotherapy emerged as the great hope of the 1950s and 1960s. Unfortunately the use of these "wonder drugs" put the cancer patient in an even more dangerous and painful condition. Today, 20 years later, chemotherapy has not improved the low remission rate that exists with conventional therapies; it remains between 7 and 8 percent. In addition, it is estimated that as many as 25 percent of cancer patients treated with chemotherapy will develop additional cancer as a result of the treatment.

Thus, the development of new anticancer substances is a vital

Hydrazine sulfate is available in forms not intended and not safe for human consumption, and use of such forms or use of the drug other than as directed by a qualified physician can be highly toxic. Medicinal use of the drug should be pursued only as directed by a qualified physician.—The Editors

issue among many cancer researchers. Such a substance may already have been found: hydrazine sulfate. At least one prominent researcher has called it the "single most effective anticancer agent available." For the past ten years, hydrazine sulfate has been the subject of a heated debate among the nation's largest cancer research institutions. The debate centers around two main issues: (1) the unique function of hydrazine sulfate, and (2) how effective it is in performing that function.

Hydrazine sulfate is unique in that it does not work directly on tumors. Its value is in reversing the process, in cancer patients, of cachexia, or wasting away, which is the actual cause of death in over 50 percent of cancer cases. Dr. Joseph Gold of the Syracuse Cancer Research Institute first proposed hydrazine sulfate as a solution for cachexia in 1969. Dr. Gold's theory was that cachexia, although related to tumor growth, was a disease independent of cancer itself, and that the emaciation of patients in the final stages of cancer was caused by a vicious cycle in which the tumor drained the body of energy. If a drug could interrupt this cycle, the tumor would stop feeding off the body itself and the body could remain in as healthy a state as possible to conquer the disease.

How have Dr. Gold's theories held up? The results of many cancer studies on hydrazine sulfate in both the United States and the Soviet Union have been mixed. For instance, a recent four-year study in the Soviet Union, involving 225 terminally ill cancer patients, found hydrazine sulfate to improve effectively the overall condition of the patient in over 65 percent of the cases, while a pilot study at Sloan-Kettering Institute in 1973 showed no positive results in 29 cancer patients. The majority of the studies, however, support Dr. Gold's theory that hydrazine sulfate can significantly halt the energy-grabbing process of cancer.

What is preventing the widespread use of hydrazine sulfate? Certainly not its expense. "Hydrazine sulfate is a mass-produced substance, a very common chemical manufactured industrially by the carload," Dr. Gold explained. "A researcher could buy a pound jar of hydrazine sulfate for five to eight dollars, and that pound jar will contain anywhere from fifty to a hundred thousand doses."

Toxic side effects are not a roadblock for hydrazine sulfate. Tests by Dr. Gold and independent researchers at the Soviet Union's Petrov Institute in over 173 patients showed that the most frequent side effects, in less than 10 percent of the cases, were nausea and vomiting. As soon as the dosage was lowered, these side effects disappeared. There was no evidence of organ damage or damage to the immunological defense system that usually occurs with conventional chemotherapy. In fact, these studies indicated that hydrazine sulfate improved appetite and increased strength and well-being in the patients. It also decreased, and in some cases eliminated, pain, fever, and hemoptysis (coughing up blood). Most important, it decreased the size of the tumor in 6 percent of the cases studied and stabilized tumors in more than 15 percent of the patients.

The chief reason why hydrazine sulfate is not being widely used is that it is on the American Cancer Society's Unproven Methods List. It was placed there in 1976 based on the largely negative results of a Sloan-Kettering Institute pilot study. According to Dr. Manuel Ochoa, chief researcher in the study, "In over 30 patients with various types of cancer, there was no evidence of objective response." The Sloan-Kettering study also reported toxic side effects other than the usual nausea, with "major neurologic toxicity . . . observed in half the patients." These included paresthesia, lethargy, pain, confusion, depression, headache, vertigo, and others. Dr. Ochoa did mention that four patients had acquired a stimulated appetite and one patient had a decrease in pain, but these changes lasted "only a few weeks."

> One prominent researcher has called hydrazine sulfate the "single most effective anticancer agent available."

Why did the Sloan-Kettering study differ from over ten positive animal and human studies that had been completed before the report as well as from the dozen or more positive studies (including the Soviet ones) that had been conducted since then? Indeed, why did the ACS choose the Sloan-Kettering study as the only published report upon which it based its 1976 negative ruling? It was obvious that much was hanging on the outcome of the Sloan-Kettering study, but in the beginning the Sloan-Kettering Institute could not have been cited for lack of interest. Despite its own animal studies conducted in the early 1970s, which showed very little positive response, Sloan-Kettering's initial response was quite enthusiastic.

"We were less impressed with the animal studies than we were with the concept of hydrazine sulfate," Dr. Ochoa said. "Dr. Gold's approach was rather interesting because he goes back to an old observation based on the energy of tumors. It was clearly different from most of the 'alternative suggestions.' And we thought it would be worthwhile to look at patients. Here was a concept that at least superficially could have exerted a net beneficial effect by a mechanism other than the usual toxic approaches. Dr. Gold presented something that had a rationale and also had some data to go along with it, and since we had nothing else that I would call a cure in the Department of Chemotherapy, we tested."

Indeed, many researchers are looking for a "cure" or the "magic silver bullet." This attitude may have caused hydrazine sulfate's downfall; in other words, either hydrazine sulfate was going to perform on every level of objective and subjective response for the Sloan-Kettering researchers or it was going to be no good at all. Unfortunately, hydrazine sulfate cannot be measured by objective results, such as tumor shrinkage. Its value can be measured only by the more subjective responses, such as an increased appetite and well-being. Such responses often evade classical scientific measuring.

Sloan-Kettering tested hydrazine sulfate in a classically scientific way. Starting with very low doses and working up to much higher ones, the Sloan-Kettering team of researchers did not, according to Dr. Gold, follow his prescribed dosage levels. It was these levels that were reported to have had a beneficial effect on many cancer patients. According to Dr. Gold's "Information Sheet for Physicians," the dosage of 60 mg, once a day for the first four days, twice a day for the next four days, and three times a day thereafter, had improved the health of cancer patients. The Sloan-Kettering study, however, started out with one mg per day, two mg per day, and then three mg per day, and continued as such (for the first patient in the study). This, according to Dr. Ochoa, was to "check for toxicity." However, subsequent patients were started on 35 mg/m² and were given single large doses of up to 120–160 mg later on in the study.

Dr. Ochoa explained: "In the absence of objective tumor response, our approach was to escalate the dosage until we saw some toxicity. We did see toxicity and then had to pull back. And even at the doses where we did see toxicity, we failed to see any tumor response. This is a classical way to conduct a test for any chemotherapeutic agent."

Why was Sloan-Kettering conducting a classical chemotherapy study on a chemical that is not a classical chemotherapy agent—one that is known to act differently than a usual chemotherapy drug acts? Hydrazine sulfate is in fact the only agent known to act, not on the tumor, but on the body itself. Dr. Ochoa himself indicated that hydrazine sulfate was an unusual and different concept. Why then was it being tested in an experiment designed for an antitumor agent?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

"I like to take unsuspecting men by storm— like a friendly cyclone!"

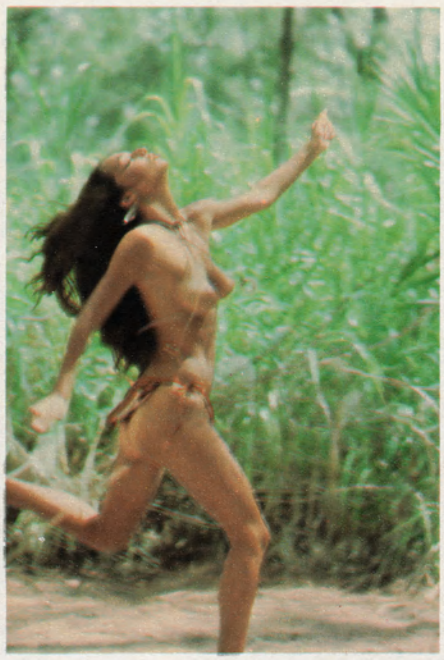
TAMARA

SAVAGE SPLENDOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

"If I were shipwrecked on an island with a really handsome Robinson Crusoe," smiles Tamara Kapitas, our January Pet of the Month, "I'd be the kind of Girl Friday he'd like to have around Saturday, Sunday, and every other night of the week! By the time they found us," she adds, "Crusoe's parrot would have plenty to talk about!"

Tawny Tamara happily indulged her most primitive instincts when she was visiting this island paradise. "It was so strange and lush and exotic," she enthused, "that even my most exciting sexual fantasies seemed tame by comparison!"



Becoming a *Penthouse* Pet, claims our jubilant jungle lady, is "a marvelous high—it appeals to my natural cockiness!" She admits that her power over men has always been considerable. "I like to take unsuspecting men by storm," she says, grinning, "like a friendly cyclone!" Here she races the wind—and claims she won "by just a hair! . . . My love affair with nature," she teases, "is definitely requited!"

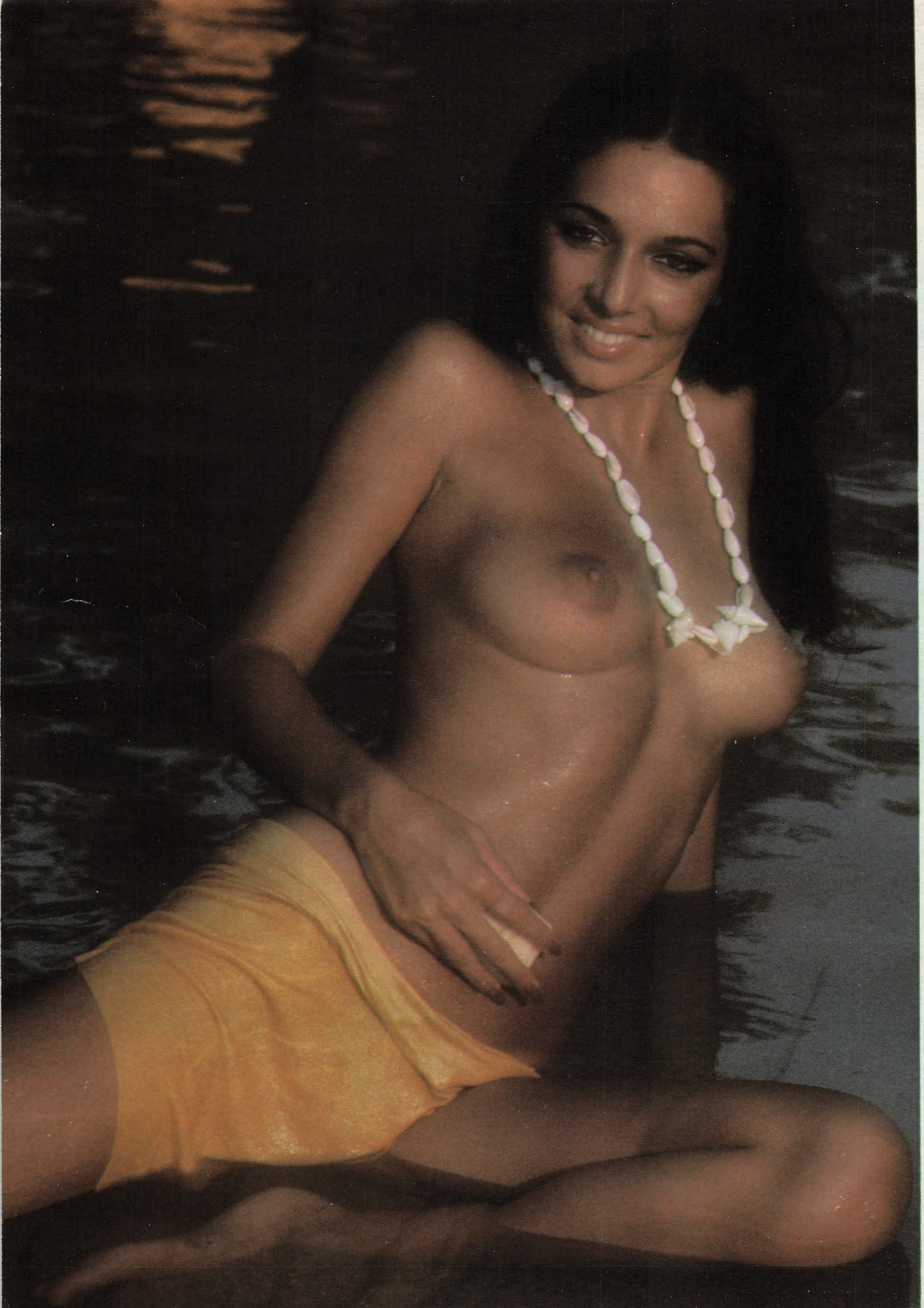
Her love affairs with men are a little more lopsided, she admits. "They tend to fall harder than I do. Even if a man stalks me and claims me for the night," she adds, "there's no guarantee I'll be there when he wakes the next morning. I'm very young and very restless, and I'm not yet ready to settle for one kind of man or one kind of life."

Her magnetic personality and stunning 37-24-36-inch configuration make Tamara a natural for modeling and acting—careers she's currently pursuing with a passion while living in the Big Apple.

"I think I radiate a certain kind of animal appeal that makes a lot of dialogue unnecessary," she says, "but whether it's a speaking part or not, I would love to see myself on the giant screen."

"It would be similar," she adds, "to appearing here in *Penthouse* —knowing that thousands and thousands of otherwise indifferent men would be sharing one common passion: ME!"

If these somewhat comprehensive views of Tamara are any evidence, she's as lushly photogenic as the tropical paradise around her —perfect backdrop for the velvet savage. *Perfect* men, however, tend to bore her. "I like partners that are a little bit egocentric, strongwilled, and even overconfident. I hate to say it, but when it comes to getting my attention, nice guys finish last!"



Bathing in a calm ocean inlet, Tamara cools off and muses about her future. "I think I'm destined to have a string of tumultuous affairs . . . the kind with slammed doors, coast-to-coast calls, and last-minute jet rides to reconcile—always followed, of course, by long, loving sessions in bed. I guess I'm rather vain and temperamental," she adds, "but no one seems to mind." Hardly! In fact, we wish all our Tamaras could be like her . . .

MISS TAMARA KAPITAS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE

Pet Poster

"I'd rather be bewitched and bothered by a warm man beside me than wake up to a lonely Sealy Posturepedic morning," she says. As for inspiring reading, Cheryl maintains, "you can't beat the *Kama Sutra*. Even if you lose your place, you can start all over again!"

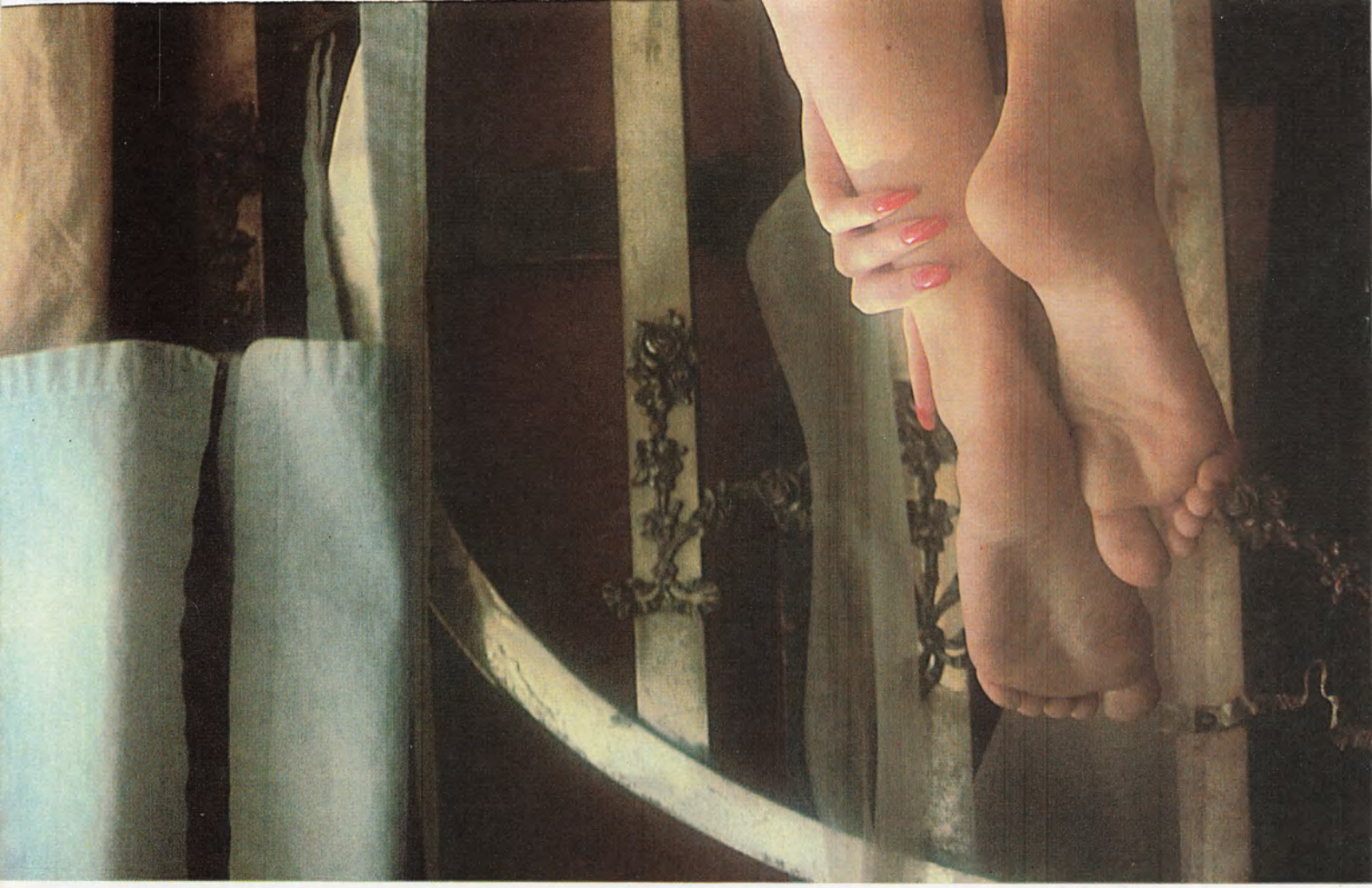
PET OF THE YEAR

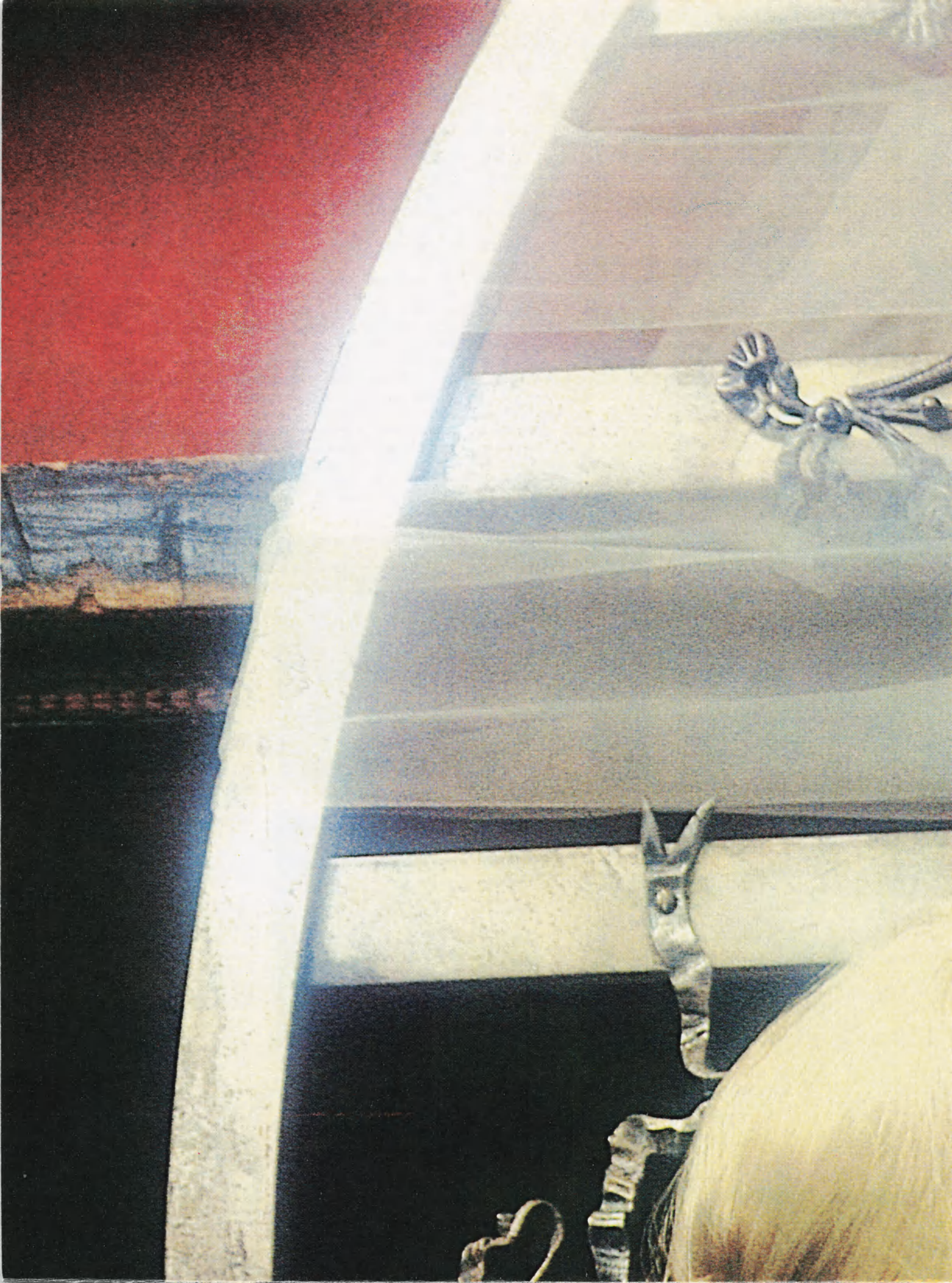
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

When two vital, healthy people who are aware of their bodies meet in lovemaking," believes our 1979 Pet of Pets Cheryl Rixon, "the result is sublime. Why do headstands to put a glow in your cheeks when a workout with a muscular man can do the same thing?" she asks, reasonably enough. Cheryl believes that falling in love—or in lust—is rarely a bad thing, "so long," she teases, "as it's not on an empty stomach!" She also feels that the virtues of a good night's sleep are somewhat overrated.

"Why do head-stands to put a glow in your cheeks when a workout with a muscular man can do the same thing?"

MISS CHERYL RIXON
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Year





CURRICULUM VITAE

"Being named *Penthouse* Pet of the Year," says Cheryl Rixon, winner of $195,000 in cash and gifts in the most lucrative beauty contest ever, "made me feel like Alice in Wonderland. Only instead of going 'down, down, down,' I seem to be going all the way up!" And over—in a big way — both with American *Penthouse* readers and with discriminating lady-lovers all over the world. In the next year Cheryl will be spending a peripatetic reign, traveling "as much as Jackie Onassis—and, hopefully, I will attract nearly as much attention," she says, smiling.

Cheryl has been making impressive strides in an explosively successful career that began at the age of 16, when she first modeled for Australian print and television commercials. That led to acting parts in three Australian films and a five-night-a-week television talk show that she hosted. Cheryl was also the choreographer and lead dancer in a highly renowned dance troupe. By 1976, though, our Pet of Pets began to feel that Australia was too far removed from the center of things to satisfy her forever. "I decided to discover America," she adds, "and found instead that America discovered *me*—in the pages of *Penthouse!*" She was a little shaky and insecure, she admits, when she first arrived here, but "the constant encouragement and support of Bob Guccione helped a lot, and so did the incredible response from *Penthouse* readers to my centerfold debut in the December 1977 issue. I got so many letters that I felt like Santa at the North Pole, except that the only thing they wanted for Christmas was more of *me!*"

Luckily, our readers got their wish, and so did Cheryl. She considers herself a roving ambassadress not only for *Penthouse* and her native land of Australia but also for healthy living. Good nutrition, she believes, keeps the body running strong and the mind working efficiently. Cheryl also has athletic abilities as well-rounded as her 37-23-35-inch figure. An expert gymnast, she consults the Russian-born physical-fitness expert Nicholas Kounovsky, who counts Olga Korbut among his other clients.

Cheryl also plays nearly every racquet sport, loves to water-ski and body-surf, and is even beginning to master the fine art of American baseball. "I especially like it when there are three men on base and time out to flirt with them," she teases. Cheryl cheerfully admits, in fact, that she's been boy crazy all her life and adds, "I'm glad there's no known cure for my malady!"

In Australia Cheryl's interest in vegetarianism, her glowing complexion, and her perfect muscle tone earned her the nickname "the Wholesome Nude," but she doesn't see any particular irony in that description. "I think that artful depictions of lovely human bodies—whether male or female—are a tribute both to man's creativity and to God's," she says. "When I first came to America," she adds, " the agents I saw were afraid to represent a centerfold girl. Now I'm being represented by the William Morris agency. In fact, they were *thrilled* when I won the Pet of the Year contest."

Cheryl's modeling career is in full swing, as is her film career. Along with parts in *Racquet* and *The Eyes of Laura Mars*, she had the starring role in the recently released Steve Krantz production *Swap Meet*. Cheryl will also grace the screen in the Dino de Laurentiis/Penthouse Production of *Flash Gordon*, a $30 million space epic being filmed in England, not to mention her stellar appearance in *Penthouse*'s first Pet of the Year television spectacular, to be aired early this spring. She's also hopeful about landing the part of Meg in the film version of *The Thornbirds*, the best-selling romantic novel written by an Australian and set in that locale. "*That,*" she happily smiles, "is the kind of typecasting I'd like to sink my talents into." Cheryl is also launching a singing career and has produced a rock variety television series to be aired throughout her home continent. All in all, we'd say that our Americanized dream girl from Down Under is the hottest, most exciting thing to happen to Australia since the landing of Skylab.

MOSSAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

caught. Intelligence sources indicate that Zwaiter was responsible for a bomb that exploded in the luggage compartment of an El Al flight from Rome in August 1972 and was regarded as head of Black September in Italy.

On December 8, 1972, as Dr. Mahmoud Hamshari, representative of the PLO in Paris and head of Black September in France, answered his telephone, a bomb attached to the table below it exploded. Hamshari lived long enough to tell the police that the bomb was actuated by a beeper sounded into the phone by the caller.

On the night of January 24, 1973, Hussein Abad al-Khair switched off the light in his hotel room in Nicosia, Cyprus. Moments later a bomb exploded under the bed, detonated by a radio transmitter from across the street. Police later found in Khair's pocket a $5,000 check drawn by a Cypriot known to be an agent of the KGB.

On April 6, 1973, Dr. Basil al-Kubaissi, an Iraqi who was setting up arsenals for Black September in several Arab diplomatic offices in Europe, was shot nine times in Paris.

On the evening of April 9, 1973, Zayad Murchesi, who had been sent to Nicosia by Arafat to replace Hussein Abad al-Khair, turned off the light in his hotel room and was immediately blown to bits.

To this day Israel neither confirms nor denies that Mossad agents had any part in the deaths of these Black September operatives. Five weeks after a PLO Black September squad took over the Saudi embassy in Khartoum and killed the U.S. ambassador and his successor, however, a raid was conducted in Beirut that Prime Minister Golda Meir announced as an Israeli action. No details of the composition of the Israeli force were—or ever will be—officially released. In December 1974 witnesses at the trial of Francois Pierre Ronget, a Frenchman arrested in Beirut five months earlier for aiding the Israeli force, testified that Ronget was one of several foreigners who checked into hotels in the city during the first week of April 1973 and rented six cars that were used by the Israelis in the raid. Ronget's death-sentence conviction was overturned on appeal, but it may be surmised that the witnesses were not entirely mistaken and that the cars were rented by Mossad operatives. On the night of April 9, 1973, Mossad agents and members of Israel Defense Forces "reconnaissance units" landed in downtown Beirut in rubber dinghies to find the empty cars waiting for them.

The Mossad men split into three teams, made their way to the apartments of Mohammed Youssef Najjar, head of Black September and third in command of the PLO, Kamal Nasser, the PLO's press officer, and Kemal Adwan, Youssef's deputy, and killed them. Israeli helicopters landed to take on the files from their apartments. "Reconnaissance" troops fought their way into the Black September weapons factory and the offices of a key PLO faction and blew them up. Within less than two hours the team had driven back to the seashore to be picked up by Israeli patrol boats.

On June 7, 1973, Abdel Hadi Nakaa and Abdel Hamid Shibi were driving out of Rome when the Mercedes-Benz sedan they were driving exploded. Authorities believe the two Black Septembrists were on their way to attack the Vienna transit camp for Jews leaving Russia.

On the morning of June 28, 1973, Mohammed Boudia, who was manager of a Paris theater and PLO/Black September's liason with European terrorists, was blown up by a bomb as he entered his automobile.

On the evening of July 21, 1973, Ahmed Bouchiki, an Algerian-born waiter, was shot 14 times as he returned from a movie in Lillehammer, Norway. Six Israelis were arrested for the killing. Two testified that because of their Scandinavian backgrounds they had recently been recruited by the Mossad to assist in investigating terrorist activities in Norway. The prosecution maintained that Bouchiki had been mistakenly identified as Ali Hassan Salameh. The six received sentences ranging from one to five and a half years, of which they served between seven and twenty-two months.

The death of Bouchiki is widely viewed as a failure of the Mossad. But on January 7, 1978, *Verdens Gang*, the largest newspaper in Oslo, Norway, reported that in an interview with its correspondent, the PLO's new European chief, Mohammed Wahbi, had described Bouchiki as "a member of a special resistance group serving under PLO." *Time* magazine staffer David Tinnin, who in 1976 skewered the Mossad for having killed Bouchiki, noted in passing in a 1979 article that Salameh happened to have been in Lillehammer on July 21, 1973. Israeli officials have never commented on any aspect of the Lillehammer incident.

On the afternoon of January 22, 1979, as a Chevrolet station wagon drove down a quiet side street in Beirut and passed an empty Volkswagen parked at the curb, the Volkswagen exploded. The blast killed all five men in the Chevrolet. Four of the occupants were bodyguards of the fifth:

Ali Hassan Salameh.

"In this picture you play the good guy. You're flexible on capital punishment."

This is the first of three articles about the Mossad

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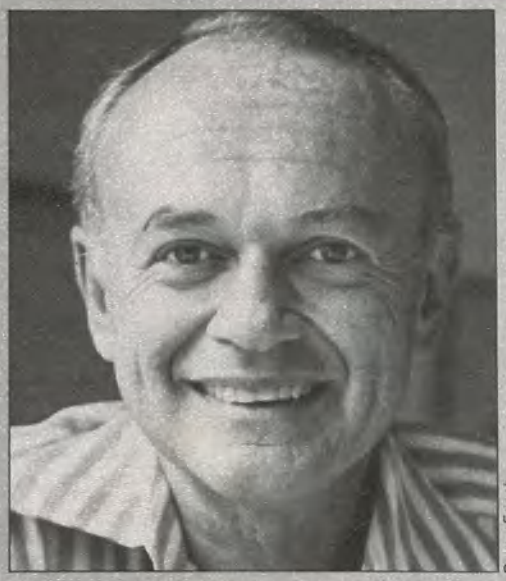


Bruce Frisch

By Jerry Grey

The author, a former professor of aerospace science at Princeton, has been an adviser to the U.S. Congress, the United Nations, and the Department of Energy. His latest book, *Enterprise*, published by William Morrow, is an insider's story of the space program.

LEARNING FROM NASA

AEC, FPC, FEO, ERDA, NRC, FERC, DOE* — we're short of oil, but we seem to be drowning in a sea of alphabet soup. The proliferation of federal energy agencies clearly reflects the energy policy and management problems that are at the heart of "the great energy crisis of 1979." And Jimmy Carter's most recent contributions to the soup, the Energy Mobilization Board (EMB) and the Energy Security Corporation (ESC), have elicited groans of anguish from virtually all quarters.

Why is the federal energy program in such a mess? Part of the answer is embedded in history. Energy policy formulation in the U.S. — research and development as well as regulatory activity — has always been pretty much of a stepchild. Divided among numerous agencies with multiple responsibilities, our policy is totally inadequate for dealing with the present complexities of global energy supply and demand.

After several false starts, in October 1977 we finally got a full-fledged, cabinet-level Department of Energy. But the DOE, first under the guidance of experienced bureaucrat James Schlesinger and later under less experienced bureaucrat but apparently competent manager Charles Duncan, clearly has not yet begun to function. It's been over six years since the Arab oil embargo put the world on notice that energy blackmail would dominate the future, but the 20,000-strong, $10 billion-annual-budget DOE still lacks the ability to blow its own nose.

As Suffolk County (N.Y.) Congressman William Carney said: "Considering the track record of DOE, if *it* says there's going to be a problem, I'd figure there would *not* be." He described the agency as "twenty thousand people doing nothing but justifying their jobs."

Even that staid congressional watchdog agency the General Accounting Office has few favorable words for the DOE. Of the department's solar-building demonstration program, GAO says, "In spite of clear legislative and executive mandates, DOE has not embraced or even acknowledged its leadership and coordination responsibilities." And in an exhaustive analysis of the Department's Office of the Assistant Secretary for Conservation and Solar Applications, GAO had much to criticize: "As of May 4, 1979 — one and one-half years after DOE was established — a complete Conservation and Solar Applications (CS) organizational structure had not been approved. . . . We have found no overall system for planning, no system of reports, and only the beginning of a system for monitoring projects. . . . Of 18 major milestones that were related to the [National Energy Conservation Policy] Act that were to be accomplished by March 2, 1979, only *one* was accomplished on time."

Good management practice? For a solar energy program that, in fiscal year 1980, is funded at well over $600 million by the U.S. taxpayers? Remember, solar energy is not just the dream of wild-eyed enthusiasts and ecofreaks; it is considered by many careful, sober technical and economic analysts to be a major energy source potentially capable of significantly reducing our dependence on foreign oil in the long term. But instead of a tightly knit, hard-hitting Office of Solar Resources, perhaps, to guide the spending of that $600-to-

*Atomic Energy Commission, Federal Power Commission, Federal Energy Office, Energy Research and Development Administration, Nuclear Regulatory Commission, Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, Department of Energy.

"The largely ineffectual Department of Energy could benefit from the management philosophy of NASA—a closely budgeted operation with a remarkable record of accomplishment."

1,000 million 1980 budget (depending on what one considers "solar energy"), here's how DOE attempts to exploit this much-acclaimed potential solution to the energy crisis:

- Solar *research* is assigned to DOE's Office of Research, whose director reports to the undersecretary of the department.
- Solar *technology* is developed by the Office of the Assistant Secretary for Technology.
- The *implementation* of solar energy in our economy is supposed to be accomplished by the Office of the Assistant Secretary for Conservation and Solar Applications.
- The Solar Energy Research Institute—along with four regional solar energy centers, a National Solar Information Center, ten DOE regional offices, a National Center for Appropriate Technology, and literally dozens of state and local energy centers and officers—conducts and *funds* activities in all facets of solar energy.

With an organization like that, one could scarcely make good chicken soup, much less integrate a whole new family of technologies into a desperately energy-hungry economy.

What went wrong? Many people who seemed to be good managers have been involved in the various federal energy organizations—William Simon, John Sawhill, John O'Leary, Robert Seamans, James Schlesinger, Dale Myers, Charles Duncan. Why couldn't they patch Humpty-Dumpty together?

Part of the answer, of course, lies in the fact that every region, state, and city, every energy-developing or energy-consuming industry, every trade organization and labor union, and every political, environmental, consumer, social, and professional group promotes its own interests. And in a democracy, which must listen to and (at the very least) try to accommodate everyone, the result is stagnation. Nothing happens, because no group is willing to compromise its own provincial views.

But there *do* exist several examples of successful accomplishments by federal agencies. Perhaps the most interesting and appropriate agency to consider is one whose mission is very different from that of DOE, but whose management and technological capabilities are remarkably well aligned with the job that needs to be done. NASA, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, has pursued a tortuously difficult, relatively low-cost, and generally successful path in the organization, research, development, and—here's one most people don't fully recognize—*commercialization* of whole new industries.

Most people think of NASA as the outfit that brought those $24 billion rocks from the moon, but NASA (and its predecessor, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics) also spawned the $50 billion-per-year aviation industry—today the nation's second-largest employer—and many new small, but growing, space-related industries. Satellite communications alone, for example, will expand its gross from $1 billion in 1979 to $5–10 billion by the mid-1980s. And that's with essentially no federal budget support—just a good, old-fashioned, taxpaying, job-making, private-industry operation.

Indeed, aerospace and energy *do* have much in common. Both involve a broad spectrum of technical, economic, manufacturing, and distribution disciplines; both require careful consideration of safety as well as environmental and societal impacts; and the products of both serve the citizenry and hence require regulation. Moreover, both are actively supported by federal bureaucracies whose budgets and regulatory activities are overseen by congressional committees, and their functions are performed by a mix of Washington-based offices and research technology centers sprawled all across the country.

What, then, is the secret of NASA's rather consistent success as opposed to DOE's (and its predecessors') consistent failures? The answer is, quite clearly, management practices.

DOE grew mainly by accretion. That's a tough act to manage, since each organization and each national laboratory has developed and set in concrete its own management practices. These need to be adapted and incorporated into an overall viable management scheme, and that's not easy. NASA, on the other hand, is a far more monolithic organization, with consistent management practices among its various offices and centers. Control over operations is tight enough to ensure effective management, but loose enough to preserve the flexibility of thought and action that is necessary to the development of innovative technology.

The reasons for NASA's good management record are clear. First, the agency dealt with only a single customer, the federal government, during its formative years, setting the basis for its compact management structure. Second, then-Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson insisted, when NASA was formed in 1958, that the agency's programs be subjected to *annual* congressional budget approval, rather than the five-year approval cycle typical of many other agencies. Although this practice creates yearly headaches for NASA administrators, the need to convince Congress that NASA's programs are not only necessary but also well managed is perhaps the most effective way to keep its management tough and on its toes.

In the few failures that NASA has had in recent years (current space-shuttle program delays and cost overruns and the premature demise of *Skylab*, for example) the real problems were not so much poor management as NASA's inability to exert the political clout necessary for securing proper budget and personnel allocations. But even under these circumstances—having to exploit space on a shoestring—the results speak for themselves: federal management of aerospace programs has been, overall, spectacularly successful. Even in the few energy programs DOE has asked NASA to help manage, the rate of accomplishment has been well above average. (Unfortunately, DOE has NASA involved mainly in the more distant solar technologies: large-scale windmills, photovoltaic [solar] converters, ocean thermal-electric conversion, and solar-power satellites. The near-term solar-program management mess was retained largely by DOE.)

God knows, we don't need yet *another* total reorganization of federal energy management, but certainly a streamlining seems to be in order. NASA has demonstrated its ability to roll with the budgetary punches, from the dominance in the 1960s of a single, overgenerously funded program—Apollo—to a multipurpose, multifaceted, closely budgeted operation that handles most of its tasks on time, at costs relatively close to budget, and with a remarkable record of accomplishment. That management philosophy, although not necessarily the management itself, could benefit the groggy, sprawling, and largely ineffectual Department of Energy. O

The Twice-Lost Treasure of

It cost Mel Fisher $5 million and the lives of four people to raise the $300 million treasure of the *Atocha*, which was then stolen by the state of Florida. In an ironic turn of events, Fisher himself is awaiting trial on charges of grand larceny.

BY CARL HIAASEN

As grave as the perils of the sea are and were, the gravest perils to the treasure itself came not from the sea but from two unlikely sources, agents of two governments [the state of Florida and the United States government]. — U.S. District Judge William Mehrtens

Key West has two great galleons.

One of them lies about 40 miles offshore in the Gulf of Mexico. It was once part of the Spanish treasure fleet, but today it belongs to a husky ex-chicken farmer named

the *Nuestra Señora de Atocha*

Melvin Fisher. This galleon, the *Nuestra Señora de Atocha*, has made him one of the most famous treasure hunters in the world.

The other Key West galleon is actually a Norwegian lumber barge, rebuilt into a creaking, flaking replica complete with mizzenmast and sterncastle. This galleon also belongs to Mel Fisher.

His offices are in the aft section. The rest of the ship is a local tourist attraction Fisher calls The Galleon, and he docks it at the end of Front Street in Key West. The Galleon is full of holes, sloppily patched with cement. If it springs a leak, it starts to sink, tourists and all. When this happens, Mel Fisher ambles out on the foredeck and blows a bosun's whistle three times.

"Now hear this, all hands! We are taking on water! Prepare to abandon ship." No one is alarmed, because everybody knows that Fisher is pretending he's aboard the

(above) This gold disc is marked with semicircular tax stamps, Roman-numeral karat ratings, and mine monograms.

(below) To remove the sand and silt that has covered the Atocha *for centuries, a prop wash deflector, known as a "mailbox," is fitted around the propellers of Fisher's salvage boat, aiming the backwash 20 feet down into the seabed. (near right) U.S. District Judge William Mehrtens issued an order to the state of Florida to return the treasure of the* Atocha *to Mel Fisher. Fisher, jubilant at his victory, flew up to Tallahassee, wearing a T-shirt that proclaimed, "Today's the day!" The state of Florida, however, refused to give up the treasure, claiming that it needed time to take an inventory and clean the artifacts, although it had had possession of the treasure for five years. (far right) The discovery of nine bronze cannons not only was an unprecedented find (no modern salvage operation has recovered so many cannons from one wreck) but also conclusively identified the ship as the* Atocha, *since the markings on the cannons corresponded exactly with the* Atocha's *gun list.*

Atocha on that autumn day in 1622 when a savage hurricane slammed her against the shoals of the Marquesas Keys, 25 miles west of Key West. She went down with 250 Spaniards and one of the richest treasure hauls in maritime history—47 tons of silver and gold.

The tourists aboard The Galleon have seen bits of this wondrous treasure displayed in glass showcases: solid gold chains, battered pewter plates, hundreds of Spanish coins, bars of gold, and silver ingots weighing 65 pounds apiece. The tourists poke around The Galleon long after the two-dollar tour is over. A plastic surgeon from Chicago seeks out Fisher.

"This is just the beginning," Fisher tells him. "We're going to find the main ballast any day now."

The next day the doctor returns to chat some more. The day after that he comes back with his tax lawyer, a nervous young man obviously unaccustomed to the Florida heat. Below deck, in Mel's office, they hammer out a contract between Fisher and a group of Chicago doctors who want a limited partnership in the *Atocha* project.

Fisher's lawyers are not happy. Fisher can't write these contracts alone. He's a skin diver, not a tax lawyer! Fisher's contracts are famous in the business. One of them, still very much in effect, was written on the back of a cocktail napkin for a 5 percent share of Fisher's company, Treasure Salvors, Inc. Fisher's staff says that contract is worth more than a million dollars today.

Mel Fisher is tough, obsessed, absentminded, and cagey. Some people say he fits beautifully into Key West, a place where they've named a Laundromat after Margaret Truman, Tennessee Williams recently got mugged for singing Bible hymns in public, and each day a bearded old man draped with live iguanas wanders down to the Mallory docks and tosses them on people.

But Fisher stays in Key West only because of his unrelenting compulsion to uncover the treasure of the *Atocha*. For the past nine years Fisher has dedicated himself to raising, trinket by trinket, the *Atocha*'s astonishing $300 million booty.

Finding the *Atocha* has cost Fisher $5 million and the lives of four people, including his son and daughter-in-law. Keeping the *Atocha* has nearly cost Mel Fisher his heart.

Since the day Fisher plucked the first tiny musket ball from the *Atocha*'s sea-beaten skeleton, both the United States government and the state of Florida have been pirating the treasure like shameless brigands. Fisher fought back, in his quiet but stubborn way, and appears to have won. A United States judge ordered the feds and the state to hop on the nearest freighter, get out of the Gulf, and let Fisher salvage the *Atocha* in peace.

In early September 1622 a magnificent fleet anchored in Havana harbor to count, record, and stow the riches it would carry back across the Atlantic to the king of Spain. On the afternoon of September 5, the *Nuestra Senora de Atocha* sailed from Cuba loaded with 901 silver bars, 300,000 coins, 15 tons of copper, and an untold fortune in jewelry, artifacts, and contraband gold.

As she entered the Florida Straits, a fierce hurricane boiled over the horizon and chased her down. The *Atocha* sank in 50 feet of water, the tips of her great masts barely rising above the surface. A Spanish rescue vessel picked up five shivering survivors, and then hurried away to look for the remnants of the fleet.

Weeks later another hurricane moved through, dumping the *Atocha* on its side, splintering the hull, and scattering the cargo for miles over the seabed. Spanish salvors later recovered a single cannon and a few pieces of gold but could not locate the main hold and their king's lost fortune.

Three hundred and forty-nine years later, Fisher's converted fishing boat, the *Virgalona*, patrolled the waters off the Marquesas, dragging behind it a tubular machine called a magnetometer. The "mag" pinpoints metallic anomalies on the ocean floor and records them by electronic signals sent up to the moving boat.

It was a hot spring day in 1971, glassy calm under a clear, windless sky. It had been a busy morning for tracing mag sig-

Photographs by Don Kincaid

(below) A diver recovers an encrusted sword from the wreck of the Atocha. *(right) The gold bar and the slightly encrusted chains were found buried with silver coins. The chemical reaction of the coins to salt water encrusted the bar.*

nals. There were eight false alarms: a spent navy torpedo, a rusted-out air force bomb, four steel fish traps, a 50-gallon oil drum, and a baby carriage. No sunken treasure.

The magnetometer bleeped again. Fisher slowed the boat and lowered the two "mailboxes"—fat tubes that fit over the engines to aim the backwash from the propellers 20 feet down into the seabed.

The engines groaned, and clouds of silt began rolling off the sandy bottom. Fisher dived in and worked his way down.

"The bottom looked like the Sahara, sand dunes as far as you could see in all directions," he recalled. The *Virgalona*'s backwash chewed out a small crater in the bottom. The milky silt was so thick in the water that the divers could hardly see beyond arm's length. Fisher spied a small, dark form in the sand.

"One lead ball, about the size of a marble. I came up right away and said, 'This is it!' " The tiny musket ball was smooth, barnacle-free, as clean as if it had plunked into the Gulf a day earlier. The crew was excited but reserved. The find meant they had located a wreck, but which one? Over the years Fisher's quest for the *Atocha* had turned up 13 other galleons in the tropics. None of them had held his interest for long. None of them could match the *Atocha*.

"After I found the lead ball, everybody thought we were going to find pieces of treasure all around," Fisher says. "It wasn't like that. There was nothing else."

When asked about the romantic image of a lone diver, gliding over coral formations until he stumbles upon an ancient chest, brimming with riches and sparkling up through the dark blue waters, Fisher laughs. Lost treasure does not glisten seductively from the ocean floor in rich heaps.

"It's spread out for miles," he explains. "Acres of sand have to be removed."

The *Nuestra Señora de Atocha* was scattered over eight, possibly nine, square miles. Her treasure was buried under 12 feet and three centuries of Florida marl. Retrieving it required the full force of the *Virgalona*'s diesel engines through the "mailboxes." These hole dusters blow out craters in the ocean floor, and the sands of each one must be searched inch by inch. Divers work in circular patterns under the engines, grit seeping into their hair and wet suits. If the engines should suddenly quit, the divers must scramble away from the craters before they cave in. More than once Fisher has been forced to use the hole duster to free one of his own frantic salvors from the muck.

Five more musket balls came up within days of Fisher's first find. Then nothing. The *Virgalona* would trace 120,000 linear miles in searching for the *Atocha* before archeological teams would begin rigging surface buoys and underwater grids to mark the ship's resting place.

When an object is located, it is approached gingerly. What appears to be a worthless hunk of coral could turn out to be a priceless seventeenth-century gold necklace. Nothing shimmers after three centuries in salt water. "All you see is a piece of something sticking out, and the first impulse is to grab it," says Dolores Fisher, Mel's wife, who once held the world's underwater endurance record for women divers. "You don't know what's on the other end, but you have to wait for the dust to clear because you want to make sure it comes out intact."

The *Atocha* yielded her prizes grudgingly. One dime-sized Spanish coin came up a few days after the musket balls, and the crew rejoiced. But it was weeks before the first major find.

The glory belonged to Don Kincaid, then 27, a professional photographer. Fisher hired him as a diver at $40 a week. He was on only his second official trip with the *Atocha* hunters when he scored.

"Your hair is packed with sand, and the mud is swirling around you. You can't see much, but I spied two links of chain in the sand," Kincaid remembered. "It came out as a ball. I thought one of the guys had put it down there to fool me because I was the new guy on board.

"I brought the chain up and showed it around. Mel started crying, and everybody on the boat freaked out. We passed around champagne in paper cups. Then I snuck into the head, sat down by myself,

and just looked at it. And I realized that no one had touched this thing for 350 years!"

It was an eight-foot chain of pure gold, the first evidence of a major salvage find. By the end of 1971, Fisher's divers had brought up an encrusted anchor, an olive jar, and 18 gold coins "stacked like poker chips." Mel Fisher dutifully turned the treasure over to agents of the state of Florida, who tagged each item and marked it with a number. Mel Fisher wasn't worried; he was too busy celebrating his success. He pushed his crews harder and sent the boats out on days when even the mangiest Keys charter guides stayed home and drank beer and cussed at the cats.

Some of Fisher's divers believed they actually were working the wreck of a smaller galleon, *La Margarita*, which went down in the same storm. The *Atocha* still was just a whispered hope.

"Mel kept saying it was the *Atocha*, and we didn't believe him," Don Kincaid says. Even Dolores Fisher admits: "There was doubt in all our minds. It was a long time before we had proof."

Day after day the boats went out, always with an agent from the Florida Division of Archives aboard. It was part of the lease agreement to salvage the wreck. Fisher said he wanted to obey the law. He didn't want any trouble.

But as more and more artifacts came up, some of the state agents grew tired of tagging. Fisher's divers were aghast when one agent started throwing artifacts overboard. Another took a hammer and started cracking pieces open to see whether they concealed hunks of precious metal. Fisher complained. Relations with the state of Florida deteriorated. He found out that other leases were being granted to rival treasure hunters in areas that abutted on the *Atocha* site. Fisher flew to Tallahassee to meet with Robert Williams, head of the state archives and a former state senator.

"This is my life. I have spent so many years searching for this wreck," Fisher pleaded. "I've got it, and your moving people in on me. Who do you think you are, God?"

"As far as you're concerned, Mel, I am," Williams replied.

Mel Fisher's dreams of treasure began in elementary school when a classmate loaned him a Robert Louis Stevenson novel. Fisher can't recall which one, but he does remember being enchanted by the notion of sunken treasure.

He was an only child, born in Hobart, Ind., the son of a carpenter. His main interest was science. When Mel was 11, he constructed a homemade diving helmet out of a five-gallon paint can. He sliced up a bicycle tire for a collar and melted down his toy soldiers for ballast.

Mel nearly killed himself trying it out. He fitted the can over his head and jumped into a rock pit while a friend used a hand pump to send him air. Fisher came up, spluttering water. Later he learned to skin dive in Lake Michigan, back when "it was so clear you could drink the water."

After studying engineering at Purdue University, Fisher joined the Army Corps of Engineers during World War II. That job took him from the Midwest to Colorado; Mel Fisher is probably one of the few people in the world who think Colorado is a miserable, depressing place to live. "I couldn't stand it," he says. "No water."

He went west to California and built his father a chicken farm in Los Angeles County. In the late 1950s, Fisher converted one of the poultry sheds into a skin-diving shop, "the first in the country," he claims—although there's no way to verify it. "I made more money working two hours in that dive shop than I was making the other twenty-two hours with the chickens," he says. Before long he had his own local television show in Southern California. The dive shop boomed.

"In 1963 I decided to give up everything—business and telephones—and retire and go treasure hunting for one year in Florida," Fisher said. "I came to Florida with six other guys, and we swore we would work one year without any pay to see if we could find treasure."

Five days before his year was up, Fisher tried out his "mailboxes" over a suspected wreck site off the coast of Fort Pierce. "We found the bottom of the ocean just paved with gold doubloons, dazzling, blinding, beautiful," Fisher said. Several galleons were found, and in a few years more than $8 million worth of gold, jewelry, and artifacts were brought up.

This discovery of Spain's so-called 1715 Fleet marked the beginning of Mel Fisher's reputation, such as it is.

"Mel has been described quite aptly as the best and worst of all of us," says Jack Haskins, a rival Florida treasure salvor. "He deserves everything he's got."

Says diver Kincaid: "Treasure hunting is a weird occupation. Your goal is intangible. You can't see it; you can't touch it. Mel does far more than is necessary; he goes beyond the realm of reason and practicality. He does things no other treasure hunters would do, because they don't have the imagination." To further the search for the *Atocha*'s main ballast, Mel once invited two psychics and a bona-fide dowser aboard the dive ships.

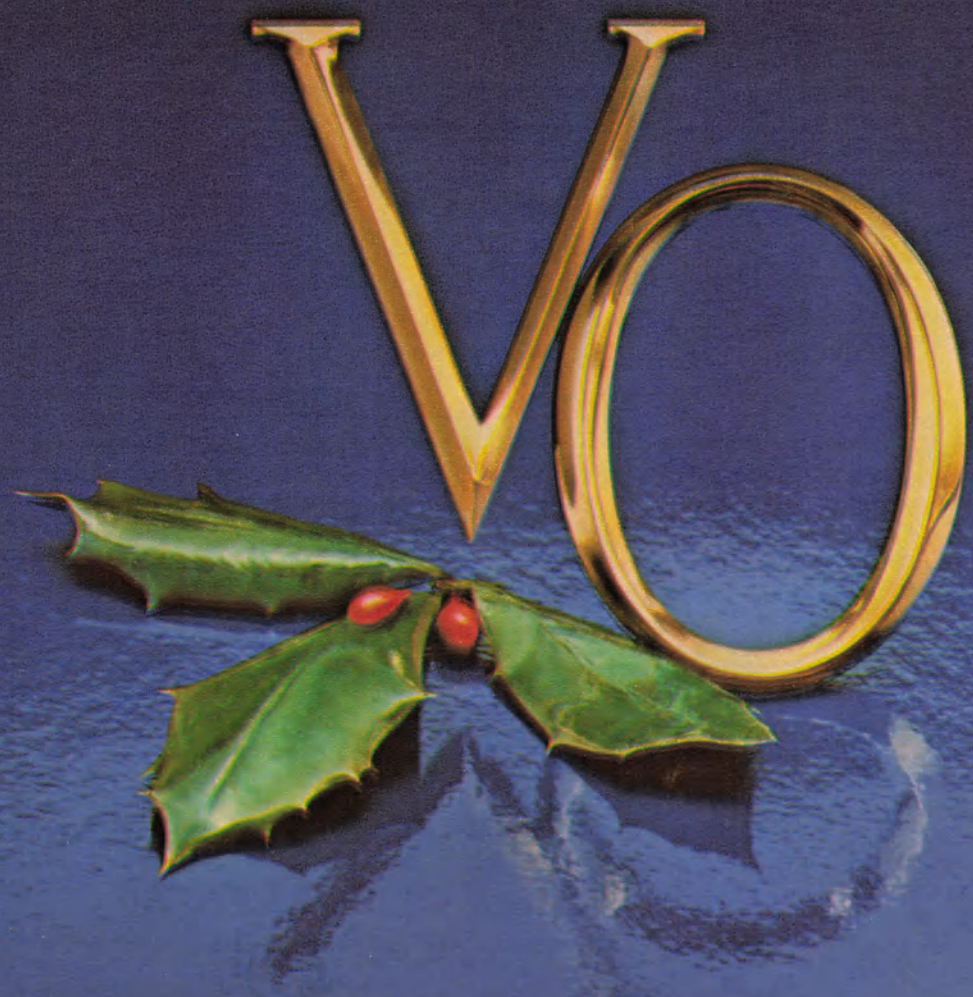
Many of the three dozen or so treasure hunters working Florida's waters today are part-timers with leaky boats, leaky bank accounts, and a lot of nerve. Even at its best, the profession is a shoestring operation in which million-dollar figures are bandied about like gulls in a summer squall. Finding lost fortunes takes patience, inventive bookkeeping, keen archivists, an abundance of luck, and plenty of well-heeled investors looking for a sure tax write-off.

"We have something called the Fisher Factor," explains Fisher associate Bleth McHaley. "That is, a zero doesn't mean anything. If one hundred thousand dollars doesn't look good enough, add a zero and make it a million."

Fisher was willing to do anything to find

"Daddy, did ladies have pubic hair before Penthouse?"

The Standard of Giving.



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the *Atocha*. In 1968 he spent 101 days looking for the wreck—at the wrong islands. To raise money, he sold off shares at $12,500 a shot. Investors were guaranteed one-quarter of 1 percent of the booty. Fisher brought in more than $1 million before the Securities and Exchange Commission stepped in and said that he was selling unregistered securities.

He moved to Key West in 1970 after Gene Lyons had uncovered new information about the *Atocha* in the Spanish archives in Seville. Lyons believed that the ship went down near the Marquesas, off Key West, not in the Upper Keys, as had been earlier suspected. Fisher was convinced Lyons was right. "All the treasure hunters thought Mel was absolutely out of his mind," McHaley says.

Even after Fisher's triumphant discovery, his competitors challenged the legitimacy of the *Atocha* find. "I don't think he's found the *Atocha* at all," scoffed veteran diver Art McKee in 1974. "Knowing Mel, I just think he wants to sell stock." Several coin collectors accused Fisher of peddling phony Spanish doubloons to lure investors into his company. Fisher vehemently denied the charges and carted his *Atocha* coins around the country to convince skeptics.

One of his most persistent critics was Burt Webber, a Pennsylvania treasure hunter who spent ten years racing Fisher to the *Atocha*. When Mel proudly displayed three huge silver ingots from the ship's hold, Webber said that the numbers engraved on the bars didn't match those recorded in the manifest. He said Fisher had the wrong wreck.

Today Webber is gloating for another reason: he is the proud finder of another galleon, the *Neustra Señora de Concepcion*, which sank 338 years ago off Hispaniola. This makes it easier for him to accord Mel Fisher his due. "I acknowledge the fact they've found the debris positively identifying the wreck as the *Atocha*," Webber says. "It's also quite obvious they haven't found the main ballast."

Webber chides Fisher for spending more time drumming up business than bringing up gold. "There's no excuse for going seven years without finding [the main section]," he says. "I have no professional respect for his method. It's very sloppy work."

But Jack Haskins, a Fisher rival and admirer, says that kind of sniping is just jealousy. Fisher, he says, "has done a very careful job, no doubt about it. He beat us to it, and that's the name of the game. When one guy finds it, we congratulate him—and curse him in the dark."

Fisher didn't need a curse. It wasn't fickle, ripping tides or roiling tropical currents that threatened his hold on the *Atocha*. Nor was it jealous interlopers trying to pirate his discovery. As bank vaults in Key West filled with Spanish treasure, the state of Florida and the United States government greedily held out their hands. Fisher didn't want to argue: his salvage contract with Florida gave the state 25 percent. "I offered to donate millions of dollars' worth," he says today.

"It was never the money. It was the hunt, the challenge. Some guys go to Siberia for polar bears."

Today people frequently ask Mel Fisher why he didn't fight back sooner. "He believes in John Wayne," Kincaid replies. "He has a very old-fashioned set of values." So, when Fisher brought up muskets, hundreds of silver and gold coins, even a five-carat emerald, he dutifully handed them over to state agents, never dreaming that those artifacts would be lost to him forever.

"I'm not out to get Mel Fisher," says Robert Williams. The director of Florida's Division of Archives is sensitive on the subject of Mel Fisher; and the *Atocha* project has brought the Sunshine State nothing but a lot of nasty press.

"The press," Williams says, "portrayed it that he went out into the big ocean and found the ship, and we moved in and claimed it. That is not the case. The state of Florida hired him to find it. We also hired some other people. He happened to be the one who found it."

> The government lawyer said, "You can't afford to fight us. Whether we're right or wrong, we'll keep you in litigation so long we'll bankrupt you."

That is not precisely the way Mel Fisher remembers it.

"What actually happened, I brought in one gold chain, and I locked it in a bank. Then I called Williams up and told him that I brought the chain in because I was afraid it would get lost out there.

"Williams came down and hired an attorney in Key West. He threatened to put me in jail, confiscate all my boats and magnetometers, and stop me from working completely unless I had a salvage contract. They threatened me into signing it."

The first time Fisher signed a contract was in June 1971. It was amended on December 3, 1974, allowing him to salvage the *Atocha* on "certain lands held and belonging to the state of Florida." The price: $1,200 and 25 percent of everything Mel Fisher brought up. Even then, Fisher seemed the only one positive of the *Atocha*'s identity, but the dispute was put to rest forever in July 1975.

Fisher's son Dirk, 21, was diving under the *Virgalona* when he uncovered a huge, bronze cannon measuring 11 feet long and weighing 3,600 pounds. Eight more were raised, each worth about $20,000—and each carrying unmistakable etchings identifying the cannons as part of the *Atocha's* armaments. Even Fisher's most insistent critics were silenced.

But a week after the triumph, the *Atocha* salvage operation was in ruins. On July 20 the 60-foot salvage vessel, the *Northwind*, capsized and sank at its overnight anchorage near the wreck site. It happened in pitch blackness, with terrifying swiftness, as a fuel valve malfunctioned and 3,000 gallons of diesel fuel shifted suddenly in the hull. The *Northwind* flipped belly up in the Gulf.

"I walked up the deck as it flipped over and scrambled onto the hull," recalled Don Kincaid, one of the seven survivors. "I barely got wet. Heads started popping up all around. I knew who was missing. I knew they didn't have a chance."

Dirk Fisher, his wife, Angel, and diver Rick Gage died, trapped below deck in their quarters. At sunrise the crew of the *Northwind*'s sister ship, the *Southwind*, found themselves alone at anchor. After rescuing Kincaid and the others they followed a darkening oil slick back to the *Northwind's* grave. The treasure hunters located Dirk Fisher's body near his bunk, where he had struck his head and lost consciousness. Angel's body floated near the stairs, where she had apparently huddled as the old tug filled with water.

The Coast Guard called Mel Fisher to tell him the grim news. That afternoon he stood on the docks and sobbed as his divers unloaded the three bodies. It was the second tragedy for Fisher's crew; in 1974 the 11-year-old son of a *National Geographic* photographer was killed when he tumbled into the propeller of one of the salvage vessels.

Mel was crushed by his son's death, and it was a full month before he could bring himself to visit the *Atocha* site again. He never tried to raise the *Northwind*, and the *Southwind* was sold.

"I felt in my heart Dirk wanted me to continue, to bring in the rest of the treasure. That's why I'm still working on it," Fisher says quietly. He has three other children. Kane, 19, stayed away from the *Atocha* for a year after Dirk's death and only recently has plunged back into the search. Taffy, 16, is a Key West high-school student. Kim Fisher is 21, lives in Michigan, and is entering law school this year. Kim intends to specialize in admiralty law; Mel can use the help.

In early 1975 the state of Florida finally agreed to stand by the contract it had forced Fisher to sign. It promised to give Mel Fisher some of the treasure he had so faithfully delivered to Tallahassee. The division was to follow the contract: 75 percent for Treasure Salvors and 25 percent to the state. Fisher needed the items desperately to pay off investors and to

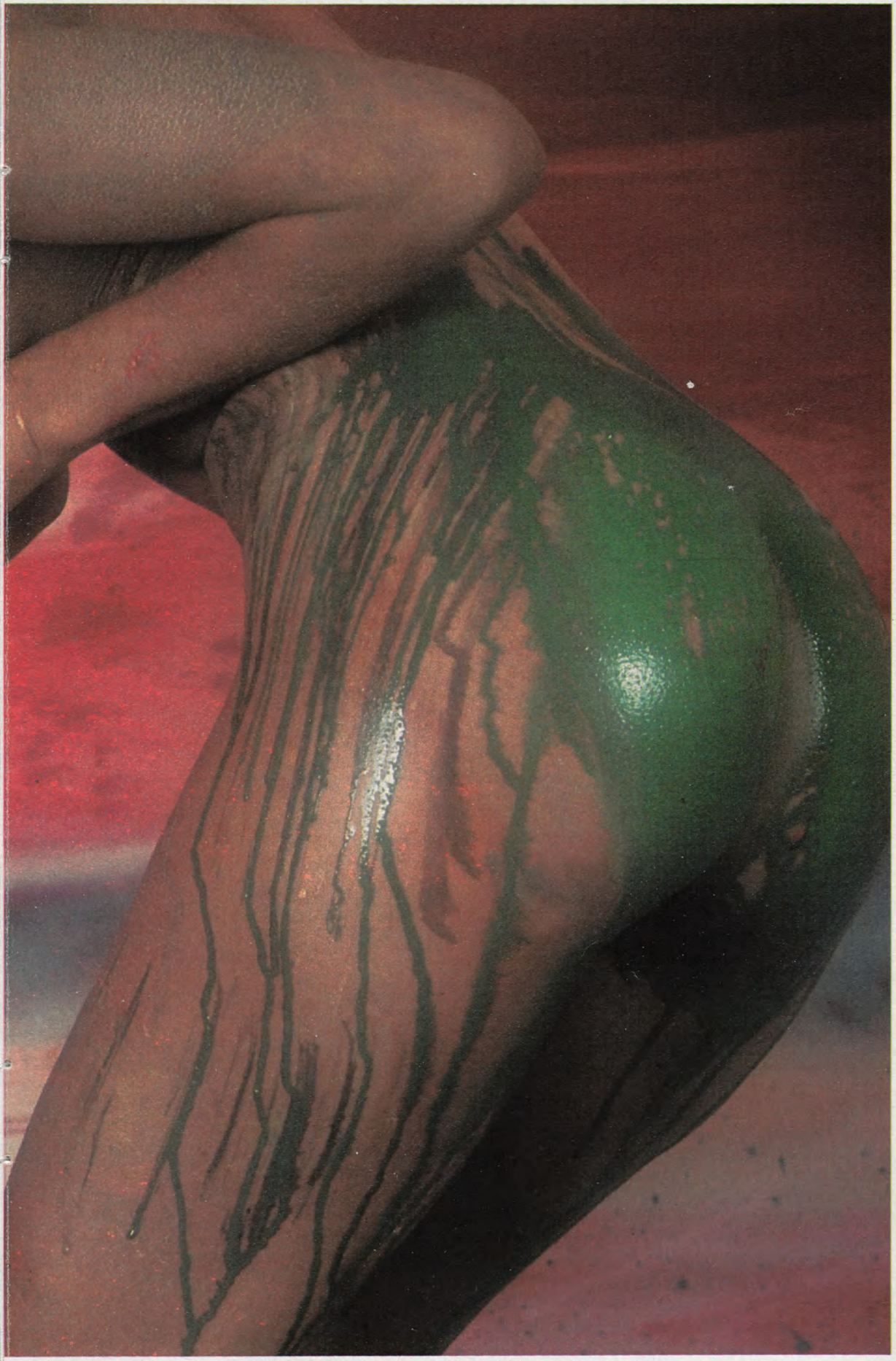
CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

"They painted an endless palette of forbidden desire, their radiant flesh a swirling canvas of passion."

THE ART OF LOVING

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

"Eager apprentice for avant-garde SoHo artist," read the want ad. "*No* inhibitions required." She was stripped of those and more and hired on the spot after one long, lingering look. "Finger painting is for little girls," she was told; "grown-ups prefer *body paint!*"



Breasts and buttocks splashed with rainbows of color, voluptuous loins warmly massaged with sensuous brush-strokes. . . "You're a work of art," breathed the sorceress to her swooning apprentice. "Please excuse my free-form lust! "

They painted an endless palette of forbidden desire, their radiant flesh a swirling canvas of passion: squeezing and biting soft breasts and hardened nipples, grinding thighs and pelvis roughly together. Fingernails clawing trails of frantic desire, aching, dappled color and musky aromas . . . artful compositions in lust.

Wet tongues sliding softly together, teacher and pupil trading secret lessons. Finally, they take the plunge, suckling the burning points of tender love flesh with bold artistic license. Trembling, they collapse together—a turbulent and unforgettable masterpiece of love and passion.

CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

Dr. Ochoa did say that the researchers were looking for "both subjective and objective responses," but he could "not answer directly" when asked if the hydrazine sulfate dosage levels were escalated when patients were actually achieving some kind of subjective response. If in fact the dosage levels had been escalated, according to Dr. Gold, the positive subjective results would have been "wiped out."

Could patients' subjective responses, such as appetite stimulation, have been suddenly halted by an increase in the hydrazine sulfate dosage? Would a dosage at a particular level have kept the positive subjective responses going for a longer period of time? Could this have been the reason why patients in the Sloan-Kettering study had responses that lasted "only a few weeks"? Dr. Ochoa says, "It's a real possibility. But the appropriate thing to do then is to scientifically put together a group of patients in different subsets and treat them with different dosages to measure the effects at various optimum and suboptimum dosage levels."

Dr. Gold is amazed that hydrazine sulfate, a noncytotoxin, would be measured in terms of cytotoxic criteria. (Regular chemotherapy agents actually kill cells and therefore are known as cytotoxins.) "I'm appalled and amazed that in the oncological community people would get this mixed up. They're saying, 'Well, why shouldn't we judge this on cytotoxic criteria because those are the only criteria we have?' Would you believe that there are no such things in the scientific world today as indices of subjective improvement? Want to know why? Because there are no such drugs that produce subjective improvement only. Hydrazine sulfate is the first one. As far back as 1975, the Soviets indicated in their first article that there would have to be new indices set up to test for subjective improvement only. But this just hasn't happened. Consequently, American institutions say that there is no evidence that hydrazine sulfate has positive responses because they're looking at cytotoxic criteria only, e.g., tumor regression. They're totally ignoring the high scores that hydrazine's been getting in subjective criteria."

Again, the "silver bullet" syndrome does not allow that hydrazine sulfate may be excellent for use in combination with other treatments, or even that it may only be able to help a cancer patient live a more normal life. This "cure-all-or-nothing-at-all" attitude has discouraged further research on hydrazine sulfate.

But many people believe that hydrazine sulfate deserves further study. Dr. Saul Schepartz, deputy director of the Division of Cancer Treatment at the National Cancer Institute, calls the Sloan-Kettering research "a very limited study, certainly not one on which one could draw conclusions. I would not call it a definitive study by any means." Dr. Dean Burk has also called for more studies to be done on hydrazine. But Dr. Gold has used much stronger terms—he's actually called the Sloan-Kettering study "invalid."

In a 1975 letter of protest to Dr. Ochoa, Dr. Gold stated, "It was agreed that this project [your study] was to be a joint effort between our two institutes. . . . Failure to adhere to an agreed-upon protocol by underdosing, failure to adhere to an agreed-upon protocol by overdosing, failure to maintain objectivity in a new study by forming expressed opinions even before the study is two weeks old, weaken the results of any study, if not invalidate them completely."

Despite Dr. Gold's protests, the study was completed and readied for publication in *Cancer Chemotherapy Reports*. It's not hard to imagine Dr. Gold's shock and consternation when he read in a prepublication copy of the article that "the protocol for the trial of hydrazine sulfate was developed in cooperation with Dr. Gold based on the experience he has reported." Dr. Gold immediately contacted attorneys, who demanded that all references to "enjoying his cooperation" and "following his protocols" be deleted. Dr. Gold now believes that these changes were made because Sloan-Kettering Institute realized that it had made gross misrepresentations.

> The American Cancer Society based its decision to place hydrazine sulfate on its Unproven Methods List on a flawed study by the Sloan-Kettering Institute.

Dr. Irwin Krakoff, then chairman of the Department of Chemotherapy at Sloan-Kettering and a coauthor of the hydrazine sulfate study, disagrees. "The protocols were followed as were set. There were a lot of phone calls, discussions, and recriminations, and rather than get into arguing about whether or not Gold participated—it wasn't relevant—I simply deleted any reference to his name."

Fortunately for Dr. Gold, other studies were being tabulated at the time of the negative Sloan-Kettering report. One such study was performed by Calbiochem, a California pharmaceutical firm that provided hydrazine sulfate to interested doctors in the United States under an investigational new drug (IND) status. Using hydrazine sulfate only on terminally ill patients, the doctors then sent back their observations, which were analyzed by Dr. Gold and put into a report that appeared in *Oncology* in October 1975. The results showed that there was objective improvement in 17 percent of all cases and a 70 percent improvement in such subjective responses as increased appetite, weight gain, strength, and control of pain.

Another important study came from Russia's highly distinguished Petrov Research Institute of Oncology in Leningrad. In a 1976 study of 95 terminal cancer patients who had not responded to any other treatment, Soviet researchers reported that "the administration of hydrazine sulfate produced a 41 percent objective response [tumor regression and stabilization] and a 55 percent subjective response [improvement in general status and appetite, 'vigor enhancement,' and reduction or disappearance of pain]."

The Sloan-Kettering research study was finally published in the November/December edition of *Cancer Chemotherapy Reports*, and it sparked a heated debate. In the July 1976 issue of *Cancer Treatment Reports*, Dr. Gold responded in a scathing letter that showed that Sloan-Kettering had failed to include pertinent data and had treated less than half the patients in the study adequately.

"The study stated that 29 of 32 patients had received adequate treatment," wrote Dr. Gold. "But in fact out of 29 patients in reality only 13 were treated for 28 days, a length of time considered adequate for eliciting a beneficial response. [Four of 29 received treatment for less than 14 days, 12 for only 14 to 28 days, and 13 for 28 days.]" This was first reported to Gold by David Rorvik, fellow of the Alicia Patterson Foundation.

Gold also questioned the methods by which Sloan-Kettering reported weight loss and gain in the patients studied. "Hydrazine sulfate is a drug specifically designed to halt or retard weight loss or cachexia in cancer. If a patient is losing three to seven pounds weekly before hydrazine sulfate therapy and afterward loses no more but does not gain either, this is a significant response. But nowhere in the Sloan-Kettering study could such pertinent data be found."

One would think that a study at best thought to be "a pilot" and at worst called "invalid" would be taken with a grain of salt. Indeed, definite questions of improper dosage levels, inadequate treatment time, and incomplete presentation of data have to this day been left unanswered by the Sloan-Kettering research team. Yet this flawed study was the *only* published work upon which the American Cancer Society based its decision to

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place hydrazine sulfate on its Unproven Methods List. Here we can see how much was hanging on the outcome of the Sloan-Kettering study. This effectively closed the doors to grants and further research on hydrazine sulfate by other larger institutions for many years. In 1976 even Dr. Gold's funding was cut off, and he has had to support the Syracuse Cancer Research Institute from private funds.

Why was the ACS so quick to put hydrazine sulfate on its Unproven Methods List? Why has the list not been updated in the light of recent, more positive evidence in hydrazine sulfate's favor? For answers to these questions, we must turn to the politics of 1976, right after the Sloan-Kettering study came out.

There is now evidence that the American Cancer Society was aware of the positive studies supporting the use of hydrazine even before its final report was published in the March/April 1976 issue of *CA—A Cancer Journal for Clinicians*, the official ACS magazine. "After careful study of the literature and other available information," reads the introductory statement, "the American Cancer Society does not have evidence that hydrazine sulfate is of any objective benefit in the treatment of cancer in human beings." The report went on to say that the information was a summary of admissible evidence on hydrazine sulfate "as of February 1976."

Yet Dr. Gold had published his Calbiochem study before February 1976. It showed 70 percent subjective improvement and 17 percent objective positive response. Before February 1976 the Soviets had also published their first study, which showed 55 percent subjective improvement and a whopping 41 percent objective response. Why weren't either of these studies included in the ACS report that was supposedly current "as of February 1976"?

In an interview with David Rorvik, published in the Alicia Patterson Foundation Report DMR-6, *CA*'s executive editor, Dr. Sidney Arje, responded to this paradox by saying that the damaging article had been written eight months earlier—in June 1975—before both Dr. Gold's and the Russian studies had been published. The reason for the June deadline on a March/April article, Dr. Arje explained, was due to a policy that articles published in the "Unproven Methods" column must first be approved by a committee, then the board of directors, then by the ACS legal staff.

If the ACS was so careful about its facts, however, then why did it say that its negative report on hydrazine sulfate was "current as of February 1976"?

If the real deadline for information on hydrazine sulfate was June 1975, conveniently before positive evidence was presented by both Dr. Gold and the Russians, how could the American Cancer Society include the negative Sloan-Kettering study as a basis of its report when in fact the Sloan-Kettering study *was not published until November 1975*?

The ACS unproven-methods article also reported on a negative study completed by Dr. William Regelson of the Medical College of Virginia. But even with their careful checking of facts, the authors somehow didn't discover that Regelson's study had never been published. In fact it had been rejected from *Cancer Treatment Reports* because of its faulty scientific design. (In the Regelson report over half the new patients studied had received hydrazine sulfate in combination with other drugs, thereby making it difficult to judge the effects of hydrazine sulfate alone. Only now, five years later, has the study been accepted for publication in a scientific journal, after the patients receiving combination drugs were removed. Still, no new patients have been added to the study, and results seem inconclusive.)

One must ask, then, what the rationale of the ACS was when it managed to discover Regelson's invalidated, unpublished study but overlooked ten positive studies in both animals and humans that had been conducted by Dr. Gold and the Soviets. The ACS failed to contact Dr. Gold, the principal American researcher on hydrazine sulfate.

> Physicians all over the country are being handed erroneous data. And the one who will ultimately suffer, of course, is the cancer patient.

According to David Rorvik, *CA* editor Dr. Arje finally admitted that "most of the attitude toward the hydrazine problem was resolved in our minds with the Sloan-Kettering experience. We do recognize some deficiencies in the piece . . . maybe we could soften up our position." In fact, Dr. Arje had indicated to the persistent Mr. Rorvik that all distribution of reports on hydrazine would be discontinued pending a revision. Far from "halting distribution" on the article, Dr. Gold informs us that the journal containing the article was distributed to several hundred thousand physicians. The most fundamental damage here is that physicians all over the country are being handed erroneous data. And the one who will ultimately suffer, of course, is the cancer patient.

Today the American Cancer Society is distributing the same Unproven Methods List report on hydrazine sulfate—with one interesting revision. The date has been changed from February 1976 to December 1975, an obvious attempt to cover up the fact that positive results were ignored when the report first came out. But even this change didn't take place until sometime in July or August of 1979. We requested copies of the Unproven Methods List and received, on July 3, 1979, a copy of the article dated February 1976. However, when a lawyer who had heard Dr. Gold present his story about hydrazine sulfate on the July 3 installment of Gary Null's "Natural Living" radio show (WBAI—New York City) requested his own copy of the ACS Unproven Methods List report, he received a copy dated December 1975.

These last-minute changes only fuel the suspicions of a concerned public that the actions of the ACS in condemning hydrazine sulfate were unjust and based on distorted facts. One wonders just how many other "Unproven Methods"—nontoxic ones especially—were placed on this list in the same manner. Isn't it time that this blacklist be abolished so that certain methods of cancer treatment can receive proper scientific testing?

It is a testament to the power of hydrazine sulfate that, despite the ACS report, physicians from all over the country are requesting it for testing on their terminally ill patients. Dr. Gold estimates that over 2,000 doctors are now using hydrazine sulfate therapy on about 10,000 cancer patients. But since the ACS report was published, even more remarkable evidence has become available.

Continuing studies by Dr. M. Gershanovich *et al.* at the Petrov Research Institute in Leningrad have resulted in a large-scale, highly conclusive study published just this year. This intensive report was based on four full years of research conducted on over 225 terminally ill cancer patients who had been considered unsalvageable by conventional therapy. These patients had been through every known therapy and had less than a 1 percent chance of survival. Cases included Hodgkin's disease; breast, gastric, colon, rectal, ovarian, cervical, and uterine cancers; hypernephroma; melanoma; angiosarcoma; pancreatic cancer; bladder cancer; and others. The only treatment was hydrazine sulfate, taken orally in gelatin capsules for periods of six weeks with one-month interruptions.

After four years of study, a total of 147 patients—*65 percent of all cases*—had shown a positive subjective improvement. This was reduction of fever, normalization of laboratory findings, an improvement in general status and appetite, and, most important, reduction or elimination of pain.

In addition, 32 percent of the patients reached a stabilized condition; i.e., their cancers did not grow or progress once hydrazine sulfate treatment had begun. Another 12 percent actually showed

tumor regression as a result of the treatment; these were the patients that orthodox medicine had given up for dead.

The study should have made worldwide news. The Russians were part of a bilateral agreement on health exchanges made in the early 1970s between Nixon and Brezhnev. Dr. Gershanovich is widely regarded as one of the most highly respected cancer chemotherapy researchers in his country. The meetings were organized by the National Cancer Institute one week prior to the American Association for Cancer Research annual convention so that there might be further exchange.

But Gershanovich and his colleagues were actually denied a spot on the program at the AACR convention in May of this year. Although their abstract was accepted for publication in *The Proceedings of the AACR*, the Soviet scientists were prevented from presenting in person their results at the largest meeting of cancer researchers in the world. Why? The program chairman, Dr. Bayard Clarkson of the Sloan-Kettering Research Institute, said that the abstract as presented by Gershanovich did not receive a high enough rating from the review committee to merit presentation. (We were informed that approximately 68 percent of abstracts accepted for publication are allowed to be presented.)

In an attempt to make up for lack of public exposure, the National Cancer Institute offered to organize seminars at the National Institute of Health in Maryland, where Gershanovich was already meeting with American researchers under the bilateral U.S.–U.S.S.R. health-exchange agreement. Here Dr. Gershanovich was allowed to present his findings to interested members of the NIH community about a week prior to the AACR meetings. But Dr. Gold maintains that it would have been much better had the Russians presented their paper at the AACR convention. "In that way," said Dr. Gold, "hundreds of physicians from all over the country and the world would have heard this and had a chance to question Dr. Gershanovich."

Why did the program committee of the American Association for Cancer Research put a lid on the Gershanovich study, possibly the most definitive report on hydrazine sulfate yet? Dr. Gold seems to think that it's an aftereffect of the ACS ruling on hydrazine sulfate; the situation may have been embarrassing.

"Concerning our own work," said Dr. Gold, "how does it look when the NCI is giving out nine hundred sixty million dollars a year in grants and contracts, and the ACS is giving out maybe five percent of that, and a small organization such as the Syracuse Cancer Research Institute with a relatively small—even tiny—budget comes up with something major in cancer? How does it look if an institute with a budget of one hundred fifty to two hundred thousand dollars a year brings forth something that can treat all cancer patients? That's a hard thing to swallow. We're an outsider."

Throughout medical history many important advances have come from outsiders, such as Galileo, Semmelweis, Pasteur, Fleming, and others, whose ideas were considered to be scandalous by the establishment. Later the value of their theories was realized, but the period between discovery and acceptance is often a long one. It is often the case that people suffer and die while the medical establishment is slow to accept positive new evidence. Today over 400,000 people die each year from cancer in the United States alone, and it is estimated that this year one in four Americans will get cancer. In an attempt to cut short the period between discovery and acceptance of hydrazine sulfate—which is now in its tenth year of controversy—Dr. Gold has made unusual attempts to contact and work with both the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society. His major concern is to remove the stigma of the "Unproven Methods List" from the drug so that more research will come about.

> It's time that the Unproven Methods blacklist be abolished so that certain methods of cancer treatment can receive proper scientific testing.

Dr. Gold has been in direct contact with Dr. Frank Rauscher, executive vice-president for research at the American Cancer Society. The two men have known each other since Rauscher was director of the NCI a few years ago, and over the years they have developed a working relationship. Still, Dr. Rauscher has told Dr. Gold that he "could not guarantee" that a proposal on hydrazine sulfate would go through. But he has encouraged Dr. Gold to submit a research grant proposal for hydrazine to the ACS. Dr. Gold refuses to do so until the ACS "stops its defamatory-type actions on hydrazine sulfate."

"I communicated to them by letter," said Dr. Gold in a recent interview, "that until the ACS literally 'cleans up its act' on hydrazine sulfate, I couldn't in good faith submit such a proposal. I thought good faith was the leavener of all business transactions. There's no point to my having good faith when the ACS still distributes loaded information."

Although the situation with the ACS on hydrazine sulfate is at a stalemate, the National Cancer Institute seems to have a guarded, but slightly more open, attitude. Dr. Saul Schepartz of the NCI says, "Hydrazine is a rather controversial drug, but we don't care about its prior history. If there's good scientific reasons for testing it, we will. Based on the data that the Russians have presented, however, we are not initiating studies. . . . But we're willing to support grant applications having to do with hydrazine if they receive proper priority from the Grant Review Committee. The general area of research on cachexia is definitely one that we are interested in."

Right now the most important research on hydrazine is obviously not being conducted at the larger research institutes, but by doctors all over the country who have been treating their terminally ill patients with this drug. Dr. Gold maintains that he's now receiving individual case reports on hydrazine sulfate from many large U.S. hospitals despite the official foot-dragging. "Two years ago we'd never get a letter from these kinds of doctors," says Dr. Gold. "Respected oncologists were our worst enemies. Now they're calling as fast as they can."

Dr. Gold cited a recent letter from a doctor in a large eastern hospital that is well known for its cancer work: "Here is a preliminary report on a patient I've been following who has documented extensive intraabdominal pancreatic malignancy. I began him on hydrazine sulfate on May 15, 1979, and have continued him to date, a period of one month. After approximately one week . . . he had some decrease in severe abdominal pain and thereafter further pain improvement as well. Overall, during this month, there has been a remarkable stabilization of his condition. And whereas until we began the hydrazine he was steadily deteriorating with progressive pain and weight loss, he has . . . . improved in both these regards during this period. . . . The degree of abdominal mass has not increased during this period.

"You've got to remember that this was a very terminal malignancy," commented Dr. Gold, "but it has been turned around, and the cancer just stopped growing. The bottom line in our fight to have hydrazine sulfate implemented on a large scale is, of course, the cancer patient himself, who in such political confrontation . . . is getting the short end of the stick."

We can only hope that the pioneering spirit of Dr. Gold and those other intrepid researchers will survive the ten-year-long battle for implementation of hydrazine sulfate. Perhaps in the next decade, cancer patients will have a painless, effective way to control their disease—with a more well-informed and open attitude on hydrazine sulfate. But this can happen only when politics yields to the wisdom of science.

With the advent of the Dolby noise reduction system, bi-amplified power sections, preamps, and high-power booster systems, you can make high-quality tape recordings at home and enjoy them at practically the same level of performance on the road.

DREAM DECKS

BY IVAN BERGER

Nobody took cassette recorders seriously at first. They were great for taping class notes and a good toy for kids, but that was about it. There was no way to get good fidelity from a tiny little tape moving at one-half to one-quarter the speed of a good home recorder's open-reel tapes; and in an era when stereo was already well entrenched, the cassette was only mono.

Now, of course, you can pay over $1,000 for a cassette deck and get your money's worth in good fidelity—or pay $250 or so for a cassette deck with better performance than you'd have gotten from a $300 deck back in the mid-sixties.

Take, for example, H. H. Scott's 670D. It has both Dolby noise-reduction (but so do nearly all cassette decks these days) and memory rewind (that rewinds to a preset point, then stops). And to show you your recording level, it has VU meters, which warn you of potential high-frequency distortion, and an LED that blinks to warn of peaks too fast for the meters to handle.

Fifteen years ago, you'd have had to spend about $300 (more than $700 in today's dollars) to match its performance. And even then you'd have had to run your tape at its top speed of seven and one-half inches per second (cassettes run at one-fourth of that) to get such high-quality sound.

Craig's Model 5201 comes packaged more elaborately, with a sloping front and wood-grain cabinet, and has a few refinements. For example, its Dolby processor can be used independently—for listening to Dolby-encoded FM broadcasts or for listening to Dolby tapes played on another deck lacking a Dolby system.

If you spend a little more, you get a little more, of course. Just a glance at Sansui's SC3330, for example, shows you we're getting into a different league. Instead of meters, it has all-electronic "bar-graph" displays, which can respond fast enough to show peak signal levels, rather than the average levels most meters show. And instead of "piano-key" tape motion controls, it has soft-touch, electronic push buttons.

But the big difference is that the SC3330 takes the new metal tapes. These are ordinary-looking tapes, coated with particles of pure metal rather than the chromium and iron oxides used in other tapes. Metal tapes give greatly improved performance (and cost about 50 percent more than premium tapes), but they also require different treatment in recording.

Sansui's specs don't break down to show how much improvement metal tape gives. SAE's, however, do. Frequency response for SAE's new Model C4 cassette deck is 30–18,000 Hz, flat within ±2.5 db, for both metal and normal premium tapes. But switching to metal tape im-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 240

(clockwise, from the top) AUDIOVOX's 1D725 ($210) is an AM/FM radio with cassette deck that delivers high performance and reliability at a reasonable price. The SANYO FT 1498 ($345) is an AM/FM cassette player with a bi-amplified power section that delivers 14 watts rms per channel woofer amps and 2.7 watts rms per channel tweeter amps. PANASONIC's CQ-8700 ($649.95) is from its top-of-the-line preamplifier system and features Dolby sound, an auto-reverse cassette deck, and an electronic tuner with digital display. The JENSEN R-430 AM/FM car stereo receiver with cassette tape deck ($469.95) has a separate high-power amplifier for four-speaker application. The ALPINE Integrated Component Model 7307 ($379.95) is a program center with FM/AM tuner, cassette deck, and preamp and is designed to be powered by a separate amp. CERWIN VEGA's CS 15 speakers ($125 a pair) are ideal for equipping your car stereo with a high-power booster system.

Photographs by Ryszard Horowitz

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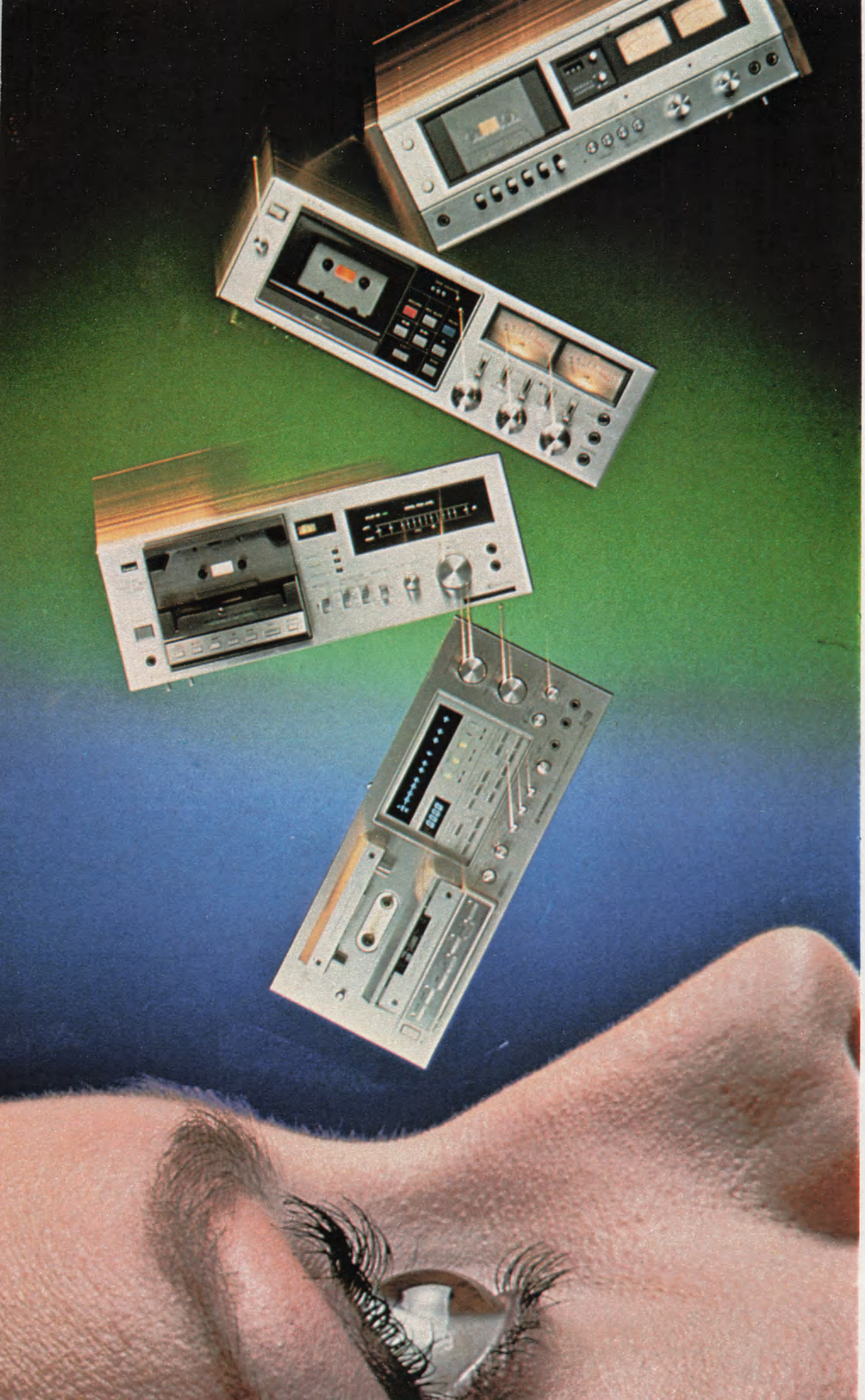
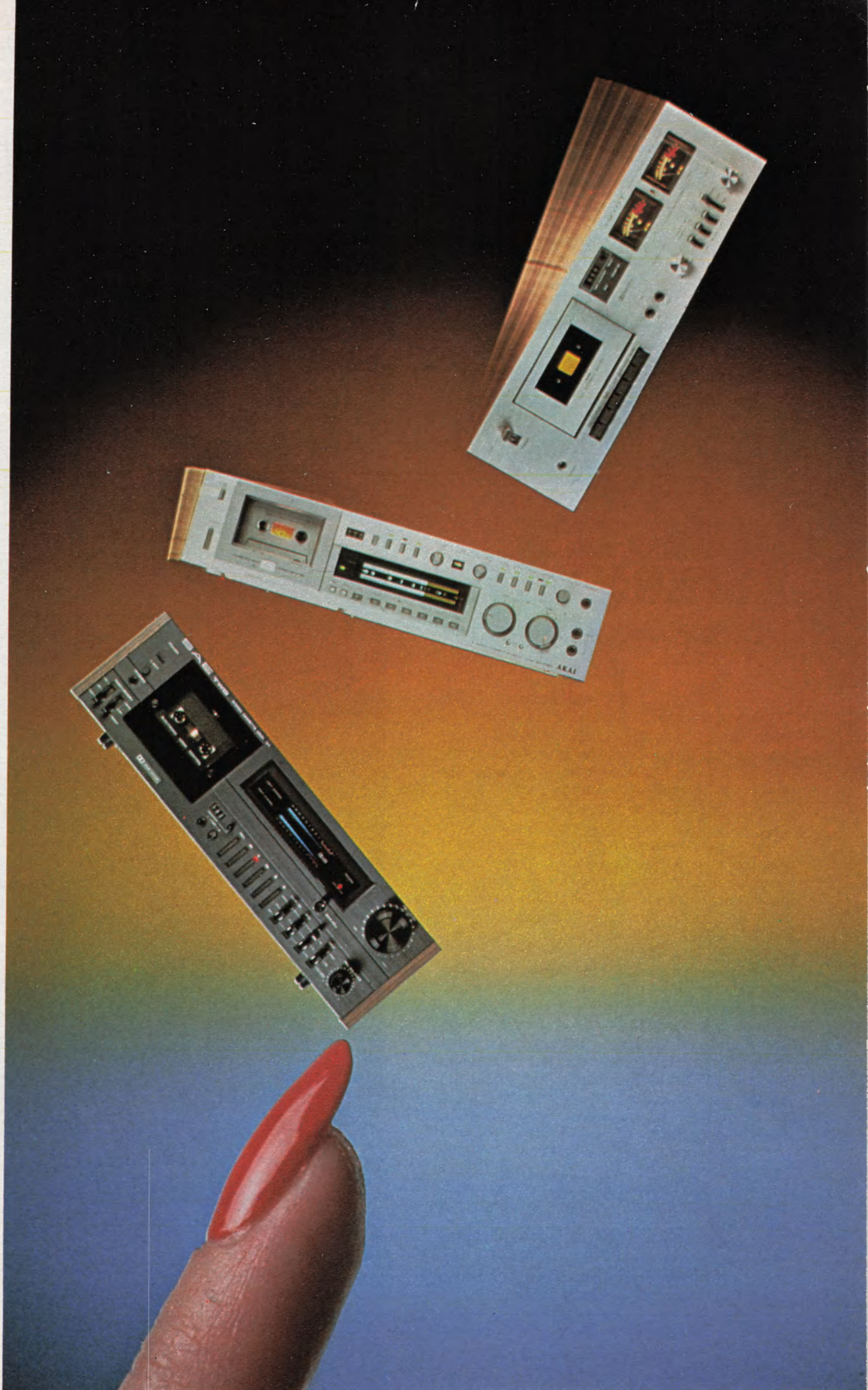


(top to bottom) CRAIG's 5201 front-load cassette deck ($249.95) is equipped with the Dolby Noise Reduction System to eliminate background hiss on tapes and a Dolby FM Calibration Control for improved signal-to-noise ratio. The TEAC A550RX stereo cassette deck ($550), with metal tape capability, utilizes the dbx II system to provide maximum noise reduction in the audio range without special level-matching and pilot tones. SANSUI's SC3300 ($420) features a solenoid touch control, memory rewind, record mute, and LED bar-graph indicators. The PIONEER CT-F 1250 cassette tape deck ($695) is the top of its metal-capable line. Its Quartz/Hall servo direct-drive reduces wow/flutter error to an almost unmeasurable 0.03 percent.



(top to bottom) H.H. SCOTT's 670D deluxe front-load cassette deck ($249.95) has a Dolby Noise Reduction System and an electronically controlled DC drive. The 670D also has twin-equalized VU meter and split-channel record level control. The AKAI GXF-90 stereo cassette deck ($595) is a metal-capable, three-head, two-motor unit. It features simultaneous tape monitoring (you can listen to both the source and the tape for precise recording-level adjustment) and a built-in timer for recording radio programs even when you're not there to operate it. SAE's C4 cassette deck ($500) has metal capability, Dolby Noise Reduction, and fluorescent bar-graph display. There is also an optional remote control for the C4. (All prices are suggested retail.)

Freya, the first million-ton supertanker, is hijacked by Ukrainian terrorists who threaten to spill 222 million gallons of crude onto the surface of the North Sea.

THE DEVIL'S ALTERNATIVE

FICTION BY FREDERICK FORSYTH

It was frosty but clear outside. A half-moon caused the rippling sea to glitter. Inside the bridge of the supertanker *Freya*, Stig Lundquist and Tom Keller shared a companionable coffee. The able seaman prowled the flowing screens along the bridge console.

"Sir," he called, "there's a launch approaching."

Tom Keller rose and crossed to where the seaman pointed at the radar screen. There was a score of blips, some stationary, some moving, but all well away from the *Freya*. One tiny blip seemed to be approaching from the southeast.

"She looks as if she's going to come alongside," said Keller.

"Go down to the head of the ladder," Lundquist told the seaman. "Put on the headset when you get there and stay in touch."

In two seconds the launch emerged into the light and began to run down the side of the *Freya* toward the courtesy ladder. The launch came to rest beneath the ladder, eight meters above the cramped cabin. Inside four men crouched. At the wheel the helmsman stared silently up at the seaman above him.

"Who are you?" called the seaman. "Identify yourself."

There was no answer. Far below in the glare of the spotlight, the man in the black, woolen helmet just stared back.

"He won't answer," said the seaman into his mouthpiece.

"Keep the spotlight on them," ordered Lundquist. "I'm coming to have a look."

Illustration by D. Kuhn

From the novel to be published by Viking Press. © 1979 Ahiara International Corporation, S.A.

Throughout the interchange the attention of both Lundquist and Keller had been to the port side and foreward of the bridge. On the starboard side the door leading from the bridge wing into the bridge suddenly opened, bringing a gust of icy air. Both officers spun round. The door closed. Facing them were two men in black balaclava helmets, black roll-neck sweaters, black track-suit trousers, and rubber deck shoes. Each pointed a submachine carbine at the officers.

"Order your seaman to lower the ladder," said one in English. The two officers stared at them unbelievingly. This was impossible. The gunman raised his weapon and squinted down the sight at Keller.

"I'll give you three seconds," he said to Lundquist. "Then I'm blowing the head off your colleague."

Brick red with anger, Lundquist leaned to the stick mike. "Lower the ladder," he told the seaman.

The disembodied voice came back into the bridge. "But, sir . . ."

"It's all right, lad," said Lundquist. "Do as I say."

With a shrug the seaman pressed a button on the small console at the ladder head. There was a hum of motors, and the ladder slowly lowered to the sea. Two minutes later five other men, all in black, were herding the seaman back along the deck to the superstructure. Two more minutes and the six of them entered the bridge from the port side, the seaman's eyes wide with fright. When he entered the bridge, he saw the other two gunmen holding his officers.

"How on earth . . . ?" asked the seaman.

"Take it easy," ordered Lundquist. To the only gunman who had spoken so far he asked in English, "What do you want?"

"We want to speak to your captain," said the man behind the mask. "Where is he?"

The door from the wheelhouse to the inner stairwell opened, and Thor Larsen stepped onto the bridge. His gaze took in his three crewmen with their hands behind their heads and seven black-clad terrorists. His eyes, when he turned to the man who had asked the questions, were blue and friendly as a cracking glacier.

"I am Captain Thor Larsen, master of the *Freya*," he said slowly, "and who the hell are you?"

"Never mind who we are," said the terrorist leader. "We have just taken over your ship. Unless your officers and men do as they are told, we shall start by making an example of your seaman. Which is it to be?"

Larsen looked slowly around him. Three of the submachine guns were pointing straight at the eighteen-year-old deckhand. He was white as chalk.

"Mr. Lundquist," said Larsen formally, "do as these men say." Turning back to the leader, he asked: "What exactly is it you want with the *Freya*?"

"That is easy," said the terrorist without hesitation. "We wish you no harm personally, but unless our requirements are carried out, to the letter, we shall not hesitate to do what we have to in order to secure compliance."

"And then?" asked Lundquist.

"Within thirty hours the West German government is going to release two of our friends from a West Berlin jail and fly them to safety. If they do not, I am going to blast you, your crew, your ship, and one million tons of crude oil all over the North Sea."

Five of the masked men herded the two officers and seaman to the rear of the bridge, well away from the instrument panels, and surrounded them. The leader jerked his handgun at Captain Larsen and said in English:

"Your cabin, if you please, Captain."

Thor Larsen led his captors to his own cabin and stepped into the dayroom. The terrorist leader followed him in and quickly ran through the other rooms, bedroom and bathroom. There was no one else present.

"Sit down, Captain," he said, his voice slightly muffled by the mask. "You will remain here until I return. Please do not move. Place your hands on the table and keep them there, palms downwards."

Within minutes the leader was back on the bridge. "You," he pointed his gun at the boyish seaman, "come with me."

The lad looked imploringly at First Officer Stig Lundquist.

"You harm that boy, and I'll personally hang you out to dry," said Tom Keller in his American accent. Two submachine-gun barrels moved slightly in the hands of the ring of men around him.

"Your chivalry is admirable, your sense of reality deplorable," said the voice behind the leader's mask. "No one gets hurt unless they try anything stupid. Then there'll be a bloodbath, and you'll be right under the taps."

Lundquist nodded to the seaman. "Go with him," he said. "Do what he wants."

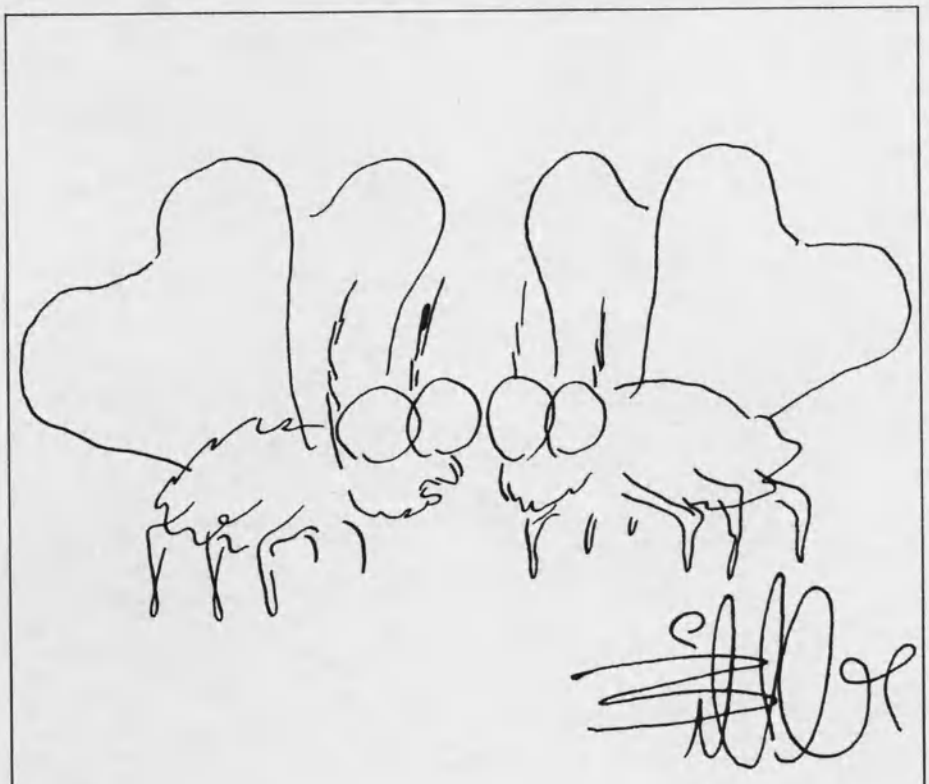
"The paint locker, where is it?" asked the terrorist. Without a word the seaman turned and headed down the stairs. They went through C deck and B deck.

At A deck they had reached the level of the base of the superstructure. The seaman opened an exterior door and stepped outside. The terrorist followed him. They found themselves aft of the superstructure on the poop. To one side of the door from which they emerged the bulk of the funnel towered a hundred feet up toward the stars.

The seaman led the way across the poop to where a small steel structure stood. It was six feet by six and about the same in height. In one side of it there was a steel door, closed by two great screw bolts with butterfly nuts on the outside.

"Down there," said the seaman.

"Go on down," said the terrorist. The boy spun the twin butterfly handles, unscrewing the cleats, and pulled them back. Seizing the door handle, he swung it open. There was a light inside, showing a tiny platform and a steel stairway running down to the bowels of the *Freya*. At a jerk from the gun, the seaman stepped



"That's the trouble with being a 'gay moth,' Bernie. You spend most of your life trying to get into *the closet."*

inside and began to head downward, the terrorist behind him.

Over seventy feet the stairs led down, past several galleries from which steel doors led off. When they reached the bottom, they were well below the waterline, only the keel beneath the deck plating under their feet. They were in an enclosure with four steel doors. The terrorist nodded to the one facing aft.

"What's that lead to?"

"Steering-gear housing."

Port and starboard of the steering-gear chamber were, respectively, a chemical store and a paint store. The chemical store the terrorist ignored; he was not going to make men prisoners where there was acid to play with. The paint store was better. It was quite large, airy, well ventilated, and its outer wall was the hull of the ship.

"How many men on this ship?" he asked. "Or women? No tricks. If there is one more than the figure you give, we'll shoot them."

The boy ran his tongue over dry lips.

"There are no women," he said. "There might be wives next trip, but not the maiden voyage. There are thirty men, including Captain Larsen."

Knowing what he needed to know, the terrorist pushed the frightened young man into the paint locker, swung the door closed, and threw one of the twin bolts into its socket. Then he returned back up the ladder.

Emerging on the poop deck, he avoided the interior stairs and raced back up the outside ladders to the bridge, stepping in from the outside, where they reached the bridgewing.

He nodded to his five companions, who still held the two officers at gunpoint, and issued a stream of further orders. Minutes later the two bridge officers, joined by the chief steward and chief engineer, roused from their beds on D deck below the bridge, were marched down to the paint locker.

There were protests, exclamations, bitter language, as they were herded out and down. But at every stage the leader of the terrorists, the only one who spoke at all, informed them in English that their captain was held in his own cabin and would die in the event of any resistance. The officers and men obeyed their orders.

Down in the paint locker the crew was finally counted: twenty-nine. The first cook and two of the four stewards were allowed to return to the galley on A deck and ferry down to the paint store trays of buns and rolls along with crates of bottled lemonade and canned beer. Two buckets were provided for toilets.

"Make yourselves comfortable," the terrorist leader told the twenty-nine angry men who stared back at him from inside the paint locker. "You won't be here long. Thirty hours at most. One last thing: your captain wants the pumpman. Who is he?"

A Swede who was called Martinsson immediately stepped forward.

"I'm the pumpman," he said.

"Come with me."

It was the cargo-control room on A deck that interested the terrorist, and he ordered the pumpman to bring him to it. There were no windows; it was centrally heated, air-conditioned, silent, and well lit. Behind his mask the eyes of the terrorist chief flickered over the banks of switches and settled on the rear bulkhead. Here, behind the control console where the pumpman now sat, a visual display board, nine feet wide and four feet tall, occupied the wall. It showed in map form the crude-tank layout of the *Freya*'s cargo capacity.

"If you try to trick me," he told the pumpman, "it may cost me the life of one of my men, but I shall surely find out. If I do, I shall not shoot you, my friend. I shall shoot your Captain Larsen. Now point out to me where the ballast holds are and where the cargo holds are."

"Up here in the forepart," said Martinsson, "the port and starboard tanks are full of crude. The center is the slop tank, empty now like a buoyancy tank, because we are on our maiden voyage and have not discharged cargo yet. So there has been no need to scour the cargo tanks and pump the slops in here. One row back all three are ballast tanks; they were full of seawater from Japan to the Gulf; now they are full of air."

"Open the valves," said the terrorist, "between all three ballast tanks and the slop tank."

Martinsson pressed three square plastic controls on the console in front of him. There was a low humming from behind the console. A quarter of a mile in front of them, down below the steel deck, great valves the size of normal garage doors swung open, forming a single linked unit out of the four tanks, each capable of holding 20,000 tons of liquid. Not only air but any liquid now entering one of the tanks would flow freely to the other three.

"Where are the next ballast tanks?" asked the terrorist. Martinsson with his forefinger pointed halfway down the ship.

"Here, amidships, there are three in a row, side by side," he said.

"Leave them alone," said the terrorist. "Where are the others?"

"There are nine ballast tanks in all," said Martinsson, "the last three are here, side by side as usual, right up close to the superstructure."

"Open the valves so they communicate with each other."

Martinsson did as he was bid.

"Good," said the terrorist. "Now can the ballast tanks be linked straight through to the cargo tanks?"

"No," said Martinsson, "it's not possible. The ballast tanks are permanent for ballast, that is, seawater or air, but never oil. The cargo tanks are the reverse. The two systems do not interconnect."

"Fine," said the masked man. "We can change all that. One last thing. Open all the valves between all the cargo tanks, laterally and longitudinally, so that all fifty communicate with each other."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

TO KO
Java, Mocha
Coffee

Photograph by Douglas Kirkland

David V. Mitchell, editor, publisher, and reporter for the Point Reyes Light, *in his office with his Rhodesian Ridgeback, Maria.*

All too often "investigative reporting" means that a newspaper simply prints stolen government documents or that a reporter allows himself to be used by a Washington power group. But a tiny California weekly won the Pulitzer Prize because it published original reporting on the true story of Synanon.

BY GARY HANAUER

HOME TOWN HEROES

When most people think of Northern California, they think of San Francisco, of Oakland, of Palo Alto, of Berkeley. But there are those who will tell you that the real Northern California only *begins* in San Francisco. The huge swath of countryside that runs from there to the Oregon border is a world of its own, a world that is a study in contrasts. Close to the picturesque coastline, everything is green, lush, and alive; a few miles inland the land abruptly changes: county roads are all that divide parch-dry canyon slopes from each other. Through all of this region—a region that is at once environmental paradise and deceptive netherworld, where things can easily be hidden away—threads Highway 1.

Heading north on the Great Highway from San Francisco, one sees herons, egrets, and kingfishers all the way to just north of Stinson Beach, where the road suddenly shifts inland. The land here is cold, windblown, and misty. Tiny country towns squat like bleak outposts on the fogbound road. One is Dogtown, a place where there are actually few dogs and, with a population of just 30, hardly any people. Farther up the road a pace is Olema, population 50 and gateway to the breathtaking Point Reyes National Seashore. The sign outside Point Reyes Station, two miles farther north, reads "population 350."

There is no real reason for Point Reyes Station to be there. When the railroad roared by here in 1875, someone decided that it would be a good spot for a station. And so a town was born. A town that now has a restau-

rant, a drug store, a gas station, a health-food store, two markets, an acupuncturist, and a weekly newspaper.

The one word that aptly describes the *Point Reyes Light* is *cozy*. Inside the handsome blue building with homemade curtains a potbelly stove is bubbling out its daily ration of calming heat. An old Remington, circa 1940, sits next to the editor's chair. The seven-foot Dieffenbachia that takes up a sizable portion of the front office seems to be overlooking everything with an air of smug satisfaction; it knows it will get plenty of sun, warmth, and, if things continue as they have been, a healthy dose of excitement.

It was here on April 16 that the editor, owner, and sole full-time reporter David V. Mitchell, just back with a chocolate ice cream cone from Cheda's market, across the street, answered the phone shortly after noon. It was the Associated Press. "Congratulations," the voice boomed from 3,000 miles away. "Have you heard the news? The *Light* has just won a Pulitzer Prize for its coverage of Synanon."

Mitchell, a rangy 35-year-old with a beard, almost fell out of his chair. Down went the cone; he left it lying in a melting pool of brown ooze on the thick oak desk. "We've won!" he shouted to his wife, Cathy. "We've won the Pulitzer!" All over the *Light* staffers were suddenly laughing and yelling. *Light* reporter John Madden popped a champagne cork and passed out glasses. Soon the tiny town was flooded with reporters from the *San Francisco Examiner*, the *Los Angeles Times*, NBC, and CBS. A local radio station sent one of its reporters up by helicopter. The BBC called from London; an Australian radio station phoned; "The Today Show" did an interview; so did *Time* and *Newsweek*; a French magazine called.

Ordinarily—if there is anything ordinary when anybody wins a Pulitzer—there is indeed a similar kind of commotion. In the field of journalism winning the medal is every writer's dream: it's the only thing comparable to garnering an Oscar.

A year later, when all of the fever has died down and the new Pulitzers are proclaimed, the old winners are usually forgotten, especially on a particularly small weekly paper like the *Light*. But there is a noticeable quality that separates the *Light*'s victory this year. It isn't just that the *Light* has a circulation of only 2,700, making it the smallest winner in the 63-year history of the prize. Or that it beat the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, and 65 other entries in its division. What will make the newspaper a sort of national shrine, at least in this part of the country, for many years to come is that it even decided to cover the ominous story of Synanon in the first place.

Synanon. Even today, Synanon, which began in the fifties as a rehabilitation center for ex-drug addicts, conjures up the image of a Friendly Goliath. At its peak the group had facilities in San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Monica, Badger, and Marshall, Calif.; Westport, Conn.; New York, Chicago, Detroit; Malaysia, the Philippines, and West Germany.

It would take pages to detail what each of these properties consisted of, but Bay Ranch, one of three ranches at Marshall (where a total of about 1,000 members live), is a good example of the organization's vast resources. Originally the site of a trans-Pacific Marconi Wireless Company receiving station and hence formerly known as the Marconi Estate, the property went through many hands, eventually being bought by Dr. Carlos Fernandes, the Portuguese consul at Oakland. He sold it to Synanon in August 1964 for an undisclosed amount. Today the 50 acres here sprawl with Synanon operations, including a multi-million-dollar computer center donated by Sperry Rand and an immense metal warehouse that is the home of ADGAP, Synanon's $9 million-a-year advertising products business. There are also dozens of modest living quarters, called "caves" by the locals; Synanon officials get to live in Cliff House, a much nicer residence that overlooks the stately bluffs next to Tomales Bay.

Synanon had up to 2,000 members, plus perhaps 10,000 persons who visited for treatment. It had 5 gas stations, 10 airplanes, 21 boats, 400 motorcycles, and 200 other vehicles. The estimates of its wealth ranged from $20 million to $32 million. It was a corporate giant with money, fame, and, most of all, respect.

"All I want for Christmas is to stop farting."

Alvin Gambonini was the first voice in the wilderness.

Gambonini is a proud man. He is a rancher, with about a hundred head of cattle—no small herd for this rangeland checkerboard of small farms and ranches. Someday—perhaps 50 years from now—the suburbs of southern Marin County will continue their relentless march and swallow up these hills. But for now there is the splendor of solitude, of rural America, of life as it once was. Of The Land.

But Gambonini, 56, is also a gentle man, a sensitive creature quite unlike the redneck image that young hips in the area sometimes use to describe ranchers. When Synanon first appeared on the scene and purchased the old Walker Ranch next to Gambonini in 1971, he helped them plow their orchards and they helped him round up his cattle. "We thought they'd be the best neighbors we'd ever had," he says, trying to get the words past the lump that has welled up in his throat. Even though four long years have passed since the day he suddenly learned otherwise, the emotions have never ebbed: he cried twice while recounting the grim episode of June 9, 1975, to me.

It was 10:30 at night. The Gambonini—Alvin; his wife, Doris; his son, Robert, then 16; and daughters, Doreen, 14, and Alvina, 10—were returning home

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

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FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIDE PUGLIESE

Ladies' hair styled by Wayne Herndon of Masterworks; makeup by Heidi; ladies' fashions styled by Vanessa Murphy.

The winter European collections have long been *le dernier cri* in menswear. Yet many American men have shied away from the extreme styling of continental designers as being "unsuitable" for the professional man. The surprising 1980 collections, however, emphasize American-inspired designs jazzed up with European details to create a wearable look for the U.S. male. Traditionalists will cheer the return of the classics; those who dress a la mode will appreciate the new trends in colors and textures. The international look espoused in European designs will benefit not only those men who go continent-hopping but also those who find that they need a wardrobe that will adapt to both social and business occasions. If you're revamping your closet this year, look for a double-breasted suit with a notched, rather than a peak, lapel; a fuller cut and a lower button placement also typify the look for 1980. Color breaks out of the conservative mold with lighter, brighter, multi-toned, and iridescent treatments. Shoulders are following trends set last year: if they're wider and more built-up, they're in style right now. It all adds up to a round-the-clock, round-the-world wardrobe. What you want now is a suit that would look as appropriate at a 4:00 P.M. business meeting in Zurich as it would at a 9:00 P.M. cocktail party in New York.

PAUL BOYE for Azani Associates
(above) For tailored sportswear, Boye sees a longer jacket, shaped at the waist, with wide shoulders and pants with or without pleats that are narrow at the bottom, in bright fabrics such as terry poplin and seersucker. Here is a yellow cotton-polyester "terry"-look jacket (about $120) with pleated cotton gabardine pants (about $60). Silk bow by Vicky Davis Ltd.; shoes by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia.
NINO CERRUTI 1881 HOMME
(opposite) Wherever fashion may be headed, you can count on Cerruti to infuse his designs with elegance. Emerging as a blend of European flair and American tradition, his green-cotton iridescent "linen look" double-breasted suit (about $490) features mid-width, notched lapels, and gently built-up shoulders. The cotton-polyester shirt (about $28) is Nino Cerruti by Norman Scott, Ltd.; silk tie by Giovannelli; suede shoes by San Remo. Ladies' outfit by Cerruti 1881 Femme. All ladies' shoes available at Charles Jourdan, New York.

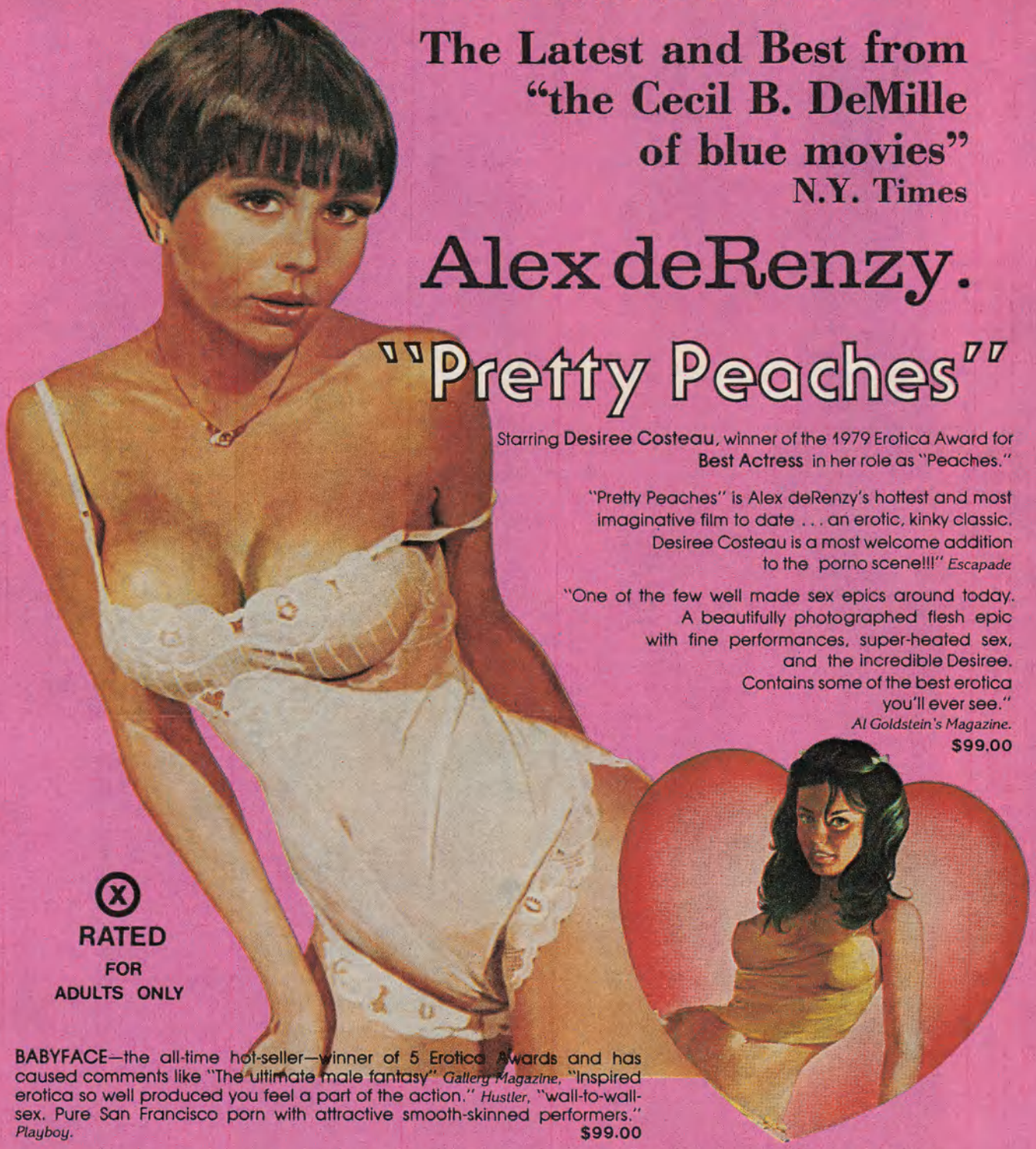
For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see Fashion Finder on page 198

DANIEL HECHTER SPORT
(left) Streamlined simplicity in Hechter's sportswear is the message conveyed by his styling. Subtlety reigns in his colorations and silhouettes, producing a decidedly relaxed mood. Here he tackles the blouson jacket ($180) in a bronze iridescent "satin look" that zips up and has a gray-wool-fleece lining and wool-knit collar. The gray pleated pants ($110) are in a stretch corduroy fabric. The sport shoes are Streetcars by Laconia. Her outfit is by Daniel Hechter.

GIORGIO ARMANI—USA
(right) Italy's premier men's fashion influence, Giorgio Armani, is veering away from the minimally

constructed look that has become his trademark. In 1980 he favors his own interpretation of classic styling, with such personal touches as severely padded shoulders. The shoulders dramatize this new version of the walking jacket ($225) in all-cotton iridescent fabric. The jacket snaps closed, zips up, and is belted. The linen brown-to-gold iridescent pants ($115) are fuller at the hip and narrower at the bottoms. Worn with a cotton-polyester shirt ($55) and slightly wider silk tie ($27.50), the outfit sparks a timeless look. The "lizard look" leather shoes are at Carina Nucci, New York. Her outfit is at the Giorgio Armani boutique, New York.

VIDEO EXCLUSIVE!!!



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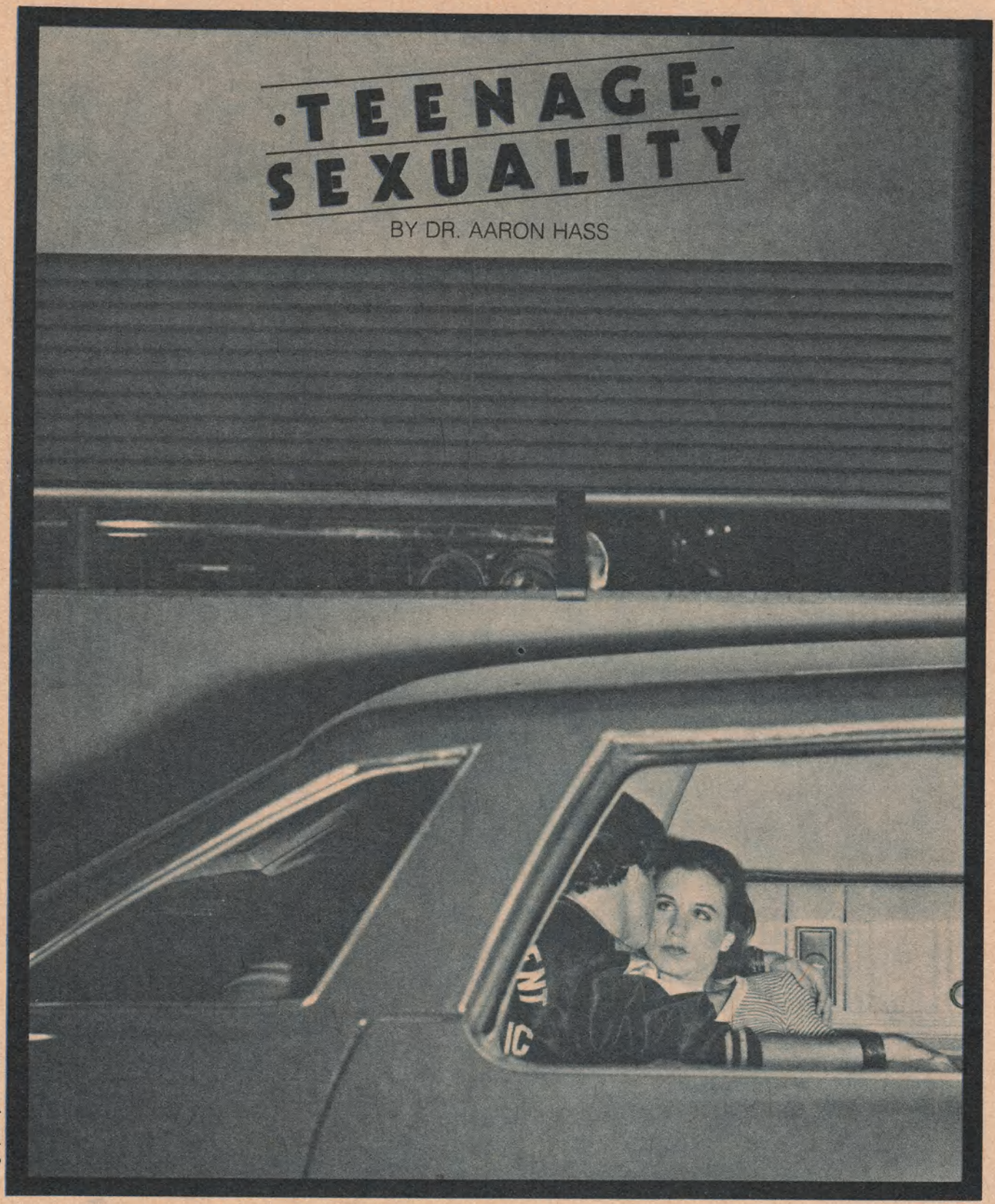
An adolescent *Hite Report* explores the sex lives of today's youth.

TEENAGE SEXUALITY

BY DR. AARON HASS



Photographs by Marc Tauss

One of the most common questions that adults have about their sexuality is "Am I normal?" Most people have varying degrees of anxiety about whether their sexual thoughts, feelings, or activities are in any way unusual.

In recent years there has been a great deal published about adult female and male sexuality. As a result, men and women have had access to information that has let them know they are no longer alone or different.

Until now, teenagers have not had a similar avenue to which they could turn for information. Yet many of their concerns echo those of the adult population. This study on teenage sexual intercourse, excerpted from *Teenage Sexuality* (Macmillan), will, it is hoped, provide them with a reference point. Taken from over 600 interviews, it will help give teen-

Excerpted by permission of Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc. From *Teenage Sexuality* by Dr. Aaron Hass. Copyright © 1979 by Aaron Hass

agers a clearer idea of what other people their age really think and feel about the act of making love.

Age of first experience

Historically, there has been a steady decline in the age at which teenagers have experienced sexual intercourse for the first time. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, Kinsey reported that 3 percent of the women and 10 percent of the men in his survey had lost their virginity by the age of 16. By the age of 19, those figures were 20 percent for females and 72 percent for males.[1] In 1973 Sorenson reported that 30 percent of the females and 44 percent of the males who were interviewed in his sample had engaged in sexual intercourse before the age of 16.[2]

Teenagers who participated in this youth survey were asked, *"How old were you (if ever) when you had sexual intercourse for the first time?"*

Fifty-seven percent of the younger boys, ages 15–16, and 44 percent of the older boys, ages 17–18, had never experienced sexual intercourse.

Forty-three percent of the younger group of boys had sexual intercourse by the age of 16 and 18 percent by the age of 13.

Forty-two percent of the older group of boys had sexual intercourse by the age of 16 and 7 percent by the age of 13.

Sixty-nine percent of the younger girls, ages 15–16, and 56 percent of the older girls, ages 17–18, had never experienced sexual intercourse.

Thirty-one percent of the younger group of girls had sexual intercourse by the age of 16 and 7 percent by the age of 13.

Forty-one percent of the older group of girls had sexual intercourse by the age of 16 and 3 percent by the age of 13.

How many different partners have they had?

All of the teenagers were asked, *"If you have ever had sexual intercourse, about how many people have you had sexual intercourse with?"*

Twenty-three percent of the younger group of male nonvirgins, ages 15–16, had experienced sexual intercourse with one partner.

Nineteen percent of the older group of male nonvirgins, ages 17–18, had experienced sexual intercourse with one partner.

Forty-one percent of the younger group of female nonvirgins, ages 15–16, had experienced sexual intercourse with one partner.

Fifty-two percent of the older group of female nonvirgins, ages 17–18, had experienced sexual intercourse with one partner.

Fifty-four percent of the younger group of boys who were nonvirgins had experienced sexual intercourse with fewer than six partners.

Sixty percent of the older group of boys who were nonvirgins had experienced sexual intercourse with fewer than six partners.

Eighty-five percent of the younger group of girls who were nonvirgins had experienced sexual intercourse with fewer than six partners.

Eighty-three percent of the older group of girls who were nonvirgins had experienced sexual intercourse with fewer than six partners.

Twenty-eight percent of the younger group of boys and 19 percent of the older group of boys who were nonvirgins had experienced sexual intercourse with more than ten different partners.

Seven percent of the younger group of girls and 5 percent of the older group of girls who were nonvirgins had experienced sexual intercourse with more than ten different partners.

Expectations of how it would be

One's first intercourse experience is a significant event for most. A wide range of anticipatory thoughts and feelings is reflected in the reports of the teenagers who participated in this survey. They are important because they may indeed serve as self-fulfilling prophecies and, thus, greatly affect the initial experience. If the teenager believes it will be beautiful, it may indeed increase the chances of its being that way. If he or she is anxious about the pain, the individual will be more tense and, therefore, will increase the potential for a negative experience. Or if the person has totally unrealistic expectations, sex may be disappointing or, possibly, pleasantly surprising.

All of the teenagers were asked, *"Before you ever had sexual intercourse, what did you think it would be like when you did?"* or *"If you have never had sexual intercourse, what do you think it will be like when you do?"*

(15-year-old girl) "Well, I know it will hurt the first time because all my friends have had sexual intercourse. But I think it will be beautiful, loving, meaningful, the most natural thing you can ever do. It will be a sharing of oneself with someone you really care about. It will be very romantic and will leave me with very great pride, warmth, and fulfillment. It will be something I would never want to forget."

(16-year-old girl) "I'm holding out until I'm really sure I can handle it emotionally. I'm sure it will be a beautiful experience even if everything doesn't work out just right because I would only do it with someone I am totally in love with and could understand the difficulties of the first time. I think it will hurt the first time but not so much, because it will be with someone I really love."

(17-year-old boy) "I'd had orgasms before, but I'd heard that a vagina was very hot and tight. I thought it would be great, although I was a little scared as to my performance."

(18-year-old boy) "It will probably be very warm and wet inside her vagina. It will probably feel like masturbating but even more stimulating and climactic."

(17-year-old boy) "I wasn't sure how it would feel when I put my penis in. The first time I was so excited I was shaking. I was disappointed because it was over so

[1]Kinsey, A., et al. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders, 1938.
Kinsey, A., et al. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders, 1953.

[2]Sorenson, R. *Adolescent Sexuality in Contemporary America*. New York: World Publishing, 1973.

quickly. I thought I was going to have a heart attack I was so nervous."

(16-year-old boy) "If the girl is a virgin, it will probably be uncomfortable for both of us. But if she is not a virgin, I imagine I'll like it fine. It will probably be the same sensation for my penis as it is to masturbate in the sheets. But it will be a fuller experience with our whole bodies together in a bond of love. I think holding each other in the foreplay and during the intercourse and after will be just as pleasurable as the actual penetration."

(15-year-old boy) "I really don't know what to expect. I have heard that it is like no other sensation and is more pleasurable than anything. I hope, of course, this is true. I think that it will probably be a sensation similar to a wet dream, yet much more intense and pleasurable."

(17-year-old girl) "I thought it would be more like masturbating—just total pleasure. But it was weird because I felt *so* close to my boyfriend and I wanted to please both of us."

Attitudes about having lost one's virginity

The loss of virginity is, for most teenagers, a significant psychological event. The importance of the event does not lie simply in the physical act of sexual intercourse. The range and intensity of emotions reflect the effects on self-image that are generated by the experience.

I asked all of the adolescents, "*If you have already had sexual intercourse, what were your feelings about losing your virginity?*"

In general, boys reported positive feelings associated with losing their virginity. While many girls also reported positive reactions, they were more likely to evidence conflictual or sometimes negative feelings as well.

One of the most common feelings was an enhanced maturity. Boys most often responded that they were proud and had experienced a sense of accomplishment. They felt more like men. Girls also felt older and more adult, although they did not as often have a corresponding enhanced feeling of being a woman. Evidently there are other events that are more important to their image of themselves as women.

(16-year-old boy) "It was like I had become a man, and I wanted to tell everyone about it."

(18-year-old boy) "Proud. Now I could tell the truth if someone asked me if I had ever had intercourse."

(18-year-old boy) "I felt very relaxed, drained of all worries and cares. I was proud. A little warm all over. I really enjoyed myself. I felt I'd never be the same again. I had taken a step on my way to manhood."

(17-year-old girl) "I felt older, more mature, too, and able to understand more about guys and their attitudes and behavior."

(15-year-old girl) "I thought, *Wow, I did that? I did what all the adults are talking about?* And then I thought, *Why do I have to keep this a secret from them?*"

(18-year-old girl) "Different. All of a sudden I felt experienced."

One indication of the meaningfulness of the event for many teenagers (especially girls) was their desire to have sexual intercourse for the first time with someone they loved or cared about a great deal. Disappointment or guilt was reported when this was not the case.

(17-year-old girl) "In my ideas about premarital sex, I made a resolution to myself that I would not get very physically involved with someone whom I didn't love. With that in mind, when I first had sexual intercourse, I *was* in love and it was very emotionally and physically satisfying."

(17-year-old girl) "I was in love with the guy I lost my virginity to; so I wasn't upset about it. I think if I hadn't cared about the guy so much, I would have regretted it. Also, my best friend at the time lost her virginity around the same time I did; so it seemed right to me."

(16-year-old girl) "At the time I hadn't really taken sex seriously. I think that I was mainly curious to see what sex was like. As a result, I lost my virginity to a guy I didn't like all that much, and now I sort of regret it. Having sex for the first time should be something special."

Boys, more than girls, felt the pressure to meet the standards of their peers. Losing their virginity would enable them to feel comparable.

(15-year-old boy) "I wanted to lose it fast because supposedly all my friends had already lost theirs."

(17-year-old boy) "It was a great feeling. There is a definite pressure to get laid before you get out of high school. Fucking for the first time relieved that pressure that I was feeling and allowed me to have a better relationship with girls."

(15-year-old boy) "I was anxious to do it. I guess a lot of people were lying to build up their ego. But they were always saying how great it was, and I wanted to be part of the crowd."

(16-year-old girl) "I guess I just figured I had to lose it sometime. All my friends were putting me down before; so there was pressure."

Some adolescents were simply relieved and glad it was over with.

(15-year-old boy) "I was always hoping I would lose my virginity at an early age."

(16-year-old boy) "I felt it should be done already. It was something you were supposed to do. So I felt relieved and more of a man."

(16-year-old girl) "It was funny, because just beforehand the word *virginity* was so powerful to me. I did not regret the loss of my virginity at all. In fact, I was glad it was over with."

(17-year-old girl) "I was glad I finally knew what it felt like. I had wanted to experience it for a long time."

Reflecting greater inner and social conflicts, girls were much more likely to report having mixed emotions about the experience. It feels good, but it's wrong. Girls aren't supposed to have sex, but so many do. What will they think of me if I do? What will they think of me if I don't?

(17-year-old girl) "I felt bad. Usually when I'm with my boyfriend, I have two thoughts about having sex. One is: Don't do it—you're too young. And the other is: Why not? It will feel good. When I did it, I was thinking of the second one. But after,

I felt I shouldn't have done it, because I didn't really love him."

(18-year-old girl) "Mixed. I want men to love me for myself. I was quite *relieved* in a sense, because it's something I anticipated for a long time. I felt *loved*, because I knew my boyfriend loved me. I also felt *scared*, because I thought I would be different, act different, and look different. When I got home that night, I remember looking carefully at myself in the mirror. I looked the same and felt very good!"

(17-year-old girl) "At first I felt disgusted with myself. I felt like I was the only girl who had ever had intercourse at sixteen. I felt kind of cheap and slutty. But a day or so later, I felt that I had no reason to be disgusted, that it is a human instinct. And besides, we loved each other; so it wasn't sex: it was love."

For some teenagers, it was "no big deal." There were no feelings of loss and very little thought afterward about the experience.

(16-year-old boy) "I didn't even think about losing my virginity. I mean, why would it matter? I could see how it would matter if I was a girl. It's more intense for girls to lose their virginity, because they bleed and it hurts them. Also, some girls think that they want to be virgins until they get married; so it's a more emotional decision for them."

(16-year-old boy) "I thought it would make my voice deeper or make me more macho or something after it happened. I still walked the same way, and I realized that it wasn't such a big deal. Just another way of getting pleasure."

(15-year-old girl) "No big deal. I never really thought about it that much. I don't really know why some girls think it's such a big thing. I mean, it's just part of life."

Some teenagers were disappointed by the experience. It was not so pleasurable as they imagined it would be. Perhaps it was disappointing because of unrealistically high expectations, or because their inexperience interfered with their deriving maximum pleasure from the activity. For some girls, pain was the overriding sensation.

(18-year-old boy) "Kind of cheated. It didn't live up to my fantasies. It wasn't as great as I expected."

(17-year-old boy) "I was happy and relieved that I had finally done it. But sort of depressed in that it was not all it was cracked up to be."

(16-year-old boy) "Discouraged and happy. Discouraged because it really wasn't what everybody said it was. Happy, though, because I had accomplished it."

(16-year-old girl) "It wasn't what I expected. It was painful, and the guy didn't seem to care about how I was feeling. I was scared my father would come home and relieved when it was over. I wanted the guy to hold me. I just wanted to be close to him and feel cared for."

(16-year-old girl) "Sore."

How did they learn?

The range and intensity of emotions associated with one's first sexual encounter are apparent. Some of those feelings, in all likelihood, were influenced by how comfortable or pleasurable the experience was for the individual. The degree of comfort or pleasure derived may, in turn, have been affected by how successful the person was in managing or performing the act itself.

Because it is one's first encounter with this particular sexual activity, its "success" takes on wider proportions. If it is experienced as unpleasurable, the individual may avoid it and be under the misconception that the *act* of sexual intercourse is unpleasant. In addition, for many individuals sexual intercourse is equated with "mature" sex. If one thinks, therefore, that his or her initial attempt was a failure in some way, this view may negatively color the person's self-image as a man or a woman.

Adolescents receive little, if any, prior instruction about sexual intercourse. Yet their anticipatory anxiety causes them to seek information. I asked teenagers, *"If you have ever had sexual intercourse, how did you learn how to do it?"*

Many teenagers were helped by feedback or instruction from their partners.

(17-year-old girl) "My boyfriend and I learned together just by helping each other to learn what the other needed and wanted."

(15-year-old girl) "The man I was with showed me."

(17-year-old girl) "The guy was very experienced, and I picked up on his lead."

(17-year-old boy) "My partner and I just learned from each other."

(17-year-old boy) "The girl I was with helped me a lot. The books and movies just didn't make it. I was glad that I was with a girl who was experienced and comfortable enough with me to help."

(18-year-old boy) "I was having a heavy petting session with a girl I liked, and she asked me to make love to her. I said I didn't know how; so she showed me."

Some teenagers braved the awkwardness and simply relied on experience.

(16-year-old boy) "Just by trial and error."

(17-year-old boy) "I just did what I thought was right."

(15-year-old boy) "My partner was a virgin; so I wasn't worried too much. I knew where the hole was, and I felt around until I could find it. Everything else just came naturally."

(17-year-old boy) "I really didn't know how. I knew where to put it, but I didn't know how to go about it. I was confused about what a girl was like down there."

(16-year-old girl) "By experience and experimenting."

(17-year-old girl) "I knew it all came naturally; so I didn't worry about it. But I know more now than when I first did it, just from trying different things."

(18-year-old girl) "By experience with different guys. Talking to my friends about it helped a little. But mostly just by doing it."

Some teenagers reported talking to friends or siblings. However, those talks are often lighthearted or vague.

(16-year-old boy) "I hung around with older guys, and they joked about it. There are probably a lot of things I do wrong that I don't know about. I still don't feel that I really know what I'm doing."

(16-year-old boy) "My older brother talked to me about it, but it was pretty general, and I don't think I had a very clear idea of what it was all about."

Magazines, books, and, for a few boys, pornographic movies provided a source of information to teenagers.

(17-year-old boy) "I saw it done in some stag films, but it was pretty gross."

(18-year-old boy) "The basic way: by word of mouth. We kid around about it in the gym. Sometimes the topic will come up, and you compare notes."

(16-year-old girl) "I read some books that described it."

A large number of adolescents mentioned "instinct" or reported that "it just came naturally."

(17-year-old girl) "It isn't something you learn. It is something you feel so naturally that it happens without really thinking how to do it."

(17-year-old girl) "It's natural. It just happens. One person takes the initiative, usually, as to whether to move or stay still, to lie down or stand up. You just move with the other person. Your bodies become very self-sufficient. They start moving and pulsating without thought."

(17-year-old boy) "I just did what came naturally."

Significant gender differences emerged from reports by girls and boys about sexual intercourse. Because of greater social constraints on the expression of their sexuality, females felt a need for a greater emotional commitment before proceeding to intercourse; engaged in that activity more discriminately (i.e., with fewer partners); and, because of greater conflict, derived less pleasure from the act itself. Boys, on the other hand, labored under intensified performance anxieties in fulfilling their assumed role of "leading the way." In addition, fewer social restraints on males generate more direct, less ambiguous pressures from peers to be sexually active and assert one's manliness.

Adolescents would benefit from sex education dealing with the "mechanics" of sexual intercourse. Instruction would relieve anticipatory anxiety, enable the individual to derive greater pleasure from the act, and, perhaps, instill more realistic expectations. However, in addition to learning the how-tos, teenagers should have an opportunity to discuss the *meaning* for them of this obviously significant event.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU LIKE YOURSELF?

TEST YOUR SELF-ESTEEM

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions that tell if you're conceited or defeated.

PSYCHOGRAPH

There's nothing like a chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" to bring on a bout of introspection. The new year has a way of prompting us to look at ourselves honestly. It's a time when we look back at the year past and ahead to the year to come, and ask ourselves questions like these: "Am I any good?" "Am I doing as well as I'd like to?" "Am I a total schmuck?"

Your feelings about yourself are close to the surface during this part of the year; consequently, it's a good time to measure your self-esteem.

Self-esteem—our opinion of ourselves—plays a crucial role in our lives. It's a shock absorber that enables us to endure the rebuffs of the cruel world without falling apart. The man who lacks sufficient reserves of self-esteem operates under a severe handicap. It's bad enough if everyone thinks you're a zero, but if you think so, too, life can become unbearable.

Early on, psychologists recognized the importance of self-esteem. William James, the father of modern psychology, explored the concept in *The Principles of Psychology*. James defined self-esteem with a formula:

$$\text{self-esteem} = \frac{\text{pretensions}}{\text{successes}}$$

That definition, or some refinement of it, continues to be used today. What it boils down to is this: our self-esteem depends upon how our image of our real selves compares with our idealized vision of what we'd like to be. If a man feels he has come close to realizing his ideal plans for himself, he is likely to be high in self-esteem. If he feels he has failed miserably to achieve the goals he has set for himself, he is likely to be low in self-esteem.

Self-esteem doesn't affect our ability to achieve goals so much as it does our ability to enjoy what we've achieved. The man who always wanted to be president but never got any higher than secretary of state may be low in self-esteem because his achievement didn't match his idealized goal. On the other hand, the man who always wanted to be a shoe salesman may enjoy a high level of self-esteem if he does indeed spend his life selling shoes. Actually, it has been found that men with low self-esteem often perform better and achieve more than do men with high self-esteem; yet they're miserable because they assume everybody else is doing better than they are.

We've reviewed dozens of the most current and most important studies in the field, including such seminal works as Stanley Coopersmith's *Antecedents of Self-Esteem*. (Coopersmith's research at the Davis campus of the University of California has become a standard against which research in this field is measured. He has developed some of the basic questionnaires used to assess self-esteem.)

Answer the questions on this psychograph quickly and honestly. There are no right or wrong answers. Your initial impulse after reading a question is likely to be the most accurate.

1. Here are two groups of activities. If you had to choose between them, which would appeal more to you?
   (a) football, beer drinking, muscle building, love-'em-and-leave-'em sex, heavy-metal rock music
   (b) classical music, attending museums, wine tasting, politics, a strong emotional relationship with one woman at a time

2. When you do a job, do you usually do it well?
   (a) yes, most of the time
   (b) sometimes, but it depends upon the job
   (c) no, I usually mess things up

3. Do you often feel that you're not making any progress in life?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely

4. If someone wanted to learn how to do your job, would you be a good role model for him?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Are most people more popular than you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. When you were a kid, did you often want to leave home?
   (a) yes, all the time
   (b) sometimes, especially after my parents had become angry with me
   (c) rarely

7. Have you ever wished you were someone else?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) occasionally
   (c) rarely
   (d) never

8. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "I have a lot of trouble making up my mind"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

9. When you're in a locker room, do you generally keep your genitals covered as much as possible with a towel or your undershorts?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. After you've been living with a woman for a while (or once you've established at least a semiregular relationship with her), do you feel comfortable going to the bathroom with the door open while she's around?
    (a) absolutely not
    (b) it would have to be a very intimate relationship; even then I'm not sure I'd be comfortable
    (c) sure, once you've done everything together in bed, there's no reason to get modest when you step into the bathroom

11. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "I don't deserve most of the good things that happen to me"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

12. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I believe that, if I had to, I could cope with just about anything"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

13. How shy are you?
    (a) very shy
    (b) about average
    (c) it depends upon whom I'm with: sometimes I'm shy; sometimes I'm outgoing
    (d) I'd say I'm an extrovert; I'm not shy at all

14. How would you say you compare overall with other people of your age and background?
    (a) I'm at least as good as most, if not better
    (b) I'm much, much better than most
    (c) I suppose I'm about average
    (d) I'm probably worse
    (e) I'm definitely worse

15. Do you enjoy speaking in public?
    (a) yes
    (b) not particularly, but I'll do it when it's necessary
    (c) no, I hate it

16. You're sitting with a group of people at a party. A subject comes up on which you have an opinion contrary to that held by the others. The subject is such that if you voice your opinion, you will probably start an argument because the other people obviously feel very strongly about it. In addition, your opinion is likely to make you look stodgy and old-fashioned in the eyes of the trendy folks

you're with. How are you likely to act?
(a) I speak up and let the chips fall where they may; if my opinions anger people, that's their problem, not mine
(b) if the subject is important to me, I'll speak up; if not, I'll let it pass; it's not worth causing trouble over something of minor importance
(c) I'll probably keep quiet; I hate having people angry with me, and, besides, there's a good chance my opinion is wrong anyway

17. Do you have a hard time giving constructive criticism even though you know it might help?
(a) If I see a better way, I'll almost always offer constructive criticism even to people I don't know well
(b) I'll offer advice to close friends or to people who ask for it, but I don't really like butting in
(c) I rarely criticize anyone; people usually don't want advice

18. Do you think you waste a lot of time?
(a) yes
(b) I waste some time, but probably no more than most people do
(c) no

19. Do you think you're overly concerned with inner, personal problems?
(a) yes, I often brood about my problems
(b) I am, but not so much that I stop paying attention to the outside world
(c) no

20. Take five minutes (and absolutely no more). Think of five sentences that would answer the question "Who are you?" Write down the first ideas that come to mind. You don't have much time.

SCORING

Every answer on this psychograph has been assigned a point value. Find the point values of the answers you chose on the list below. Add them up for your total score.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-1, b-3, c-5
4. a-5, b-1
5. a-1, b-5
6. a-1, b-3, c-5
7. a-1, b-3, c-5, d-1
8. a-1, b-5
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-1, b-3, c-5
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-5, b-1
13. a-1, b-3, c-3, d-5
14. a-5, b-1, c-3, d-2, e-1
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-5, b-3, c-1
18. a-1, b-3, c-5
19. a-1, b-3, c-5
20. Give yourself three points for each sentence that reflects positively on yourself, two points for each sentence that is neutral or descriptive, one point for each sentence reflecting negative characteristics.

WHAT YOUR SCORE MEANS

The highest possible score on this psychograph is 110 points; the lowest is 24 points.

If you scored 83–110 points:

You show an extremely high level of self-esteem. People in this category consider themselves valuable, important, productive members of society. They have confidence in their ideas and assume that events will usually prove their positions to have been correct. People like you tend to be among the more creative, nonconforming folks in this world. They enjoy taking on challenges that other people avoid, and they don't become frustrated if it takes them a while to master new skills or areas of knowledge. They are often the innovative scientists or artists in our society. Because of their strong belief in themselves, they're not afraid to admit to unpopular opinions and are willing to take the flak that comes with publicly expounding unorthodox positions. Men like you enjoy sex for its own sake, not as a conquest or a notch on your gun belt. They also tend to win friends easily, as their obvious autonomy and zest for new experiences make them attractive (if occasionally overbearing) companions.

Now for the bad news. Men with high self-esteem sometimes have a tendency to look down on other people and to devalue their opinions. They are often seen by others as brusque, impolite, blunt, and manipulative. Men like you may be so convinced of their own superiority that they overlook the good ideas and suggestions of others. They also have a tendency to shut out negative information about themselves. (If this negative information *is* able to break through the barrier of self-confidence, it can produce devastating emotional effects when these men are forced to confront the fact that they might not be so perfect as they thought.)

53–82 points:

Your moderate level of self-esteem gives you a more balanced, realistic outlook on yourself and the world than people with either very high or very low self-esteem have. You probably share many of the characteristics that typify men with high levels of self-esteem. However, you don't possess them to the same exaggerated degree. You feel that basically you're a decent, competent guy, but you may have periods of doubt. People like you make good managers and supervisors. They've got the smarts to do the job, but they also have a sensitivity to the needs and failings of those who have to work with them. Sometimes you may find yourself caught in an emotional middle ground—unsure whether your should follow your instincts or the safer paths already charted by others. Chances are, however, that you'll make an accurate assessment of the situation and choose the more productive route.

24–52 points:

Boy, do you have a lousy opinion of yourself! You're in imminent danger of being mistaken for a doormat instead of a human being. People with low levels of self-esteem believe that they are neither important nor likable. They feel that anything they do will be second-rate and that their ideas aren't even worth listening to. Consequently, their lives tend to become self-fulfilling prophecies. When such people join groups, they tend to hide in the background. They don't speak up. They let others dominate. Because they have no faith in their own opinions, they take refuge in conformity. They are likely to be more authoritarian and attached to tried-and-true solutions. They often fall to pieces when they think their performance will be watched or judged.

Such men sometimes have more neuroses than do the entire cast of a Woody Allen movie. They are introverted and preoccupied with their inner problems. Ironically, this doesn't help them solve these problems. They brood, and the more they brood, the more convinced they become that their problems are insoluble. While such men may be torturing themselves inside, they often present a placid face to the world. They tend to be neat, reliable, prompt, and modest.

The thing to remember is that people with low self-esteem are rarely as inept, dense, dumb, stupid, or inferior as they think they are. In fact, they often perform better than other people. A recent experiment conducted by psychologists Joel Brockner and A. J. Blethyn-Hulton, confirmed this. They found students with low self-esteem outperformed those with high self-esteem as long as they focused only on the task at hand. Concentration is the key. When you have to do something, just *do* it. Don't start judging yourself before you've finished and don't let yourself be distracted by what other people might think of your performance. Just do it. You might be pleasantly surprised at the results.

"The next bunch may require special handling, sir. It appears they were all pardoned by the president."

Treasure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

raise more money to finance the daily diving operations.

Then, in March 1975, came a crucial U.S. Supreme Court decision establishing once and for all Florida coastal boundaries. As a result of this, Fisher was able to establish without question the fact that the *Atocha* was at least *seven miles* outside of Florida waters. Fisher's lawyer, David Paul Horan, immediately filed suit to gain possession of the galleon.

That's when the state of Florida got a powerful new ally: the U.S. government, under the guise of the Division of Underwater Archaeology, Department of the Interior. "One of their lawyers told me, 'You can't afford to fight us. Regardless of whether we're right or wrong, we'll keep you in litigation so long we'll bankrupt you,'" Horan recalls. And that's exactly what began to happen. News of Mel Fisher's battle with Uncle Sam scared off investors. A federal judge set a trial date in late 1976, and Treasure Salvors begged to have the case heard sooner. "We were going under," Horan explains.

But in February 1976 U.S. District Judge William Mehrtens issued a summary judgment in Mel Fisher's favor. The ruling was that Fisher alone was entitled to the *Atocha* fortune. The jubilant treasure hunters partied at Key West's posh Pier House hotel. Fisher celebrated along with his crew, but it was clear that he didn't really understand the full impact of Mehrtens's decision.

"What exactly does this mean?" he finally asked.

"It means," McHaley told him, "we won it all."

But the federal government refused to give up. Against the advice of Solicitor General Robert Bork, the Justice Department appealed Judge Mehrtens's order to the Fifth Circuit Court sitting in New Orleans. Government lawyers claimed that the department had rights to the *Atocha* based on the Antiquities Act of 1906, the Abandoned Property Act, and the title of "sovereign prerogative."

It was a novel approach, virtually ignoring the U.S. Supreme Court ruling that put the *Atocha* far from any government's territorial grasp. Sovereign prerogative is a concept dating back to English common law, whereby a citizen of the realm claims all foreign prizes for the king. In effect, the U.S. government was arguing that, under this common law, Mel Fisher claimed the galleon *Atocha* for his country!

Incredulous, David Horan told the three-judge panel: "I submit to you today that the U.S. *has* reawakened the sovereign prerogative of English kings. But the sovereign prerogative they've reawakened is called The Right of the First Night—the right of the king to ravish any maiden on her wedding night. In this case, we are getting similar treatment."

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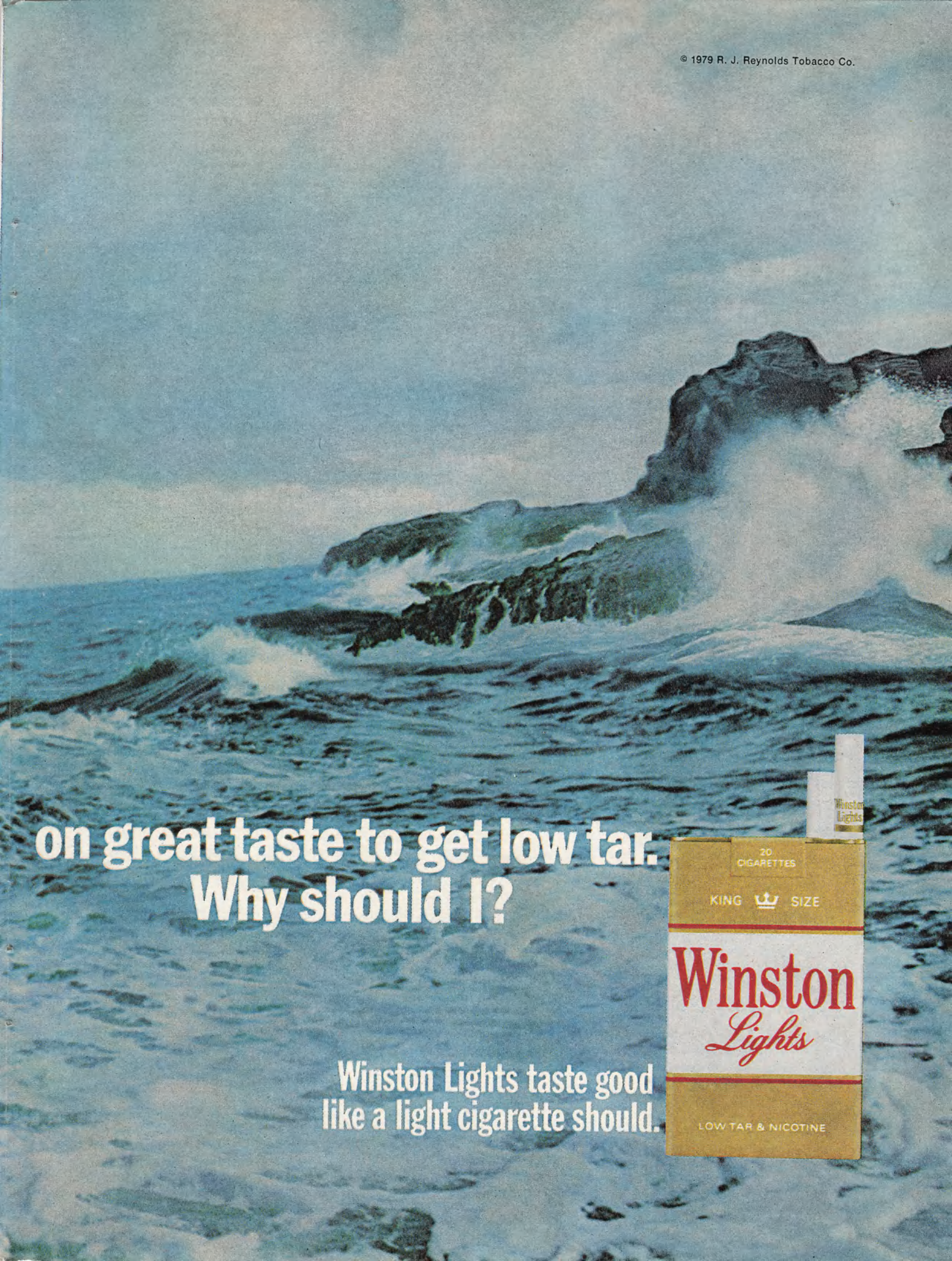

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Hypnotherapy is a relatively new way to treat sexual problems, but it's catching on fast—and for good reason. Many patients lose their sexual hang-ups with amazing speed, and noted hypnotherapist Elroy Schwartz documents a startling case history.

The judges ruled unanimously in Mel Fisher's favor. The victory capped a wretched 14 months, during which The Galleon had popped a few leaks and sunk and the *Virgalona* had been repossessed. "It looked really bad," says Claudia Linzee, a Vassar graduate who is Fisher's staff archeologist. Fortunately, one of Mel's friends in Key West bought the *Virgalona* when it came up for public auction and then sold it back to him.

Linzee recalls that week after week Fisher was unable to pay his crew. To compensate, he doled out bits of *Atocha* treasure to his divers, and more than a few artifacts turned up as credit in Key West bars and grocery stores.

Worst of all, though, was the fact that 1977 passed with no major finds on the wreck site. An inventory of the state archives building in Tallahassee turned up more than 3,000 *Atocha* items—daggers, muskets, and silver bars as well as debris—with an estimated worth of $2.3 million. The cache represented just a tiny fraction of the *Atocha*'s known cargo; the rest paved unexplored stretches of Gulf seabed, and until Mel Fisher could find it, it wasn't doing him a bit of good.

To stay afloat, Treasure Salvors needed the loot held by the state of Florida. In his negotiations with state officials, Fisher repeatedly had offered to *donate* 25 percent of the treasure; all he asked was that the state award him title to it so that his investors could claim the artifacts as a tax write-off. The state declined, even after there was little doubt that the courts were going against its position. Eventually, Fisher decided to stake his legal claim to the Tallahassee portion of the treasure: Horan filed suit to prove that all the treasure actually belonged to Fisher.

"I finally got an order from the judge, ordering the arrest of the treasure," Horan said. "We flew up there and said, 'Here's the warrant.' That's when they went absolutely berserk."

State officials were dumbfounded. Squinting into the glare of television lights, they said they had no authority to turn over the treasure. A state lawyer threw Judge Mehrtens's order back at David Horan and then shoved the federal marshal assigned to confiscate the *Atocha* artifacts. By the end of the day, the state had won a temporary order postponing delivery of the treasure. Mel Fisher—who had flown to Tallahassee, wearing a T-shirt emblazoned "Today's the Day!"—went back to Key West crestfallen. The state said that it needed time to take an inventory and clean the artifacts. "Over five years they had it!" Horan stormed. "All this time and the coins were still in plastic buckets."

The final blow against the state of Florida came in August 1978. In a scathing, sharply written opinion, U.S. District Judge Mehrtens commanded state officials to give Mel Fisher the *Atocha* treasure and leave him alone forever.

"As grave as the perils of the sea are and were, the gravest perils to the treasure itself came not from the sea but from two unlikely sources, agents of two governments," Mehrtens wrote.

"It would amaze and surprise most citizens of this country, when their dreams at the greatest of costs were realized, that agents of respective governments would, on the most flimsy of grounds, lay claim to the treasure. . . .

"The public policy of Florida," the district judge concluded, "does not tolerate misguided state employees trampling upon the basic constitutional rights of its citizens. . . ."

Instantly, the state of Florida appealed Mehrtens's ruling. "We upset their applecart," says Fisher. "We proved they had no right to be in the treasure-hunting business. That's what got them worried."

To guarantee the safety of the *Atocha* artifacts, Fisher's attorney demanded that the state post a bond of $1.5 million—the estimated value of just the coins it held from Fisher's find. A judge agreed. Then, in one more example of incredible irony, a lawyer for the state rose in open court and announced that the state of Florida simply could not come up with a $1.5 million cash bond. Mel Fisher had outlasted his opponents; he had turned the tables. In one of the more unusual judicial orders in Florida history, the court ordered the state to cough up either $1.5 million in U.S. currency or 1,000 gold *escudos*—the old Spanish coins recovered by Mel Fisher from the shipwreck. Florida's lawyers just shrugged.

Again Fisher flew to Tallahassee, and again the state officials glared into the television lights and declared they weren't ready to give up the gold. This time Judge Mehrtens ordered them all arrested; under threat of being hauled away to a federal prison, Florida officials relented. By December Mel Fisher had regained possession of all his treasure—well, almost all of it.

There's the bewildering matter of the missing artifacts. Court testimony last fall revealed that the state of Florida managed to misplace or destroy 523 artifacts worth about $400,000—including a five-carat emerald mounted in a rare golden poison chalice. "There are no missing items," Robert Williams insists. "The report said, 'missing in cleaning.' I guess we used the wrong language. In the process of cleaning artifacts that are covered with coral, sometimes the iron itself is not there anymore . . . the coral itself becomes a mold. When that happens, we say it was lost in cleaning."

As for the missing emerald, Williams says, "There never was an emerald." He says the chalice actually held a small, blue stone of polished glass. It disintegrated in a state vault, he says.

"I'm getting burned for something I haven't done," moaned state curator Curtis Peterson. "Every time I go in a bar, some guy says, 'Where's the emerald, Curtis?' "

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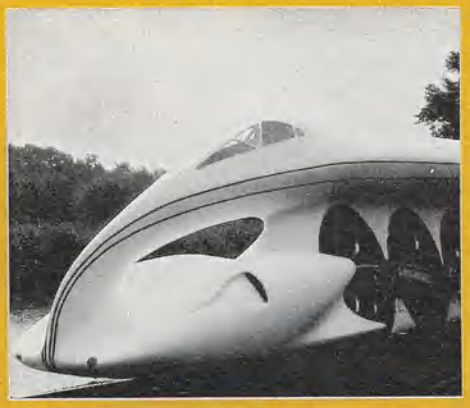
THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE DECEMBER 18

UNDERGROUND

MAN AND MONKEY

ALLIE



COLANI

UNDERGROUND ARCHITECTURE—Trees grow in the Lierlys' front yard. But it never rains. The Lierlys' house cost less than other Oklahoma homes its size, and it uses perhaps a third as much energy. And grass grows on the roof. Like a surprising number of American families, Price and Sylvia Lierly live underground. There are at least 3,000 subterranean homes in the United States today, and office buildings and even shopping centers are following them into the earth. For a look at why the caveman's ancient home may be the best housing for the coming decades, see the January *Omni*.

LOOKING BACK AT C-21—Algirdies Eunan Olgierd Huth—Allie, as most of us know her—embodied the best in biotechnology in the primitive year 2000. Gene mapping, artificial fertilization, and a host mother combined to guarantee she would be the most capable child her genetic parents could produce. Allie was the first person born in the twenty-first century. In this record of her first 100 years, she traces the revolutions in medicine, education, government, and personal freedom that electronics, bio-, and psychotechnology have brought about. The tale, told to science writer G. Harry Stine before Allie left for the stars in the first faster-than-light ship, appears in this month's *Omni*.

COLANI—"There are no straight lines in nature," says engineer Luigi Colani. So he's thrown away his straightedge to design aircraft, autos, and furniture that curve into the future. Colani grew up in Berlin and trained there at the Academy of Art. Today, after three decades of sculpting home and industrial products, he just may be Europe's best-known designer. In a stunning pictorial, January's *Omni* will show you the look of tomorrow.

BETWEEN MAN AND MONKEY—Get ready for the most important words uttered in the twentieth century: "Baby in my drink." They were said by Washoe, a chimpanzee that speaks American Sign Language, also used by the deaf. Washoe is the property—or perhaps the colleague—of Dr. Roger Fouts, a University of Oklahoma psychologist pioneering in the field of interspecies communication. Washoe and many other talkative simians are telling us man is not alone anymore. The January issue of *Omni* holds all their gossip.

Mel Fisher says he has photographs to prove that the emerald and other missing artifacts really existed. "I don't care if I ever get them back; I really don't," he sighs. "The important thing is we beat the state of Florida. I let my heart pour out at that trial. They were insinuating we were pirates, destroying artifacts, when in fact the opposite was true."

The state of Florida has not given up. Its lawyers, who agree that the Supreme Court decision places the *Atocha* outside of Florida waters, now argue that the wreck site was *inside* Florida boundaries when Fisher originally signed the salvage contract. Fisher contends that the Supreme Court ruling is retroactive, establishing territorial rights as they are and always have been.

Last August Mel Fisher suddenly decided to test the Supreme Court decision. He returned to the site of his first major discovery, the 1715 fleet lying off Fort Pierce, and raised a becrusted cannon off the galleon *Amirante*.

Fisher hauled the cannon to shore, where a federal marshal was supposed to seize it on behalf of the U.S. government. This would put the issue of salvage rights squarely in federal court.

Unfortunately, the U.S. marshal was late—too late for Fisher. Instead, Fisher was greeted by an angry committee of state officials, including Sonny Cockrell, Florida's chief underwater archeologist.

Cockrell told Fisher that he was going to jail for "stealing" the cannon. Stealing it from whom? wondered Fisher.

A few days later, U.S. District Judge Sidney M. Aronovitz ordered the state of Florida to surrender all artifacts from the 1715 fleet to a federal marshal. The issue of ownership was to be decided in federal court under maritime law.

Fisher and his lawyers were delighted. But when the treasure hunter walked out of the Miami courtroom, he was arrested on grand-larceny charges for the "crime" of removing the cannon from the *Amirante*. The state of Florida is planning a vigorous prosecution.

Booked into the Dade County jail on August 23, 1979, Fisher was released after posting a $2,500 bond. At this writing a trial date has not yet been set.

The legal tug-of-war annoys Fisher beyond words. To him the struggle has been less an injustice than a costly, silly distraction. "It's a big nuisance to him; that's exactly what he feels the whole damn thing is. That's the only way the man can survive," David Horan says. "If he had to look forward to the years and years of bullshit he's put up with, he'd never have found the *Atocha*."

The fate of the recovered *Atocha* treasure is undetermined, but all plans involve money. Treasure Salvors needs money badly to send out the dive boats, to pay back creditors, to get out from under a tidal wave of legal fees. Some of the artifacts will go to Fisher's 80-odd investors, to be sold off, displayed in

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museums, or donated for the tax benefits. Bleth McHaley says Treasure Salvors has received a firm offer of $4 million for the small selection of *Atocha* matériel on exhibit in The Galleon. Fisher is hoping to get $7 million for the collection.

"On paper Mel's a multimillionaire. On paper we're all millionaires," McHaley says. "Mel has no interest in money."

"To say we're interested only in gold is ridiculous," Jack Haskins says. "This isn't the way to make money. We do it for the history, for the romance. I don't know any rich treasure hunters. Did you ever see where Mel lives?"

Fisher's home is an old houseboat. He drives a 1969 Mercury, which he bought for $600. His salary as Treasure Salvors' president is listed at $22,000, but Fisher says he has never been paid that much. His wealth on paper is considerable, because he is a major stockholder in the company. The question of exactly how much treasure has been recovered from the *Atocha* is yet to be settled. In court Fisher testified that his crews have raised about $6 million worth of artifacts; others have estimated a total of $18 million.

"It's worth," Mel Fisher says, "whatever you can get for it."

Fisher's annual payroll is running about $180,000. Divers get about $70 a week; they live rent-free on the boats. In times of rough seas and stormy legal battles, months have passed during which the crew lived off the meager earnings of The Galleon's tourist trade. In typically vague and foggy fashion, Fisher estimates that his quest for the *Atocha* has cost him three, four, maybe even five million dollars. "I had an accountant figure it up once," he says.

And profits? Just about zero. The governments of Florida and the United States tied up the treasure for so long that Fisher says he's had to sell off valuable relics just to pay investors and creditors. "I've never had enough left over for me."

He also has a peculiar habit of giving it away. Three years ago Queen Sophia of Spain visited the United States, and Fisher arranged to present her with one of the *Atocha*'s mossy cannons. The ceremony was scheduled at the opening of the National Geographic Society's Explorer's Hall in Washington, D.C.

Mel Fisher was not exactly awestruck by royalty and probably would have shown more respect to a moray eel. "Hey, Sophie," he called to the queen at one point. "Look at this." Then he pulled a gold bar from his pants pocket.

"Is it real?" asked Queen Sophia.

At this remark, another treasure hunter might have bridled, feigned insult, or begun to boast. Not Mel Fisher. It was not the first time he heard the question, and it won't be the last. It *is* real, he replied politely. It's real, all right.

Mel Fisher doesn't spend much time these days picking the *Atocha*'s crumbling bones. Having found her—the grand triumph—he's left the salvage chores to his divers. Fisher's job is to keep the mission afloat by scouting up new investors like the curious plastic surgeon from Chicago. Fisher talks grandiosely of a tourist exhibit "bigger and better than King Tut" to display the riches of the *Atocha*: a golden chalice, silver candlesticks, a priceless astrolabe, a mortar and pestle, swords, muskets, silver ingots, jewelry, and doubloons.

Fisher's pitch to tourists, if they're lucky enough to find him aboard The Galleon, is romantic and unabashedly embellished. Fisher delights in telling people that his divers found a coke spoon on the *Atocha* wreck site. Everyone believes him; Key Wester Tom McGuane even wrote about it in his latest book. And it certainly *looks* like a coke spoon. The trouble is that the South Americans didn't start powdering coca leaves until a century or so after the *Atocha* went down. Mel Fisher's "coke spoon," it seems, was used by the Spaniards for cleaning out ear wax.

"He has his own ... interpretation," shrugs archeologist Claudia Linzee. "He thought it sounded good."

These days a 187-foot converted Coast Guard buoy-tender named the *Arbutus* is anchored possessively over the *Atocha*'s grave. Two of Fisher's wiry young divers are aboard at all times. During the calm days of summer, when the boats are out sifting for treasure daily, Fisher sometimes shows up unexpectedly at the dive site. Even at 58, the young divers say, Fisher is remarkably graceful underwater, poking contentedly through the silt, eagerly peering for the first clue to the main ballast, the mother lode.

"He has *Atocha* on the brain," explains Claudia Linzee. "His nature tends to be slow and bumbly, but his mind says, 'We're gonna get it.' He seems to have this inner voice telling him what to do."

"I figure a year and a half," Fisher says optimistically. He saunters over to a glass display case, edges between two pink tourists, and points to a dull lump of heavy metal. "Silver," he says. It seems a group of potential investors has arrived quietly in Key West. Secretly, they utilized a sophisticated silver detector in aerial surveys of the *Atocha* site and were rewarded with some "very positive" readings. These mysterious visitors have sought an audience with Mel Fisher to talk about a deal: their magic machine in return for a piece of the *Atocha* action. Fisher, as usual, is happy to talk treasure, and he awaits their arrival.

"See that? That's a silver ingot." He taps on the glass. "There's nine hundred more of them out there on the *Atocha*, and we're going to find them. This week!"

If you didn't know who Mel Fisher was, you might be tempted to laugh at his declaration, to dismiss him as just another sunstruck denizen of Key West. Except for one thing. Hanging proudly from Mel Fisher's neck is a gold doubloon, a real one. Dazzling, blinding, beautiful.

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

air-force bases in Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: No. There are no foreign bases in Vietnam. We have given them permission to transit; that is all.

Penthouse: Are there any Soviet troops or military advisors in Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: Even during the American war we did not have such advisers or troops. We don't need them; we don't need foreign troops. The Chinese proposed having troops in our country in 1966 or 1967, and we refused.

Penthouse: But weren't there Chinese construction battallions working in Vietnam during the 1960s?

Pham Van Dong: Yes, but only in building roads north of Hanoi. We had a lot of them building roads. But it was a bad experience, because they later used those roads to invade our country. The men who built the roads came back to invade our country. That was a bad lesson for us.

Penthouse: Are there Russian technicians or workers now engaged in building roads or other facilities in Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: No. We need them only for sophisticated technology, not for labor. We have plenty of labor.

Penthouse: What are your views on SALT II?

Pham Van Dong: Together with the peace-loving forces the world over, we warmly welcome the recent signing of the Treaty on Limitation of Strategic Arms. We consider it an important development in the struggle for the relaxation of international tensions that will lead to general and complete disarmament. At the same time, we sternly condemn imperialism and those who are feverishly engaging in the arms race, those who increase war preparations and threaten world peace.

Penthouse: Why did you sever relations with the Pol Pot Marxist government in Cambodia, which was your former ally, and go to war on December 24, 1978?

Pham Van Dong: With regard to the aggressive war unleashed by the Pol Pot government at the southwestern border of Vietnam, I must say we exercised utmost restraint. We have persisted in negotiation, through the U.N. secretary-general, the Non-Aligned Movement, and a number of friendly countries, for the purpose of finding a peaceful solution to the conflict. When the Pol Pot government intensified the war and unilaterally severed diplomatic relations with Vietnam, the government of Vietnam still maintained diplomatic relations with Cambodia and put forth a three-point proposal, on February 5, 1978, which enjoyed the warm applause of world opinion. In March 1978, Vietnam again requested that his excellency, the minister for foreign affairs of Sri Lanka [Ceylon] in his capacity as chairman of the Non-Aligned Movement, help the two sides come to the negotiating table. But this was categorically rejected by the Cambodian side. In July 1978, at the ministerial meeting of the nonaligned countries in Belgrade, Vietnam submitted a resolution calling upon the two sides to find a peaceful solution to the conflict. But Sri Lanka, as chairman of the movement, and Yugoslavia, as the host country, advised Vietnam to withdraw the draft on the grounds that Cambodia objected to it.

While rejecting all of Vietnam's proposals for negotiation, Peking and its Pol Pot henchmen feverishly intensified the war and formulated the plan of attacking Vietnam from two directions. After all these efforts to find a peaceful, negotiated settlement had failed, and in the face of the grave danger to the survival of the nation, the Vietnamese were forced to use their legitimate right of self-defense and dealt a telling blow to the aggressors.

This is obviously a just struggle of self-defense, of defending our independence, sovereignty, and territorial integrity. It is in conformity with the morality of international law, with the U.N. Charter, and with the principles of the Non-Aligned Movement; and it enjoys the sympathy and support of all progressive mankind.

> If anyone from *Newsweek* were here, I would like to shake his hand and tell him that if one wants to tell lies, one must know how to tell believable lies.

Penthouse: Why do you continue to occupy Cambodia?

Pham Van Dong: When you speak of the occupation of Cambodia by Vietnam, it is a lie. It is nonsense. We did what had to be done in very precise circumstances. Some people are obviously daydreaming if they think they can create a government according to their wishes and then impose that government on the people of Cambodia. It is impossible. The revolution in Cambodia was a revolution prepared well in advance by the Cambodian people. Have you been to Cambodia? Do you know Cambodia? Do you know the Cambodian people? I do. I advise you not to talk about something you do not know anything about.

What happened in Cambodia is irreversible. Nobody can do anything about it. The Cambodian people are masters of their own destiny now. They hold their destiny in their hands, and they shall not let it go. Nobody can do anything about it. Neither Vietnam nor the U.S. nor China. Neither you nor I.

It is well known that the Pol Pot clique established in Cambodia a genocidal regime unprecedented in history. It turned Cambodia into a springboard for the realization of Peking's expansionist policy.

Penthouse: Why do Vietnamese troops remain in Cambodia? When will they depart?

Pham Van Dong: Imperialist and reactionary forces, now as before, always apply the "divide and rule" maneuver, in an attempt to weaken and annex countries. In the course of the long struggle for the independence and freedom of their respective countries, the peoples of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia have closely united with one another.

The Vietnamese people have twice sent their volunteer troops to fight shoulder-to-shoulder with the Lao and Cambodian peoples to attain and preserve their independence and freedom. Today history is repeating itself. The Vietnamese armed forces will withdraw when the danger of aggression and interference from outside no longer exists.

Penthouse: According to newspaper reports, the Pol Pot regime murdered 3 million Cambodians between the years 1975–1978. Why would the United States support that regime against the Vietnamese-backed Cambodian government?

Pham Van Dong: The U.S. wants the return of the Pol Pot regime. That is unthinkable. It is an abominable idea—to ask for, to demand, the return of the Pol Pot government, a regime that killed 3 million of 7 million people. Three million have been killed! Do you know what that means? And those who survive are in very bad health. You cannot imagine their situation. If the U.S. people are champions of what you like to call human rights, then the U.S. should stop using other countries to manipulate the situation; stop hurting a people that has already suffered more than enough. The Cambodian people need your support, your friendship. Please, dear friend, we are men. We have consciences; we have hearts. We do not remain impassive to all this suffering because of a political policy, like certain people I could name. But let us be polite. The Vietnamese are polite people.

Penthouse: In 1976, at the summit meeting in Colombo, Sri Lanka, you congratulated and applauded Khieu Samphan, the representative of the Pol Pot government. Yet everyone knew the atrocities that were being committed by that government. How do you explain that?

Pham Van Dong: At that time Khieu Samphan was the representative of Cambodia and a friend of Vietnam. But then he completely changed. He became the tool of Pol Pot. It was a sad thing to watch, a sad thing for him and a sad thing for our Cambodian friends. He was

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a man who could have done better things for his people. He should not have changed to that direction, but he did. What can I say? In the life of men, in the life of people, in the life of the revolutionaries, there always comes a moment when courageous men, intelligent men, men of good intent, will betray their cause and become instruments of others for whatever reason. At the time our two countries had friendly relations. We had contacts; we had common goals. It was later that they started to change direction toward a disastrous path that led to the present condition.

Penthouse: Did you know about the atrocities?

Pham Van Dong: No, not completely. We first came to know about the crimes and excesses committed by the troops of Pol Pot against the people of our territory. Only after that did we learn about the same sort of crimes perpetrated on the Cambodian people. I cannot tell you the exact dates we learned this.

Penthouse: Do you feel that China's support of the Pol Pot regime and their February 1979 invasion of Vietnam were part of an effort to divide Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: Yes, because it is not the first time that China had created two fronts against Vietnam. They had tried three times in the past to invade Vietnam. They always create a second front in the southern part of Vietnam and then attack from the north, and then again from the south.

Penthouse: How extensive was the damage Vietnam suffered as a result of that invasion?

Pham Van Dong: The northern provinces were greatly destroyed by the war. Whoever goes there can witness the fact. The Chinese destroyed everything. There was no justice. They completely flattened everything. Now we are rebuilding and are doing everything possible to defend those provinces. We are ready if they come back. They will pay even more dearly for their actions.

Penthouse: What kind of programs are being carried out to help the people from those provinces return to their villages?

Pham Van Dong: We have a program called "twin provinces": one developed province helps a destroyed province. We try our best, but we have problems, because we lack everything.

Penthouse: Are people afraid to return to the destroyed provinces? Do they fear more attacks?

Pham Van Dong: No, they are not afraid of attack. Not only have the people who departed returned, but also new people have come to help rebuild the provinces. They are brave people. They are strong, because it was the first time in history that Chinese aggression was immediately halted at the border. I am proud that we have such people.

Penthouse: Are there any indications that China is preparing to attack Vietnam again?

Pham Van Dong: We are always vigilant and ready. Even if they dare to launch new attacks, they will incur heavy defeat. We have defeated them before, and we will defeat them again.

Penthouse: Since the fighting, has there been any problem with the so-called Hoa people—those people of Chinese ancestry—being forced to flee to China?

Pham Van Dong: The question is not correct. It would be correct if the Hoa felt they could not leave. At first it was the Chinese who incited the Hoa to leave the northern provinces. The Chinese embassy encouraged them to depart illegally. As for the Hoa in the southern part, they felt they must flee. They said: "If I stay when the war occurs, I'll be killed—either by the Vietnamese or the Chinese." Then the United States created propaganda and exploited the situation; yet it talks about human rights and humanitarianism at the same time.

Penthouse: In July 1978 China terminated all economic aid—which had totaled $10 billion over the last 20 years—to Vietnam. And on September 27, 1978, China suspended relations with Vietnam. Is Vietnam engaged in any effort to reestablish friendly relations with the People's Republic of China?

Pham Van Dong: The two sides are now engaged in talks. We are trying our best for the talks to be successful. I tell you sincerely from the bottom of my heart that we want the talks to succeed. But it is not easy—not because of us but because of the other side.

However, I am confident about the people of China. One day the Chinese people will rise up and demand reason from their leaders. That day will be welcomed. These are inevitable happenings; it is in the workings of history.

Penthouse: The United States established full diplomatic and trade relations with China on January 1, 1979. Do you feel that the U.S. is trying to prevent China from resuming relations with Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: That question you should ask the Chinese and Mr. Carter. They can tell you better than I. If you ask me, I can tell you that there are indications that the obstacles posed by China are influenced by the U.S. These types of actions occurred when Deng Xiao Ping went to the U.S. and when Mondale traveled to Peking. These actions do not make us happy. That is why we remain vigilant and watch these proceedings with a critical eye. But we are Vietnam. They know about Vietnam. The U.S. has come to know us, and we know them. China knows us, and we know them, too. Now we are ready. If they want peace, fine. If they want something else, that's too bad. History must not repeat itself at our expense. We do not wish to harm them. We have other more important things to do. We want peace, peace, and more peace.

There have been talks of lessons being taught. If there were lessons, then they

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should have been well learned by the men in Peking. They are the interested party, and if they were wise they could have learned a great deal. We have taught them lessons throughout our history, and they did not learn. Now they want more lessons. Well, they are going to receive more, if that is what they desire. As far as I am concerned, I want to make all efforts to improve relations, both in the interest of our two nations and of the world.

Penthouse: Was China behind the breakdown of normalization talks between the United States and Vietnam?

Pham Van Dong: Last September the U.S. and Vietnam reached an agreement to establish full diplomatic relations. Just the final wording and the date of signing were unsettled. Then Deng Xiao Ping visited the U.S. After that the Chinese launched an attack against Vietnam. So we think the shadow of China is darkening relations between the U.S. and Vietnam.

Penthouse: Over the last few months, it appears that Vietnam is trying to improve relations with the Western world. Is this your policy?

Pham Van Dong: I do not think that we would refuse to improve relations with anyone. We are ready, and we have done everything to enlarge, to improve our relations with all countries: with socialist countries, Third World countries, Western countries. I have traveled to many countries and maintained the same policy for each one of these nations.

Penthouse: Are there any countries whose ideology you reject?

Pham Van Dong: Well, yes. The state of Israel.

Penthouse: What is your position regarding the PLO?

Pham Van Dong: We wholeheartedly support the just cause of the Arab people of Palestine, under the leadership of the Palestine Liberation Organization, who are undauntedly struggling to regain their fundamental national rights, including the right to establish their own independent and sovereign state. We completely support the struggle of the Arab people to recover all territories occupied by the Israeli aggressors. We strongly condemn the attempt made by the U.S. imperialists and Israeli aggressors to impose a separate peace accord against the sacred interests of the people of Palestine and other Arab countries.

Penthouse: What are your views on the situation in Nicaragua?

Pham Van Dong: What happened in Nicaragua is historical. It is the triumph of a people that has struggled for many years in order to achieve victory. It is the most brilliant victory in that part of the world, apart from the one in Cuba. I congratulate my dear friends in Nicaragua and would be happy to go to their country to tell them personally.

Their victory is a very beautiful thing. We are living historical monuments. When such people achieve such a triumph, then everything is possible. The imperialists are trembling. It is the people who now stand up and go forward, forming the great caravan that advances more freedom, more justice, more happiness. This is part of a great struggle taking place in the world arena, a struggle between progress and reaction, between imperialism and the antiimperialist forces. The battle is on the verge of being won. It is significant that the sixth summit meeting of 95 nonaligned nations, in September 1979, was held in Cuba. Forces are working for the new world. Not the new world discovered by Christopher Columbus, but the new world of revolution, of Ché Guevara. This new world will bring us greater victories. If you are on the winning side, it is for the better; if you are on the losing side, well, it's too bad.

Penthouse: You have been involved in the struggle of your people for 50 years. What are the memorable events of this time?

Pham Van Dong: Everything has been memorable. The hardships and the victories are worthy to remember. We are grateful to our friends and our soldiers all over the world. I cannot forget them.

Penthouse: During the last few months, there have been reports that there is a power struggle going on within the Central Party Committee in Hanoi and that you are on the losing side. Is this true?

Pham Van Dong: That is the story of the U.S. press. *Newsweek* once said that I was dead. *Newsweek* invented stories that I sleepwalk. They invent unthinkable stories. They said I was ill. Well, look at me. If anyone from *Newsweek* was here, I would like to shake his hand and tell him that if one wants to tell lies, one must know how to tell believable lies.

Penthouse: If you could go to the U.S., what would you say to the people?

Pham Van Dong: I would speak with the people about all kinds of things. We would talk and understand each other easily. People are people everywhere.

I would like to express to the American people the sentiment, the friendship of our people. I would like to tell them that we will not change, whatever may happen. We are Vietnamese. We will remain Vietnamese, and I think that history and the peoples of the world are on our side.

It would be wonderful to talk directly to the American people. But it is not the people who can grant me a visa. Someone new must get into the White House first.

Penthouse: That might be a long time.

Pham Van Dong: I am waiting.

Penthouse: Do you think that the differences between our two countries might one day be resolved?

Pham Van Dong: I would hope so. We must treasure that hope, that spirit, those sentiments. We are a very sentimental people and cherish our friendships. If during this meeting I have said anything in a direct or abrupt manner, please forgive me; it is my manner. I am honest. I call a cat a cat, and you a friend. ○+

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ALTERNATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 171

It took fifteen seconds for all the necessary control buttons to be pushed. Far down in the treacly blackness of the crude oil, scores of gigantic valves swung open, forming one enormous single tank, containing a million tons of crude. Martinsson stared at his handiwork in horror.

"If she sinks with one tank ruptured," he whispered, "the whole million tons will flow out."

"Then the authorities had better make sure she doesn't sink," said the terrorist.

"One last thing," he said. "What would happen if we opened all the fifty inspection hatches to the cargo tanks?"

Martinsson was tempted to let them try it. He thought of Captain Larsen sitting high above him, facing a submachine carbine. He swallowed.

"You'd die," he said, "unless you had breathing apparatus."

He explained to the masked man beside him that when a tanker's holds are full, the liquid crude is never quite up to the ceilings of the holds. In the gap between the slopping surface of the oil and the ceiling of the hold, gases form, given off by the crude oil. They are volatile gases, highly explosive. If they were not bled off, they would turn the ship into a bomb.

"Thank you," said the terrorist. "Who handles the breathing apparatus?"

"The chief officer is in charge of it," said Martinsson. "But we are all trained to use it."

Two minutes later he was back in the paint store with the rest of the crew. It was five o'clock. At six-thirty, Andrew Drake, the leader, returned to the captain's day cabin. Wearily he sat down, facing Thor Larsen, and told him from start to finish what had been done. The Norwegian stared back at him impassively, held in check by the submachine gun pointing at him from the corner of the room.

When he had finished, Drake held up a black, plastic instrument and showed it to Larsen. It was no larger than two king-size cigarette packs bound together; there was a single red button on the face of it and a four-inch steel aerial sticking from the top.

"Do you know what this is, Captain?" asked the masked Drake. Larsen shrugged. He knew enough about radios to recognize a small, transistorized transmitter.

"It's an oscillator," said Drake. "If that red button is pressed, it will emit a single VHF note, rising steadily in tone and pitch to a scream that our ears could not begin to listen to. But attached to every single charge on this ship is a receiver that can and will listen. As the tonal pitch rises, a dial on the receivers will show the pitch, the needles moving round the dials until they can go no further. When that happens, the devices will blow their fuses and a current will be cut. The cutting of that current in each receiver will convey its message to the detonators, which will then operate. You know what that would mean?"

Thor Larsen stared back at the masked face across the table from him. His ship, his beloved *Freya*, was being raped, and there was nothing he could do about it. His crew was crowded into a steel coffin inches away from a charge that would crush them all and cover them in seconds with freezing seawater.

His mind's eye conjured a picture of hell. If the charges blew, great holes would be torn in the port and starboard sides of four of his ballast tanks. Roaring mountains of sea would rush in, filling both the outer and the center ballast tanks in minutes. The *Freya*, most beautiful of all the Norse goddesses, would arch her back once, in pain, and split in two. Both sections would drop straight, without rolling, twenty-five feet to the seabed beneath, to sit there with fifty inspection hatches open and facing upward. A million tons of crude would gurgle out to the surface of the North Sea. The escape of the oil, like the destruction of his ship, would be irreversible.

He stared back at the masked face but made no reply. There was a deep, seething anger inside him, growing with each passing minute, but he gave no sign of it.

"What do you want?" he growled. The terrorist glanced at the digital-display clock on the wall. It read a quarter to seven.

"We're going to the radio room," he said. "We talk to Rotterdam. Or, rather,

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you talk to Rotterdam."

Twenty-six miles to the east, the rising sun had dimmed the great, yellow flames that spout day and night from the oil refineries of Europort. Through the night, from the bridge of the *Freya*, it had been possible to see these flames in the dark sky above Chevron, Shell, BP, and even, far beyond them, the cool, blue glow of Rotterdam's street lighting.

The refineries and the labyrinthine complexity of Europort, the greatest oil terminal in the world, lie on the south shore of the Maas Estuary. On the north shore is Hook of Holland, with its ferry terminal and the Maas Control building, squatting beneath its whirling radar antennae.

At Maas Control, at six-forty-five on the morning of April 1, Duty Officer Bernhard Dijkstra yawned and stretched. Later he would see the new supergiant tanker pass through the estuary. It should be quite a day. As if to answer his thoughts, the speaker in front of him came to life.

"Pilot Maas, this is *Freya*. Captain Thor Larsen speaking. Where is the launch with my berthing crew?"

Dijkstra consulted a clipboard to the left of his console.

"*Freya*, this is Pilot Maas. They left the Hook over an hour ago. They should be with you in twenty minutes."

What followed caused Dijkstra to shoot bolt upright in his chair. "*Freya* to Pilot Maas. Contact the launch immediately and tell them to return to port. We cannot accept them on board. We have an emergency. I repeat, we have an emergency."

Dijkstra covered the speaker with his hand and yelled to his fellow duty officer to throw the switch on the tape recorder. When it was spinning to record the conversation, Dijkstra removed his hand and said carefully, "*Freya*, this is Pilot Maas. Understand you do not wish the berthing crew to come alongside. Understand you do not wish the pilots to take off. Please confirm."

"Pilot Maas, this is *Freya*. Confirm. Confirm."

"*Freya*, please give details of your emergency."

There was silence for ten seconds, as if a consultation were taking place on the *Freya*'s bridge far out at sea. Then Larsen's voice boomed out again in the control room.

"Pilot Maas, *Freya*. I cannot give the nature of the emergency. But if any attempt is made by anyone to approach the *Freya*, people will get killed. Please stay away. Do not make any further attempt to contact the *Freya* by radio or telephone. Finally, the *Freya* will contact you again at zero-nine-hundred hours exactly. Have the chairman of the Rotterdam Port Authority present in the control room. That is all."

The voice ended, and there was a loud click. Dijkstra tried to call back two or three times. Then he looked across at his colleague, Officer Schipper.

"We'd better do what he says until this is sorted out," said Schipper.

"Right," said Dijkstra, "you get on to the chairman; I'll contact the launch and the two pilots up at Schiphol."

The launch bearing the berthing crew was chugging at a steady ten knots across the flat calm toward the *Freya*, with three miles still to go. It was developing into a beautiful spring morning, warm for the time of year. At three miles the bulk of the giant tanker was already looming large, and the ten Dutchmen who would help her berth, but who had never seen her before, were craning their necks as they came closer.

No one thought anything when the ship-to-shore radio by the helmsman's side crackled and squawked. He took the handset off its cradle and held it to his ear. With a frown he cut the engine to idling and asked for a repeat. When he got it, he

"How many men on this ship?" he asked. "Or women? No tricks. If there is one more than the figure you give, we'll shoot them."

put the helm hard astarboard and brought the launch round in a semicircle.

"We're going back," he told the men who looked at him with puzzlement. "There's something wrong. Captain Larsen's not ready for you yet."

Behind them the *Freya* receded again toward the horizon as they headed back to the Hook.

At his handsome country house outside Vlaaridngen, Dirk Van Gelder, chairman of the Port Authority, was at breakfast a few minutes before eight when the phone rang.

"Van Gelder," he said down the telephone. As he listened, he stiffened, his brow furrowed.

"What did he mean, 'killed'?" he asked. There was another stream of words into his ear.

"Right," said Van Gelder, "stay there. I'll be with you in fifteen minutes."

He slammed the phone down, kicked off the slippers, and put on his shoes and jacket. Two minutes later he was at his garage doors. As he climbed into his Mercedes and backed out to the gravel driveway, he was fighting back thoughts of his personal and abiding nightmare.

"Dear God, not a hijack. Please, not a hijack."

After replacing the VHF radio-telephone on the bridge of the *Freya*, Capt. Thor Larsen had been taken at gunpoint on a tour of his own ship, peering with a flashlight into the forward ballast holds to note the big packages strapped far down below the waterline.

He had seen the single charge in the center ballast tank amidships and the further charges in the after ballast tanks close by the superstructure. He did not need to see the paint locker. He knew where it was and could imagine how close the charges were placed.

At half-past eight, Thor Larsen was escorted back to his day cabin. The terrorist leader forced him to sit at his own table in his own cabin. The man tapped the oscillator, which was clipped to his belt.

"Captain, please don't force me to press this red button. And please don't think that I will not, either if there is any attempt at heroics on this ship, or if my demands are not met. Now please read this."

He handed Captain Larsen a sheaf of three sheets of foolscap paper covered with typed writing in English. Larsen went rapidly through it.

"At nine o'clock you are going to read that message over the ship-to-shore radio to the chairman of the Port Authority of Rotterdam. No more and no less. No breaking into Dutch or Norwegian. No supplementary questions. Just the message. Understand?"

Larsen nodded grimly.

"I don't think we shall have to abuse your hospitality for more than thirty hours, maybe forty," said the masked man. "But if I wear this mask during that time, I shall suffocate. You have never seen me before, and after tomorrow you will never see me again."

With his left hand the man pulled the black balaclava helmet from his head. Larsen found himself staring at a man in his early thirties, with brown eyes and medium-brown hair. He puzzled Larsen. The man spoke like an Englishman, behaved like one. But Englishmen do not hijack tankers, surely. Irish perhaps? IRA? But he had referred to friends of his in prison in Germany. Arab, perhaps? There were PLO terrorists in prison in Germany. And he spoke a strange language to his companions. It was not Arabic by the sound of it; yet there were scores of different dialects in Arabic, and Larsen knew only the Gulf Arabs. Again, Irish perhaps.

"What do I call you?" he asked the man whom he would never know as Andriy Drach or Andrew Drake. The man thought for a moment.

"You can call me 'Svoboda,' he said at length. 'It is a common name in my language. But it is also a word. It means 'freedom.' "

"That's not Arabic," said Larsen. The

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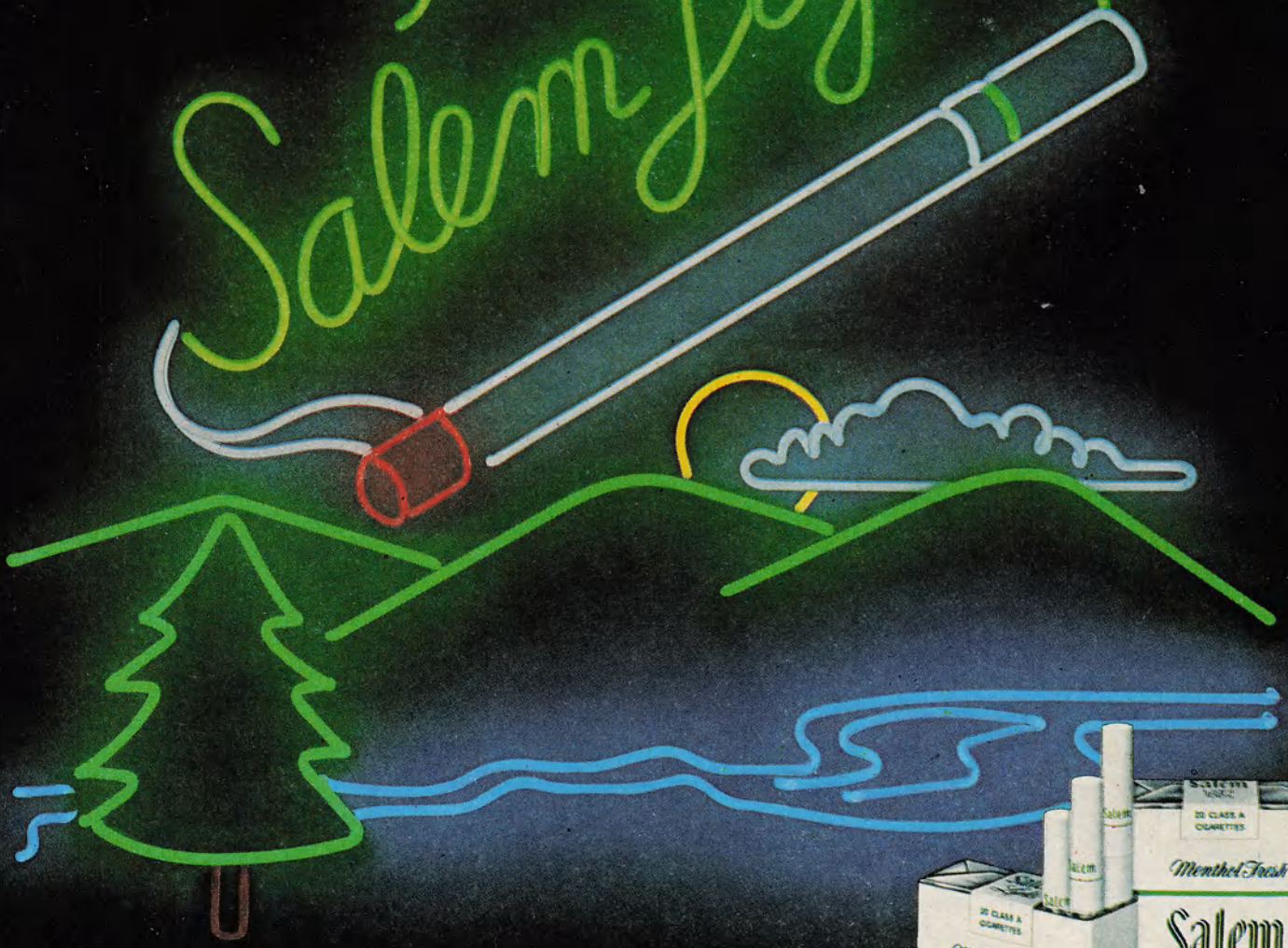

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man smiled for the first time.

"Certainly not. We are not Arabs. We are Ukrainian freedom fighters and proud of it."

"And you think the authorities will free your friends in prison?" asked Larsen.

"They will have to," said Drake confidently. "They have no alternative. Come, it is almost nine o'clock."

"Pilot Maas, Pilot Maas, this is the *Freya*."

Capt. Thor Larsen's baritone voice echoed into the main control room of the squat building on the tip of the Hook of Holland. In the first-floor office with its sweeping picture windows gazing out over the North Sea, now curtained against the bright morning sun to give clarity to the radar screens, five men sat waiting.

Dijkstra and Schipper were still on duty. Dirk Van Gelder stood behind Dijkstra, ready to take over when the call came through.

When the call came, Dijkstra slipped out of his chair before the speaker and Van Gelder sat down. He gripped the stem of the table microphone, cleared his throat, and threw the "transmit" switch.

"*Freya*, this is Pilot Maas. Go ahead, please."

"*Freya* to Pilot Maas. I wish to speak personally to the chairman of the Port Authority."

"This is Pilot Maas. This is Dirk Van Gelder speaking. I am the chairman of the Port Authority."

"This is Captain Thor Larsen, master of the *Freya*."

"Yes, Captain Larsen, your voice is recognized. What is your problem?"

At the other end, on the bridge of the *Freya*, Drake gestured with the tip of his gun to the written statement in Larsen's hand. Larsen nodded, flicked his "transmit" switch, and began to read into the telephone.

"I am reading a prepared statement. Please do not interrupt and do not pose questions."

"At three o'clock this morning the *Freya* was taken over by armed men. I have already been given ample reason to believe they are in deadly earnest and prepared to carry out all their threats unless their demands are met."

In the control tower on the sand there was a hiss of indrawn breath from behind Van Gelder. He closed his eyes wearily. For years he had been urging that some security measures be taken to protect these floating bombs from hijack. He had been ignored, and now it had happened at last.

"My entire crew is presently locked in the lowest portion of the ship, behind steel doors, and cannot escape. So far no harm has come to them. I myself am held at gunpoint on my own bridge.

"During the night explosive charges have been placed at strategic positions at various points inside the *Freya*'s hull. I have examined these myself and can corroborate that if exploded they would blast the *Freya* apart, kill her crew instantly, and vent one million tons of crude oil into the North Sea."

"Oh my God," said a voice behind Van Gelder. He waved an impatient hand for the speaker to shut up.

"These are the immediate demands of the men who hold the *Freya* prisoner. One, all sea traffic is to be cleared at once from the area inside the arc from a line forty-five degrees south of a bearing due east of the *Freya* and forty-five degrees north of the same bearing; that is, inside a ninety-degree arc between the *Freya* and the Dutch coast.

"Two, no vessel, surface or submarine, is to attempt to approach the *Freya* on any other bearing to within five miles. Three, no aircraft is to pass overhead the *Freya* within a circle of five miles' radius of her and below a height of ten thousand feet. Is that clear? You may answer."

Van Gelder gripped the microphone hard.

"*Freya*, this is Pilot Maas. Dirk Van Gelder speaking. Yes, that is clear. Over."

There was a pause, and Larsen's voice came back.

"I am informed that if there is any attempt to breach these orders, there will be an immediate riposte without further consultation. Either the *Freya* will vent twenty thousand tons of crude oil immediately, or one of my seamen will be . . . executed. Is that understood? You may answer."

Dirk Van Gelder turned to his traffic officers.

"Jesus, get the shipping out of that area fast. Get on to Schiphol and tell them. No commercial flights, no private aircraft, no choppers taking pictures, nothing. Now move."

To the microphone he said, "Understood, Captain Larsen. Is there anything else?"

"Yes," said the disembodied voice. "There will be no further radio contact with the *Freya* until twelve hundred hours. At that time the *Freya* will call you again. I will wish to speak directly and personally to the prime minister of the Netherlands and the West German ambassador. Both must be present. That is all."

The microphone went dead. On the bridge of the *Freya*, Drake removed the handset from Larsen's hand and replaced it. Then he gestured to the Norwegian to return to the day cabin. When they were seated with the seven-foot table between them, Drake laid down his gun and leaned back.

"What do we do now?" asked Larsen.

"We wait," said Drake. "While Europe goes quietly mad."

"They'll kill you, you know," said Larsen. "You've got on board, but you'll never get off. They may have to do what you say, but when they have done it, they'll be waiting for you."

"I know," said Drake. "But you see, I don't mind if I die. I'll fight to live, of course, but I'll die, and I'll kill, before I'll see them kill off my project."

"You want these two men in Germany free that much?" asked Larsen.

"Yes, that much. For years my land, my people, have been occupied, persecuted, imprisoned, killed. And no one cared a shit. Now I threaten to kill one single man or hit Western Europe in the pocket, and you'll see what they do. Suddenly it's a disaster. But for me the slavery of my land, that is the disaster."

"This dream of yours, what is it exactly?" asked Larsen.

"A free Ukraine," said Drake simply. "Which cannot be achieved short of a popular uprising by millions of people."

"And for this . . . popular uprising, you are prepared to die?" asked Larsen.

"If I must. This is my dream. That land, that people, I love more than life itself. That's my advantage; within a hundred-mile radius of us here there is no one else who loves something more than his life."

"We're talking about a thousand million dollars' loss if the worst comes to the worst," he remarked to his personal aide. "Who the hell *are* these people?"

Dirk Van Gelder managed to catch the prime minister at his residence, just about to leave for his office.

"Jan Grayling," he said down the speaker. As he listened to Van Gelder, his face tightened.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"We don't know," said Van Gelder. "Captain Larsen was reading from a prepared statement. He was not allowed to deviate from it nor answer questions."

"If he was under duress, perhaps he had no choice but to confirm the placing of the explosives. Perhaps that's a bluff," said Grayling.

"I don't think so, sir," said Van Gelder. "Would you like me to bring the tape to you?"

"Yes, at once, in your own car," said the premier. "Straight to the Cabinet Office."

He put the phone down and walked to his limousine, his mind racing. If what was threatened was indeed true, the bright summer morning had brought the worst crisis of his term of office. As his car left the curbside, followed by the inevitable police vehicle, he leaned back and tried to think out some of the first priorities. An

Tony Ross

immediate emergency cabinet meeting, of course. The press, they would not be long. Many ears must have listened to the ship-to-shore conversation; someone would tell the press before noon.

He would have to inform a variety of foreign governments through their embassies. And authorize the setting up of an immediate crisis-management committee of experts. Fortunately, he had access to a number of such experts since the hijacks by the South Moluccans several years earlier. As he drew up in front of the prime-ministerial office building, he glanced at his watch. It was half-past nine.

Three hundred miles across the North Sea, the activity in Holland was already becoming frenetic by midmorning. From his office in the seaside capital of The Hague, Jan Grayling and his staff were putting together a crisis-management committee. The first requirement was to know the exact perspectives of any conceivable human or environmental tragedy stemming from damage at sea to a ship like the *Freya* and the various options the Dutch government faced.

To secure this information, the same kinds of experts were being called upon for their specialized knowledge in shipping, oil slicks, tides, speeds, directions, future weather prospects, and even the military option.

Dirk Van Gelder, having delivered the tape recording of the nine-o'clock message from the *Freya*, drove back to Maas Control on the instructions of Jan Grayling to sit by the VHF radio-telephone set in case the *Freya* called up again before twelve noon.

Around the *Freya* the sea was emptying. The Dutch marine traffic-control officers diverted shipping into fresh sea lanes west of the *Freya*, the nearest being over five miles west of her.

Eastward of the stricken ship coastal traffic was ordered to stop or turn back, and movements into and out of Europort and Rotterdam were halted.

It was impossible to keep the press in the dark. A group of several score journalists from technical and marine publications as well as the shipping correspondents of the major daily papers from the neighboring countries were already in Rotterdam for the *Freya*'s triumphal entry that afternoon. By 11:00 A.M. their curiosity was aroused, partly by the cancellation of the journey to the Hook to witness the *Freya* come over the horizon into the Inner Channel, and partly by tips reaching their head offices from those numerous radio hams who liked to listen to maritime radio talk.

Jan Grayling personally telephoned the West German ambassador, Konrad Voss, and told him in confidence what had happened. Voss called Bonn at once and within thirty minutes replied to the Dutch premier that he would of course accompany him to the Hook for twelve o'clock, as the terrorists had demanded. The Federal German government, he assured the Dutchman, would do everything it could to help.

The Dutch Foreign Ministry as a matter of courtesy informed the ambassadors of all the nations remotely concerned: Sweden, whose flag the *Freya* flew and whose seamen were on board; Norway, Finland, and Denmark, which also had seamen on board; the U.S.A., because four of those seamen were Scandinavian-Americans with U.S. passports and dual nationality; Britain, as a coastal nation whose institution Lloyds was insuring both ship and cargo; and Brussels, Paris, and West Germany all as coastal nations.

For those in government, banking, shipping, insurance, the armed forces, and the press, the prospect of a quiet weekend that Friday morning receded into the flat, blue ocean, where under a warm spring sun a million-ton bomb called the *Freya* lay silent and still.

"If she sinks with one tank ruptured," he whispered, "the whole million tons will flow out."

Lloyds Intelligence Unit had been informed shortly after ten o'clock. A British dry-cargo vessel had been preparing to enter the Maas Estuary for Rotterdam when the 0900 call was made from the *Freya* to Maas Control. The radio officer had heard the whole conversation, noted it verbatim in shorthand, and shown it to his captain. Minutes later he was dictating it to the ship's agent in Rotterdam, who passed it to the head office in London. The office had called Colchester, Essex, and repeated the news to Lloyds. One of the chairmen of twenty-five separate firms of underwriters had been contacted and informed.

Shortly before noon the chairman of Lloyds, in his office high above the city, stared at a few calculations on his jotting pad.

"We're talking about a thousand million dollars' loss if the worse comes to the worst," he remarked to his personal aide. "Who the hell *are* these people?"

The leader of these people sat at the epicenter of the growing storm and faced a bearded Norwegian captain in the day cabin beneath the starboard wing of the *Freya*'s bridge. The curtains were drawn back, and the sun shone warmly. During the morning a breeze had gently blown away the invisible clouds of poisonous inert gases that had welled out from the holds when the inspection hatches were lifted; it was now safe to walk along the deck.

Thor Larsen sat where he had sat all morning, at one end of his main table, with Andrew Drake at the other.

Larsen knew no one would do anything, take any initiative, until the noon broadcast of demands. In that sense the intense young man facing him was not stupid. He had elected to keep the authorities guessing. By forcing Larsen to speak in his stead, he had given no clue to his identity or his origins. Even his motivations were unknown outside the cabin in which they sat. And the authorities would want to know more, to analyze the tapes of the broadcasts, identify the speech patterns and ethnic origins of the speaker, before taking action. The man who called himself Svoboda was denying them that information, undermining the self-confidence of the men he had challenged to defy him.

Larsen, who knew what the demands would be, could not see how the authorities would refuse. The alternative was too terrible for all of them. Svoboda had elected to destroy five coasts, one sea, thirty lives, and a thousand million dollars of money.

"Come," the leader said to the captain, "your audience is waiting. One attempt at a trick, and I shoot one of your seamen, as promised."

Larsen took the handset and pressed for transmit. "Maas Control, Maas Control, this is the *Freya*."

Though he could not know it, over fifty different offices received that call. Five major intelligence services were listening, plucking Channel Twenty out of the ether with their sophisticated listeners.

There were ships' radio officers listening, radio hams, and journalists. A voice came back from the Hook of Holland.

"*Freya*, this is Maas Control. Go ahead, please."

Thor Larsen read from his sheet of paper. "This is Captain Thor Larsen. I wish to speak personally to the prime minister of the Netherlands."

A new voice, speaking English, came on the radio from the Hook. "Captain Larsen, this is Jan Grayling. I am the prime minister of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Are you all right?"

"Please ask no questions, Prime Minister. I am not permitted to answer them. Is the West German ambassador with you?"

In Maas Control the microphone was passed to Konrad Voss. "Here is the ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany," he said. "My name is Konrad Voss."

On the bridge of the *Freya* Svoboda nodded at Larsen. "That's right," he said. "Go ahead and read it out."

The seven men grouped around the console in Maas Control listened in si-

lence. One premier, one ambassador, one psychiatrist, a radio engineer in case of a transmission breakdown, Van Gelder of the Port Authority, and the duty officer.

"I repeat what I told you at nine this morning. The *Freya* is in the hands of partisans. Explosive devices have been placed which would, if detonated, blow her apart. These devices can be detonated at the touch of a button. No attempt whatever must be made to approach her, board her, or attack her in any way. In such an event the detonator button will be pressed instantly. The men concerned have convinced me they are prepared to die rather than give in.

"I continue: if any approach at all is made, by surface craft or light aircraft, one of my seamen will be executed, or twenty thousand tons of crude oil vented, or both. Here are the demands of the partisans:

"The two prisoners of conscience, David Lazareff and Lev Mishkin, presently in jail at Tegel in West Berlin, are to be liberated. They are to be flown by a West German civilian jet from West Berlin to Israel. Prior to this, the premier of the state of Israel is to give a public guarantee that they will be neither repatriated to the Soviet Union nor extradited back to West Germany nor reimprisoned in Israel.

"Their liberation must take place at dawn tomorrow. The Israeli guarantee of safe conduct and freedom must be given by midnight tonight. Failure to comply will place the entire responsibility for the outcome on the shoulders of West Germany and Israel. That is all. There will be no more contact until the demands have been met."

The radio telephone went dead with a click. The silence persisted inside the control building. Jan Grayling looked at Konrad Voss. The West German envoy shrugged.

"I must contact Bonn urgently," he said.

"Gentlemen," said Grayling, "what has just been said cannot fail to be made public within the hour. I suggest we return to our offices. I shall prepare a statement for the one-o'clock news. Mr. Ambassador," he said, turning to Konrad Voss, "I fear the pressure will now begin to swing towards Bonn."

"Indeed it will," said Voss. "I must be back inside the embassy as soon as possible."

"Then accompany me to The Hague," said Grayling. "I have police outriders, and we can talk in the car."

Aides brought the two tapes, and the group left for The Hague, fifteen minutes up the coast. When they were gone, Dirk Van Gelder walked up to the flat roof of Maas Control.

As a seaman, he thought of the *Freya*'s crew, locked far beneath the waves, waiting helplessly for rescue or death. But as a seaman he would not be in charge of negotiations. It was out of his hands now. Smoother men, calculating in political rather than human terms, would take over.

He thought of the towering Norwegian skipper whose picture he had seen but whom he'd never met, now facing madmen armed with guns and dynamite, and wondered how he would have reacted had it ever happened to him. He had warned that this could happen one day, that the supertankers were too unprotected and highly dangerous. But the money had spoken louder; the more powerful argument had been the extra cost of installing the necessary devices to make tankers like banks and explosive stores, both of which in a way they were. No one had listened, and no one ever would. People were concerned about airliners because they could crash on houses, but not about tankers, which were out of sight. So the politicians had not insisted, and the merchants had not volunteered. Now, because supertankers could be taken like piggybanks, a captain and his crew of twenty-nine might die like rats in a swirl of oil and water.

He ground a cigarette under his heel into the tar felt of the roof and looked again at the empty horizon.

"You poor bastards," he said, "you poor bloody bastards. If only they'd listened."

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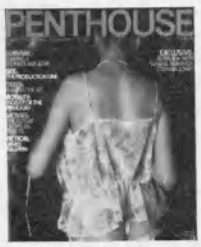

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HEROES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174

when they decided to check the residence of Herbert Cabral, a neighbor and tenant. Cabral was in Portugal. "His son, Victor, was there only part of the time; so Cabral asked me to look in on his house once in a while," explains Gambonini.

During the past two years, the friendly relationship that existed between the rancher and Synanon had all but evaporated. In rapid succession there had been disputes over a bullet found in one of the organization's buildings, over water rights, and over an easement road.

Word was soon spread over The Wire, the Synanon radio station that is broadcast in virtually every room of its facilities, that Gambonini was a creep. "We were told that he drove his car too fast, that he was a complete asshole," recalls Jack Hurst, former president of Synanon.

The Gamboninis had just driven up to the Cabral house when their car was jumped by three Synanon members. "We're going to finish you tonight, you two-bit farmer," one of them yelled as they tried to drag Alvin from the vehicle. He managed to get back in the car and tried to drive off. Soon the car was being rammed with a pickup truck. Other attackers pummeled the car with boards ripped off picket fences; at least one assailant, according to Gambonini, carried a knife. After the car was forced into a ditch, Gambonini was again pulled out and beat repeatedly about the face and arms. "We thought they were going to kill us," recalls Doris.

During the melee Robert crept out the back door and ran for help. Cabral's house was only a short distance away. But would Victor be home? He was. In a flash the pair called the sheriff and piled into the Cabral pickup. The two young men tried to maneuver the truck close to the trapped car but soon found themselves surrounded by an angry crowd that was now at least 30 strong. Within minutes the sheriff arrived and dispersed the group.

Three members of Synanon later pled no contest to assault-and-battery charges; two were fined $500 each, and the third was fined $250 and sentenced to ten days in jail. "Inside Synanon they were made heroes," remembers Jack Hurst. "During dinner they were allowed to sit at the main table." Today Gambonini is suing Synanon for $1 million in damages; Synanon has launched an $11 million counter-suit, charging Gambonini with libel because of his allegation that Synanon had harmed the property of other ranchers.

When Gambonini called the *San Rafael Independent Journal* the following day, the resulting article was brief and placed on an inside page. The overall coverage "made it appear all the neighbors were the ones causing the trouble," grimaces Gambonini. So he took his tale to the *Petaluma-Argus Courier*, another local daily, with much the same result.

That's when Alvin Gambonini, who would not be deterred, turned to the *Point Reyes Light*.

For years Synanon had been the darling of just about everyone. "We had this wonderful image of this neat rehab operation that took the discards that nobody else wanted to touch," shrugs Ralph Craib, a 20-year veteran of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, which, like most of the media, did not seriously investigate Synanon until October 1978. And when Synanon did run into an occasional rough sledding—at county hearings, for example—all it had to do was to pull out its impressive stack of commendations.

But Gambonini's was not the only story. There was the Red Truck Incident. After a red truck allegedly tried to run a Synanon motorcyclist off a county road, two dozen Synanon members stormed into the community of Tomales Bay, found a red truck, and surrounded and began closing in on its owner. It turned out not to have been the same vehicle, but the mob broke up only upon the arrival of sheriff's deputies.

There was also the Purple Truck Incident, when Synanon members again went in hot pursuit of a vehicle involved in a traffic dispute.

One of the few episodes even the *Light* never found out about involved two 17-year-olds who fired a shotgun in the air over Synanon property; the pair was quickly surrounded by a hostile mob. "They kicked and taunted them," remembers a deputy. "They didn't beat the shit out of them, but they sure did scare the shit out of them."

But the rumors of violence at and around Synanon were given only casual attention by Mike Gahagan, who owned the *Light* at the time. "He was a romantic," states Elizabeth Whitney, a former staffer. Things like birthday columns and poetry flourished under the old *Light*, which was more like a country bulletin board than anything else. Says Gahagan, 38, now a free-lance writer in Santa Barbara, Calif.: "I wanted it to be a place where readers could make statements to the larger community."

Gahagan had made his own limited attempt to cover Synanon soon after acquiring the *Light* in 1972. He spent months "trying to develop diplomatic ties." When he was finally given a tour by Dan Sorkin, now a director of the organization, Gahagan was astounded at what he calls "the militaristic aspects of the entire event"; he was given a Jeep escort, met at the mess hall, and shown the large fleet of motorcycles. When he reported this information to his readers, he was dropped like a hot potato by Synanon.

One of the more ironic aspects of the Synanon story is that when the Mitchells purchased the *Light* in August 1975, they were immediately called by Synanon and offered a similar tour. "They told us that

their relations with the previous owner hadn't been so good, and they wanted to try to improve things," grins Dave Mitchell. It was this tour—where Mitchell observed the size of Synanon's business operations, shops, and computer room—together with the rumors of violence that whetted his newsman's appetite.

The Mitchells were not new to investigative reporting. After leaving Stanford University in 1967, where they met and married while studying for master's degrees in journalism, they served on papers in Florida; Council Bluffs, Iowa; Sonora and Sebastopol, Calif. "Dave was a real bird dog," recalls Harvey McGee, editor of the *Sonora Union Democrat*. "He loved to go after a story."

To some, the idea of purchasing the financially distraught *Light* would have seemed risky, especially for a couple who were on unemployment at the time and were forced to sell their home to raise the necessary cash. But Mitchell was able to buy the paper for only $35,000. And within a year he had managed to increase circulation by 1,000, purchase new equipment, and boost advertising.

Taking on Synanon could not have been an easy decision for an editor-publisher in Mitchell's position. The organization did not like investigative reporting. In August 1976 it had been awarded the largest out-of-court libel settlement in newspaper history: $600,000, plus another reported $2 million in a second settlement, from the *San Francisco Examiner*, for an "exposé" written in 1972. And when *Time* magazine called Synanon a "kooky cult" in 1977, the group promptly sued for $76 million.

Nevertheless, the stories about Synanon continued. In April 1977, 230 married couples in the organization filed for divorce and were remarried to new mates in a mass ceremony. The idea of "changing partners" had come from Charles Dederich, founder of the group, in the wake of the loss of his own wife, Betty, to cancer.

Later that year the *Los Angeles Times* launched an investigative series based on court documents alleging child abuse within Synanon. And in January 1978, KGO, the ABC television affiliate in San Francisco, broke a story alleging that Synanon members had purchased an enormous arsenal of guns for $62,000. Synanon is suing KGO for $42 million.

All of these events, plus testimony from the increasingly anxious residents of West Marin, served to stir up, finally, the Marin County Grand Jury. In March a grand jury report charged Synanon was "an autocracy" that sometimes treated children harshly, lacked proper permits, and amassed weapons that "present a danger." The *Light* played the story to its fullest; not only did it carry the piece on page one but also reporter Keith Ervin produced a separate article detailing Gambonini's growing "underground railroad" for Synanon runaways.

Reactions to the Grand Jury report were fast and furious. Instead of opting to look into the Synanon problem, most local officials shrugged off the criticism. Only supervisors Barbara Boxer and Denis Rice clearly came out in favor of investigating the group. Meanwhile, Synanon socked the county with a $55 million suit.

"Our assumption was that we would cover the report and whatever hearings developed because of it in the course of normal reporting," recalls Mitchell. "The last thing we expected was for the county to become Synanon's strongest ally."

The *Light* began running editorials denouncing the situation. On March 16 it warned that "such an alliance will not sit well with West Mariners." On March 23, it called the case "curiouser and curiouser." On March 30 it revealed that one of the jurors who issued the report had even been a friend of Synanon—he had arranged for a $3 million paint factory to be donated to the group.

But even stranger events were to happen. In mid-March, according to Mitchell, "Synanon itself tripped the *Light* into launching its investigation."

The *Light* began getting reports of grand jurors' being harassed in their homes. Synanon members, says Mitchell, "were showing up at jurors' homes, often in the late afternoon before the jurors got there. And they were somewhat aggressive about not leaving." When jury foreman Charles Weer asked County Counsel Doug Maloney to seek a court order restraining this activity, he publicly declared: "That's not harassing anybody."

With no one willing to investigate Synanon, events continued to take a tragic turn. The next victim of Synanon violence was Tom Cardineau, an ex-member honeymooning on the West Coast. On March 20, without prior announcement, he decided to show his bride where he had lived. When he was halfway up the Synanon driveway, he was stopped by some members. According to the sheriff's report, they ordered him out of his car and accused him of being a "spy" for *Time* magazine. He was subsequently placed in handcuffs and beaten about the face and shoulders. Three attackers were later sentenced to spend 120 hours working for the county; the fourth paid a small fine.

If the Cardineau beating was shocking, then the cover-up by the sheriff's department that followed was even more horrifying. According to sources within the department, top brass ordered the incident withheld from the official crime blotter. But within hours disgruntled deputies began leaking the story to the *Light*. "You worry about getting your shit canned, but that's life," remembers Lt. Art Disterheft, commander of the Point Reyes Station substation.

Why the cover-up? One of the things revealed by the crime report was that Art Warfield and Buddy Jones, two Synanonites whom Sheriff Louis Mountanos had made reserve deputies, had witnessed the abduction. They lost their badges in

"They tell me you give fantastic head."

April. But by this time the *Light* had learned that while there was no collusion between Mountanos and Synanon, the group had helped him secure signatures for his nominating papers, and Charles Dederich, Jr., son of the founder, had donated money to his campaign.

Says Mitchell: "We decided to jump in with both hands flailing."

For Alvin Gambonini the turning point had come when he was attacked on his own property. For Dave Mitchell it had been the Cardineau incident and the subsequent cover-up. For Richard Ofshe, 38, associate professor of sociology at the University of California, Berkeley, the time of no turning back was April 1978.

"He called and said, 'I see some of the Supervisors say they are interested in trying to do something about Synanon,' " remembers Mitchell. "He added, 'I've done research and probably know more about Synanon than anyone else. Maybe you could get us together?' "

It was true. For years, as a sociologist, Ofshe had been doing intense research on Synanon. His main focus of study had become social-control mechanisms in small groups. In 1972 he had given permission to an undergraduate to do a paper on Synanon; another student asked if he could play the Synanon Game, during which participants are expected to criticize others and during which Synanon initiates its subtle recruitment process.

By late 1972 Ofshe's interest had intensified. "It appeared to be the most powerful social-control mechanism I had ever encountered," he recalls. For two years Ofshe was permitted not only to study the group but also to roam freely on its grounds. Still, unlike previous researchers, he had been careful not to become directly involved in Synanon—a move that finally irritated his subjects in 1974. He was told to contribute $200 to Synanon "as a sign of involvement" or not to come back.

Ofshe took a year off to travel, returned, and plunged right back into his investigation. He published one paper on Synanon and went to work on another.

The professor was still working on this project when he decided to call Mitchell. The meeting with the Supervisors never came about, but in Ofshe's call, the Mitchells had found an attraction that was at once natural and unlikely. Unlikely because of the meld that would be required between newspapering and academics. "We had a terrible time at the beginning accepting the idea of how important corporate decision making was in the events going on at Synanon," admits Mitchell. But the new bond was also natural because of a common interest: Synanon.

Ofshe asked the Mitchells to participate in his book project. Says Mitchell: "While he understood the business aspects of Synanon, we understood the politics of Marin County. He needed us to help discover how everything fit." Explains Ofshe: "It was more than just that. I felt the state was unable to act."

By May the trio had decided to join forces for a potentially long—perhaps endless—crusade.

"We could have stopped at any point," intones Ofshe, looking out his office window. From the fourth floor of U.C.'s Barrows Hall, he can easily see the Campanile; in a flash he has turned around and is speaking again. "You start on something by taking one step, and then another, and then you realize that you are a lot further out than you were at the beginning."

Within months Ofshe and the Mitchells would know their decision had been a sound one. But at the time, even with their coming together, the quest seemed painstakingly lonely.

The awesome resources of Synanon were against them. In addition to the suits against Gambonini, the *Examiner*, *Time*, and KGO, there would soon be actions or talk of actions against NBC, the *Los Angeles Times*, and a Visalia, Calif., paper. At times Synanon was rumored to have a staff of 48 lawyers working on its behalf. "It was a definite risk," says Mitchell. According to one staffer, the *Light* might have had to fold up in the wake of legal expenses; its insurance would have covered only $5,000 in fees.

"I honestly felt they might try something aginst him," admits Lyman Bedford, a Novato, Calif., attorney and an old college chum Mitchell turned to for advice on several articles.

In addition to the advice provided by Bedford, all of the articles had to get past Cathy, who was helping to pull editorial material together. Somewhat to the dismay of her husband, she held several of the articles up, saying they needed more work. "There were times," frowns Dave, "when we had to start all over."

(One of the mysteries of the newspaper's coverage is that while other publications were being sued right and left and other reporters were being threatened, the *Light* seemed, miraculously, to escape Synanon's attention. "It's really ironic," says Mitchell. "Here we were, running story after story, and they basically left us alone. I heard through intermediaries that we were being watched, but we never received any direct warnings. I really don't know how to explain it except that compared to *Time*, we were a gnat, a pinprick, that they never took seriously. After we won the prize, we heard they thought the whole thing was a big joke." Says Bedford: "Unlike *Time*, there would have been no big pocket for a suit. So what if they would have won against the *Light*? They would have wound up with an uncollectible judgment.")

Then there were the townspeople.

"We'll need to remove that nasty lump in your wallet."

Many felt—and *still* feel—intimidated by Synanon's presence. It isn't just that they fear the group; it's that anything with the purchasing power of 1,000 current residents means potentially big business for local merchants.

Marshall, population 250, is a town plagued with such fear. From Point Reyes Station, Highway 1 cuts along Tomales Bay, a picturesque inlet of mud flats and statuesque shorebirds. Marshall, which has about ten shops, comes up suddenly. As with Point Reyes Station, there is no reason for Marshall being there: it owes its existence to a railroad's needing another station. Glowers a merchant: "I don't like all those guns. It was about time someone blew the whistle on them." Shrugs another: "If they have a clean record, then why are they afraid of the press?"

Other locals, even today, feel the *Light* went too far with its coverage of Synanon. Says Kate Worsley, proprietor of Point Reyes Station's natural-foods outlet: "It became an obsession. Where was any coverage of the people who live there?" Complains Steve Fouracre: "The paper started ignoring other events going on in the community." Elizabeth Whitney felt so offended that in May 1978 she and about 20 other local residents published a newspaper mocking the *Light* stories.

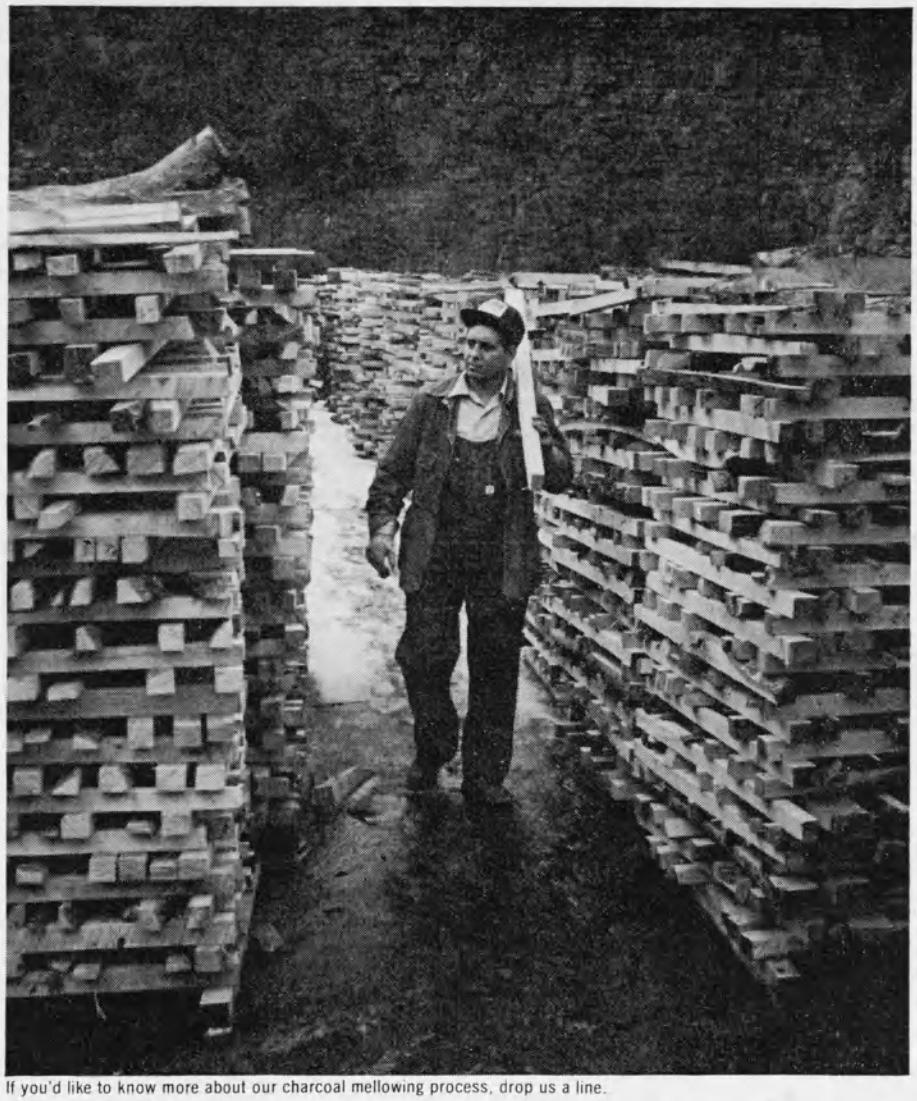
The work began disrupting the personal lives of the investigative team. "It was a funny feeling, sitting there in your hot tub, with a bottle of wine in one hand and a can of Mace next to you," says Dave Mitchell. Sheriff's patrols around the Mitchell home were increased. Ofshe took to carrying a gun.

The sense of fear felt by the news people who covered the Synanon story and by the ex-members who came forth to offer information increased.

Jack Hurst, ex-president of Synanon, says that "strange things began to happen" after he started talking. He came home at 1:00 A.M. one night and found his door wide open, the lights on. "Nothing was taken," he remembers, "but it seemed very eerie." He bought a German shepherd for protection. A few days later he came home and found the dog hanging from his door, dead. He went into hiding. After Christmas 1978 he returned to check his old apartment and found it burned out; a fire had mysteriously started downstairs.

By this time, while there was absolutely no evidence to prove it, he was convinced that "Synanon had put out a contract on me." Every member who decides to leave the group must first go through a long, grueling rap session referred to as an "outerview." "You have to swear that you will never say anything bad about Synanon," says Hurst. "There was definitely the implication that they would get you if you did. It was like the goddamn Mafia."

His wife began receiving threats over the phone. Said one: "We are waiting for you." Said another: "I'm going to get you." The California Justice Department, which



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Cure found for male

Dr. Kai Setala; physician, professor, cancer researcher. And the discoverer of a formulation that has been shown to regrow hair in a majority of bald men treated.

Due to the work of a world renowned cancer researcher and his assistants, a cure for baldness was discovered at the University of Helsinki. After twenty-five years of testing, documented medical evidence proves that this new solution can cure pattern baldness in a majority of those treated.

Dr. Kai Setala first started work on what is now known as Bio-Prima 2 (Bioscal in Europe and Canada) twenty-five years ago. During the course of laboratory tests on animals, Dr. Setala and his assistant Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, observed that ingredients originally formulated to retard tumor development actually regrew hair on the skin of laboratory animals that had been denuded as a result of previous testing. From this original observation the formula was perfected and retested on animals.

After the formulation was tested further, Dr. Setala began tests on humans. Over the past seven years, these tests have yielded astounding results. Much was heard about Dr. Setala's work on the continent and then rumors started arising in this country several years ago of a cure for baldness. It was Dr. Setala's work that was the subject of these widespread reports all along.

No wonder. In one test, 320 people ranging in ages from 20 to 65, all having been in advanced stages of pattern baldness, were treated. After nine months time, the results of this clinical study showed that treatment with Bio-Prima 2 had neutralized excessive hair fallout in a majority of patients. At the same time, in many cases it was found that hair regeneration had taken place in areas of the scalp which had been bald for up to twenty years.

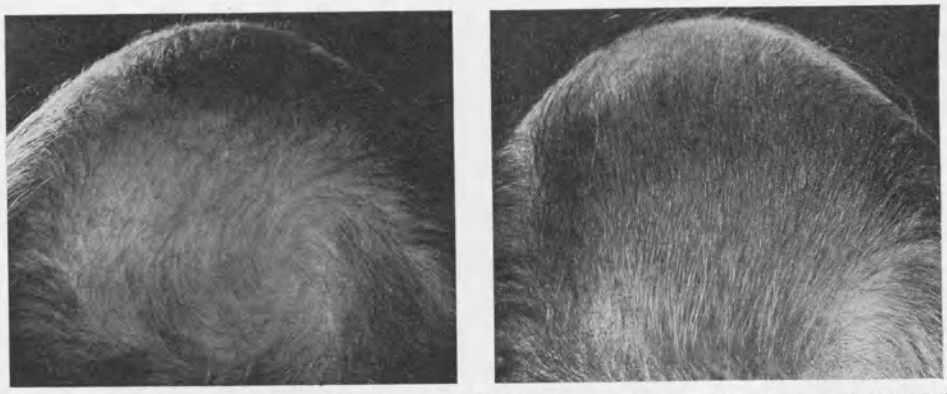
Additional testing, again under the strictest controls of the medical profession, revealed similar results. One study showed 80% of all those treated regrew their hair through the use of Bio-Prima 2. And an even greater number saw their excessive hair fallout reduced to normal levels.

Further proof of Bio-Prima 2's effectiveness came in the form of validation from the government of West Germany. Their departments of health and commerce officially recognized Bio-Prima 2 as an effective hair restorative and eligible for deduction from the German health insurance plan as a bona fide medical expense.

Amazing? Definitely. But more amazing was that Dr. Setala unlocked the key to curing hair loss at the same time he found a solution to remedy it.

For years, doctors have suspected that male pattern baldness was linked somehow to the male hormones. It wasn't until the nineteen forties that a dermatologist could confirm these hypotheses. After extensive testing, it became apparent men with male pattern baldness all had one common trait; an excess of the male hormone androgen present in the scalp. It was not known why some men had a propensity to store excessive androgen in the scalp while other men had even higher androgen levels in their bodies but not within the scalp tissues. But it was discovered that after androgen remains in the scalp for a period of time, it begins to break down chemically. One of the by-products of this process is DHT. It is DHT that chokes the hair follicle, causing it to atrophy and thus rendering it incapable of producing hair.

Many physicians and researchers sought to remedy the problem through a myriad of solutions. The key was to find a way to render the DHT harmless. Or at least so they thought. Estrogen was considered to



The unretouched photo above is of a 26 year old man. At left, before treatment with Bio-Prima 2. At right, hair has been regrown after only four months of using the Bio-Prima 2 preparation.

pattern baldness.

be the answer because of its neutralizing effects on the male hormones. But it was later found that when applied topically to the scalp, estrogen often created unwanted secondary female characteristics in the male; enlargement of breasts, loss of body hair, etc. Other formulations with properties similar to estrogen were also tried. They did produce new hair growth in many individuals without unwanted side effects. But not one of these treatments has ever approached the success rate of Bio-Prima 2 in reversing the balding procedure.

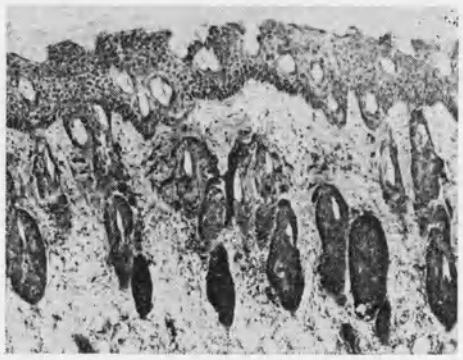
That's because Bio-Prima 2 works at four different levels to regrow hair. First, its cleansing action clears the hair growing organs of all foreign debris; substances that could impede the hair growth that is to come. Secondly, Bio-Prima 2 has the ability to loosen the subcutaneous tissue surrounding the hair follicle. This increases blood circulation in the capillary system of the scalp. Naturally, this is vital to hair growth.

The two other effects that Bio-Prima 2 has on the hair growing organs are what allows new hair to grow.

In coping with the problem of excessive androgen retention in the scalp, Dr. Setala had bypassed the usual route of trying to neutralize the hormones. It was discovered that androgens are not only synthesized within the male organs, but also within the scalp tissues. Cholesterol is the precursor of these hormones, that is, it is the substance from which these hormones begin synthesization. Instead of eradicating the DHT present in the scalp, Dr. Setala's solution destroys the cholesterol responsible for its manufacture. By eradicating cholesterol, the production of androgen in the scalp is greatly reduced. Thus with a decreased amount of hormones made and retained in the scalp, the presence of DHT is also greatly reduced. The final result is the elimination of the factor responsible for the balding process.

But how does Bio-Prima 2 actually get hair growing? It has been learned that if DHT is eliminated, many hair roots that were in the process of atrophying will revive. But what about hair roots that have stopped producing for long periods of time, as was the case with men in Dr. Setala's study who had been bald for over twenty years? It seems that Bio-Prima 2's cholesterol dissolving abilities play a large part in allowing rejuvenation of the hair follicle. Because Bio-Prima 2 can penetrate the scalp tissues, it's able to break up cholesterol that lies on the surface membranes of the hair growing cells. Since cholesterol inhibits cell growth and reproduction, its elimination allows regrowth of the hair follicle to take place. So at the same time the hormones causing hair fallout are eliminated, the substance that inhibits cell growth is neutralized as well.

The result is a rebirth of the hair follicles. Biopsy samples from Dr. Setala's patients proved this to be true. Samples were taken before, during, and after the treatment process from the bald and thin areas. Though the first samples showed these follicles to be atrophied and for all practical purposes, non-existent, samples taken during the treatment stage were much different. In many cases, the hair root actually was seen to be in a process of rejuvenation. The follicles were getting larger and larger. After treatment was completed, samples showed that many of the patients' hair follicles had returned to their normal size.



Biopsies taken during treatment reveal enlarged and regenerated hair follicles.

But a microscope wasn't really necessary to see that. Because these same patients had regrown hair all over their heads. Bio-Prima 2 cured their pattern baldness, a malady previously thought to be irreversible.

Thousands of people are already experiencing new hair growth with Bio-Prima 2 (Bioscal) all over Canada and Europe. If you are interested in obtaining Dr. Setala's formula, you may write Standard Research Laboratories — Post Office Box 9667 — Dept. 128, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33310. Please enclose check or money order in the amount of $24.95 for one one-ounce bottle, or if you prefer, two one-ounce bottles may be purchased for $44.95. Credit card holders (VISA or Mastercharge) should include credit card number and expiration date. Or you may order with credit card by calling (toll free) 1-800-241-8444, Operator 245.

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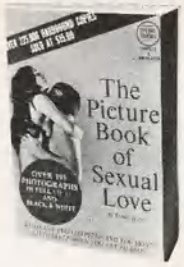

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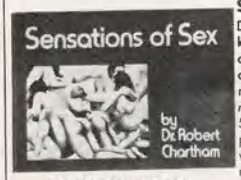

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was now guarding the Hursts, advised them to get out of the state.

They did so but only at great personal sacrifice. For three years Hurst had been executive director of Marin Community Workshop, a center in Mill Valley, Calif., for handicapped adults. "I had to blow a hole in my career," says Hurst.

Today Jack Hurst is happily resettled in New York, where he is director of Phoenix House, a rehabilitation center for ex-drug addicts. But some bitterness remains. He only recently surfaced, after five months in hiding.

"Talking out about Synanon was one of the hardest things I ever decided to do," says Hurst. "I still love Synanon, but if they ever do anything to anybody again, I swear I won't rest until they are out of business and every damn one of them is in jail."

Hurst wasn't the only one to feel the heat. A Marin County grand jury member named Peter Dillon got threats over the phone. Said one caller: "I will make sure that God will kill you."

Time magazine editor-in-chief Hedley Donovan was told: "We're going to ruin your life." Time Inc. Chairman Andrew Heiskell received threats. Eventually, the magazine placed guards at its Los Angeles office and at the home of the reporter who wrote its Synanon article.

KGO anchorman Van Amberg received death threats.

Reporters for NBC and the *Los Angeles Times* discovered that men identifying themselves as Synanon representatives were, according to *New Times*, "investigating their personal lives." The network president, the magazine added, began getting threats and was put under guard.

The list could go on and on. But it must be stressed that there is no direct evidence linking any of these incidents to Synanon.

During the summer of 1978, the investigation seemed long, methodical, and, in terms of news value, often unrewarding. Dave noticed that some of Synanon's known ammunition did not fit the guns it had been buying; he guessed that the weapons Synanon admitted having were only the tip of the iceberg. (In October 1978 the California Department of Justice reported that Synanon had purchased $307,000 worth of weapons.)

In June, after Dederich tried to set up new Synanon facilities in Washington, D.C., the *Light* reported that various Synanon members had been charged with assaulting a photographer and threatening an aide to U.S. Sen. Adlai Stevenson; Synanon quickly closed its Washington branch.

In July and August there were numerous articles on the California Department of Health's sudden interest in Synanon. Efforts to inspect Synanon facilities became bogged down in a quagmire of court wrangling. A state assemblyman introduced a bill that would have exempted Synanon from Health Department licensing.

There were several child custody battles involving Synanon. And on September 14 the *Light* scooped local papers by receiving a tip that attorney Howard Garfield, the group's second-ranking officer, had left the organization. "It was a devil of a hard story to confirm," remembers Mitchell, who relied on sources within the California attorney general's office.

The rough sledding, the difficulty of finding sources willing to talk, and the sheer drudgery of going through mountains of court documents were taking their toll. Recounts Mitchell: "We felt like we were beating our heads against a wall."

Everything turned completely around on September 21.

Months earlier nearly 200 Synanon men had undergone vasectomies, performed by Synanon doctors. Like the partner-changing episode, the idea for the vasectomies had been Dederich's. It was at this point that one member, Phil Ritter, fled into the night to tell the sheriff what he had seen. The sheriff replied that there was nothing that could legally be done. Ritter left Synanon and filed court actions to gain custody of his daughter, who was still living there.

One bright summer day, as Phil Ritter

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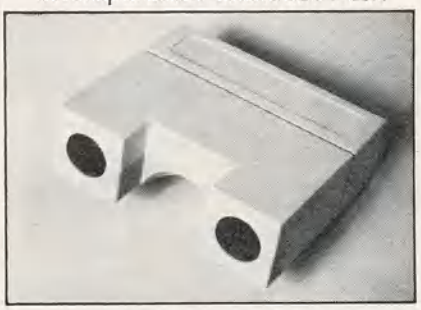

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got out of his car in Berkeley, he was knocked to the ground by a savage blow to the head. As he lay nearly unconscious on the pavement, the attacker continued to strike him with a club. The assailant finally fled into a nearby car. Ritter, who was rushed to a hospital, nearly died: he was in a coma for five days.

There have been no arrests in the Ritter case and not the slightest proof that Synanon was in any way involved. The group has disavowed any responsibility for the incident. But a witness's account that the attacker had "a marine-type haircut" was enough to make frightened ex-members come out of the woodwork by the dozens.

Jack Hurst, among the first to come forward, recalls that "they were out of control; they had to be stopped." Hurst had been a member of Synanon for 17 years. After he left, he said that he tried to talk Synanon officials out of "their violent ways." Ritter had been one of Hurst's aides. The same week Ritter was attacked, the sentences in the Cardineau beating were handed down—a double blow that moved Hurst to action.

"As I spoke out, I began to get calls from ex-members all over the country," says Hurst. He helped organize meetings of ex-Synanon members in Los Angeles and the Bay Area. From these meetings came a 15-page report of other alleged Synanon violence.

Remembers Mitchell: "We couldn't believe it. All of a sudden we started getting all these calls."

By October there was no stopping the *Light*. The *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, and NBC News became regular subscribers. Like many reporters, the *Chronicle*'s Ralph Craib took to leafing through the *Light*'s clippings; in return, the newspaper also developed new resources: instead of driving 40 miles to San Francisco, all Mitchell had to do was call Craib to have him check something at the attorney general's office. By now, the *Light* had developed extensive contacts not only with ex-members and other media but also with state agencies that were finally starting to investigate Synanon.

(Craib recognized the vast significance of the *Light*'s effort when he nominated it for the Pulitzer Prize. "Only a few fucking people in the whole country had the guts to stand up to Synanon before this," he says, his voice rising. "I really thought they had a chance.")

One of the little-known facts of the Synanon story is that the California Justice Department probe into allegations of violence by the group actually started at a meeting held in the *Light*'s offices September 29. The Mitchells turned over information on a number of violent incidents involving Synanon and—three weeks before it went to press—threats made against attorney Paul Morantz.

These contacts paid off October 19 with the biggest scoop of all: allegations that Dederich himself had "repeatedly called for an attack" on Morantz. Morantz had won a $300,000 judgment against Synanon for a woman who claimed she had been kidnapped by the organization. On October 10, only a few hours after Morantz was interviewed by Justice Department investigators checking on the *Light* tip, the attorney was bitten by a rattlesnake placed in his mailbox. Synanon later turned over two members suspected of the crime but told reporters the group did not condone unlawful acts.

But within days the *Light* was getting reports from ex-members that an attack on Morantz had been called for over the Synanon Wire. One of those who talked to lawmen, according to the *Light* story, was ex-member Mary Inskip. She claimed Dederich said, "When is one of you cowardly people going to go down there and break his legs?" according to the story. On December 2 the founder of Synanon was arrested in Lake Havasu City, Ariz., and charged with conspiracy and solicitation to commit murder.

Mary Inskip also shed light on what might have been the most terrifying Synanon story of all. On December 28, 1978, the *Light* published allegations that there had been several attempts to organize Synanon, the Moonies, Scientologists, and Jim Jones's People's Temple into a kind of grand cult coalition earlier that year.

Mitchell received this information from Mary Inskip, and he says that the California Justice Department confirmed it had received the same information "from other sources." "For a while before I left, there was talk of a coalition of Synanon, the Moonies, Scientology, and People's Temple—people who were doing a lot of good for the world and were misunderstood," Inskip is quoted as saying. "The Sikhs, a militant Hindu group, were going to be part of the coalition, too."

According to the *Light*, Inskip added: "Chuck [Dederich] talked it up enormously. He assigned that job to Sidney [Finkelstein, her ex-husband] after we changed partners." The newspaper contended that at one time it looked as if the coalition "was assured." An official of Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church was a periodic dinner guest of Synanon's legal department, according to the *Light*.

"People's Temple became one of the larger nonprofit organizations receiving goods through Synanon's 'redistribution network,'" the article continued. Inskip told the *Light* that Synanon "identified with them a lot, because their media coverage was as unjustified as ours." She emphasized that the coalition was not to have been just a Synanon spin-off. "It would," she told Mitchell, "be a coalition." The article reported the coalition was going to have "its own building in New York."

But things quickly fell apart. "Synanon had a blowup with the Moonies," Inskip is quoted as saying. "Chuck decided they were using Synanon for their benefit."

The Synanon story is far from over. In an agreement worked out with the California attorney general's office, it was announced last May that Synanon would sell its arsenal of rifles, pistols, shotguns, and 500,000 rounds of ammunition. Dederich is being required to return $500,000 that Synanon gave him as a retirement bonus. Meanwhile, state agencies have been studying Synanon's web of moneymaking activities, and the probe into acts of violence alleged by ex-Synanonites is nearing completion. Synanon refuses to comment officially. Top Synanon officers turned down this magazine's many requests for interviews, just as they had done with the *Light* over 30 times.

Many court cases are also pending. For example, Paul Morantz is suing Synanon for $32 million, all of its assets. In June, Synanon subpoenaed the confidential notes and files of the *Light* in connection with that case. Mitchell says that while he would be glad to give up copies of the stories the *Light* had printed, he will not turn over the subpoenaed material. "They have no business seeking this information," he says. "If a newspaper is going to be able to fulfill its watchdog role, it must be able to conduct an investigation without having to worry about betraying the confidence of the sources that have come forth to help.

"It's an excuse to go fishing through our files," adds Mitchell. "They want to know what we have on them." According to Mitchell, California's shield law guarantees reporters the right to keep their sources confidential. "This is precisely the kind of situation the original authors of that law had in mind," he says. Notes attorney Steven Block, of Heller, Ehrman, White & McAuliffe: "Basic questions of freedom of the press and of the California shield law are involved." The law firm is offering its services as a "public service" to the *Light*.

Dave Mitchell is sure that "there's a lot more than has come out" about Synanon. He intends to continue to follow the story. In February the Mitchells and Ofshe were given a $15,000 grant from the prestigious Hewlett Foundation in Palo Alto to continue their research. Foundation chairman Roger Heyns said: "There are some very important public-policy questions that are raised by the Synanon situation. In years to come, it will be useful for people to understand those questions."

Perhaps. But the *Light*'s quest for truth also raised a question for the media: just how important is the small-town newspaper? The answer turns out to be: awfully important, especially in a void left when government, law enforcement, and big-city papers all look the other way. Small-town newspapers built this country, and they may yet be capable of restoring some of its strength and justice.

If the people at Synanon think the publicity about their organization is bad now, they have a very grim future to look forward to indeed. The winning of the Pulitzer Prize has had a snowball effect on the writers and everything around them.

Now, there is even talk of a movie to be based on the Mitchells' experience. EMI suggested a two-hour television movie that would serve as the pilot for a possible series, but this and at least two other deals had fallen through at the time this article was being written. "Obviously, we'd like to have something work out," says Mitchell, who has a Los Angeles agent offering the film rights around town. "But it would just be to buy the *Light* building, which we currently rent. We need to raise about $100,000."

Mitchell does not talk in particularly glowing terms about a potential movie because of his initial contacts with Hollywood. He believes he still has a long way to go to convince Filmland about what really happened. Says Mitchell: "One producer wanted a picture about Ma & Pa Kettle investigating Synanon." If that's the way Hollywood really wants it, Richard Ofshe says, Marty Feldman would be perfect for his role.

The Mitchells have had better luck with book publishers. Within two weeks of their winning the prize, Seaview Books announced that it would publish *The Corporate Cult*, by the Mitchells and Ofshe. Dave Mitchell won't say how fat the advance was, only that it was more than enough to allow Cathy to quit her part-time teaching job at a junior college. Before the *Light* won the prize, the proposal for the book had been turned down by 16 publishers.

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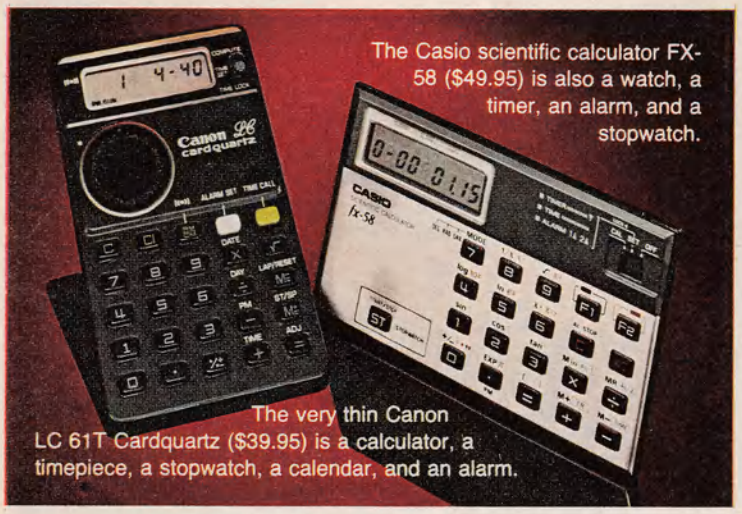

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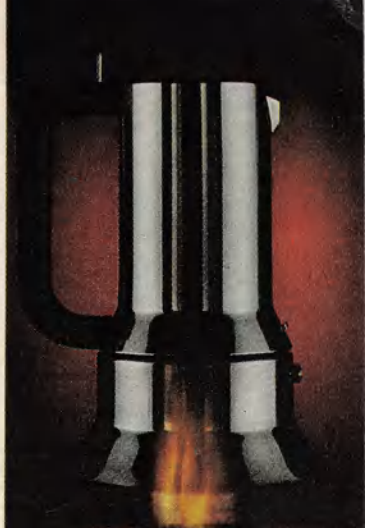
To keep your spirits up, the beautiful Wild Turkey decanter ($200), made of hand-crafted Baccarat crystal, which comes in its own wooden chest for storage.

The Minolta XG-1 camera ($404), with motor drive ($130) and Auto Flash 200X ($75), is a compact single-lens-reflex system that offers both automatic and fully manual operation.

Everything you need for recording your favorite television programs and for making your own home movies in one convenient package: the Sony Portable Betamax II/SL-3000 HVC 1000 camera set ($2,699.95).

The video camera is lightweight (under five pounds), compact, and easy to use. It employs Sony's exclusive Trinicon system for the most accurate color reproduction and high resolution.

Longines's 14-karat gold "Creation" ($1,000)—not only fine jewelry but also an accurate, easy-to-read timepiece.



Stainless-steel espresso maker ($55), designed by Richard Sapper, available at the Museum of Modern Art.

Fasten your seat belts! The Panasonic Cockpit TM RM-610 High Fidelity Car Stereo System with Dolby ($1,000) has an FM stereo tuner, a cassette tape deck, a preamp, and a 60-watt main amplifier. It is the first overhead console car audio system.

(top) The Copal World Timer Quartz QF 500 ($99.95), a pocket-size digital alarm clock with time indications for 24 world locations. (bottom) The Pearlcorder D130 Microcassette Recorder ($349) and DRA 2 FM tuner ($49.95), made by Olympus.

After winning the hearts and minds of sports-car lovers with its rotary-engine RX-7, Mazda has set out to convert sedan owners to its lively and practical 626.

SEDUCTIVE SEDAN

BY WADE HOYT

Once, Japanese industry was best known for its cheap, mass-produced products, such as cameras and transistor radios. Today, the quality of Japanese optical and stereo equipment is world famous. This desire to first meet and then surpass Western standards of quality has also affected Japan's auto industry. Its image as simply a provider of cheap wheels has been put to rest by the realization that the Japanese can create vehicles that rival the most sophisticated European designs.

Toyo Kogyo, the manufacturer of Mazda cars and trucks, has been at the forefront of this revolution. Mazda's rotary-engined RX-7 sports car is one of the most exotic and desirable of the world's moderately priced two-seaters. Now Mazda has introduced the 626 coupé and sedan, two conventional-looking four-seaters that are actually outstanding transportation.

Everything about the 626 is un-Oriental. Its handsome lines are a tasteful expression of the square-edged New Wave look usually associated with German and Italian designs. But the 626 is more than just another pretty face. Extensive wind-tunnel testing has resulted in a remarkably low air-drag coefficient of 0.39, compared with 0.45 for the typical small, boxy sedan. This drag reduction adds 6 mph to the Mazda's top speed (the equivalent of using an engine with 10 more horsepower) and reduces fuel consumption at 60 mph by 2.5 mpg. Mazda has achieved this low drag through careful attention to such details as flush windshield pillars and turn signals, a sloping hood and slatted grille, and a front spoiler.

The 626's steering and suspension systems are almost identical to those in the RX-7. Front suspension is by MacPherson struts, with an antisway bar and disc brakes. The rear suspension has a live axle that is precisely located by four trailing links and a transverse Panhard rod. Gas-filled shock absorbers and drum brakes are used at the rear. The rear coil springs are unusual because they are thicker at their centers than at their ends. This gives them a variable rate, which provides a comfortable ride when the car is lightly loaded or sedately driven but also allows them to cope easily with heavy loads or spirited cornering.

The recirculating ball steering is so effortless you'd swear it was power assisted, so precise and responsive you'd swear it was a rack-and-pinion design. The disc/drum brakes, though ordinary in specification, will stop the 2,500-pound car at 60 mph in less than 150 feet. Few cars in the world can do better than that.

The brakes, steering, and suspension all work together in a way that would make you guess that the 626 came straight out of Stuttgart or Milan, not Hiroshima. The 626 is a delight to drive on rolling country roads, and you will often find yourself taking the long way home just for the fun of attacking a twisting byway rather than droning along on the interstate.

The five-speed transmission provides fast and accurate shifts in the lower four gears for enthusiastic driving and a 0.86 overdrive ratio in fifth gear for economical highway cruising. A three-speed automatic transmission is optional.

The four-cylinder engine has a chain-driven overhead camshaft in its aluminum cylinder head. It produces 80 horsepower at 4,500 rpm and 105 foot-pounds of torque at 2,500 rpm. While not exactly a high-speed screamer, the plucky two-liter engine does deliver lots of torque low down, which makes even the manual-transmission car easy to drive in heavy traffic or on hills, where downshifting is seldom necessary.

For a car that can deliver over 30 mpg in normal driving, the 626's performance is impressive: 0 to 60 mph in 10.5 seconds; the quarter-mile in 18 seconds at 75 mph; and a top speed of about 105 mph. It's no Porsche or Maserati, but it is an unusual combination of sportiness and practicality.

The inside of the 626, however, is a Japanese compendium of comfort and convenience. Reclining bucket seats are standard, and the driver's seat also has adjustments for height, tilt, and lumbar support. There are six bins and pockets in the interior for stashing things. The glove compartment has a movable divider (which keeps the standard-issue can of touch-up paint from rolling around). Its door opens horizontally to form a little picnic table, with a depression for holding a cup plus a flip-top cubby that seems just right for holding a Whopper or, more likely, a container of noodles. There's a rolltop bin to the left of the steering column and a flip-top bin under the center console's armrest, plus map pockets in both doors and one seatback.

Other standard features include rear- and side-window defrosters, an AM/FM stereo radio, tinted glass, and an electric trunk-lid release. Split rear seatbacks, now found on several hatchbacks, are just as handy on coupés or sedans, and Mazda has been the first to recognize this. When you fold the seatbacks forward, the cargo capacity of the trunk is increased from 14 to 26 cubic feet.

Flip only one seatback forward and you can carry items up to nine feet long, plus three occupants. This feature allows you to carry your skis *inside* the car, which eliminates the fuel-wasting aerodynamic drag of a roof rack. Skiers will also appreciate the fact that the 626 starts easily in cold weather and can be driven off immediately, with none of the usual stumbling and stalling.

All in all, the 626 is an endearing blend of European sportiness and Oriental cleverness, built to Toyo Kogyo's high-quality standards. With prices starting below $5,500, it should do as much for Mazda's reputation as their more spectacular rotary-engined cars.

Photograph by Ray Garcia

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

sunbathing. Once we had to wait for our car at a hotel, and Lynn stood outside in the sunlight in a sheer yellow dress that caused four teenage boys to walk by a dozen times.

About a year ago, we started talking about letting someone see her up close and actually have sex with her.

At a cocktail party one night, some people decided to go skinny-dipping in the host's pool. The hostess was thrown in and stripped in the water by several guests and her husband. It was obvious that she was having fun. Most of the guests had left when Lynn was thrown in. Soon I was squeezing her out of her dress, and she was paddling around with three women and six men. We frolicked until the early morning, and Lynn was fondled by all the men. That night we had some of our best sex ever. The scene in the pool was a big turn-on. We had talked about Lynn having sex with other men often and on our next trip were determined to see the plan through. At thirty-four, Lynn had never had anyone other than me and was a nervous.

We chose the young lifeguard at the pool, who seemed to be hung like a horse. I asked him if he'd like to have a beer with us before we left. In the room, Lynn allowed him to see a glimpse of her womanhood, since all she was wearing was her beach cover-up. After his third beer, I was actually showing Lynn's five-foot, 34-26-35 body to this young nineteen-year-old. Lynn is a real looker who takes care of her shape. She's dark-complexioned, with lots of thick pubic hair and dollar-sized nipples. His eyes lit up when he realized he could fuck Lynn. As soon as he produced his slender nine-inch cock, Lynn sank to her knees and began sucking her new toy. Soon he had laid her back on the bed and was pumping away at her pussy. Before the evening was over, we'd both enjoyed all of my wife's orifices at least once. He fucked her again the next afternoon before we left, and he allowed me to take some Polaroids of the action.

Since that time, Lynn and I have decided to take off once every ninety days and have some sort of sex party with a male or female or another couple. We've heard there are some neat clubs but don't know where to inquire.

What is the best way to find safe people who are discreet? I think we are excellent swinging candidates.—E.C.

Almost all swingers are discreet; that's part of the game. After all, you're all in the same bed together, and you can all tell stories. If you want to.

THE THRILL OF IT ALL

Recently, I fulfilled a fantasy I'd had for some time.

Making love with my husband one night, I had just reached another orgasm when

my husband rammed my ass hole with a vibrator. I just love what vibrators do to me. Then I decided that this was the night I'd try to live out this fantasy of mine—that is, to screw a man in the ass. I didn't know how my husband would react, but I was determined to ask, anyway. After sucking his gorgeous cock off, I lay next to him and whispered in his ear, "Honey, I'd love to fuck you in the ass with the vibrator." The offer was shocking to him, and his voice rose as he said, "Now why would you want to do that?" I told him of my fantasy and that I thought it would be exciting. He admitted he had often wondered what it would be like to get screwed in the ass but had thought if he suggested it to me, I might think him some kind of pervert or latent homosexual.

After he agreed to give it a try, I had him get in the doggie position. Grabbing some K-Y jelly, I lubricated his ass hole. I felt his body tighten as my finger entered. Greasing the vibrator and with one hand spreading his anus open, "I" slowly entered him. He moaned as the vibrator slowly began penetrating his virgin ass, and then I turned it on. The vibes sent him wild, and he bucked hard against the vibrator as I pushed it in as far as it would go. He loved the pleasure it was giving him, and I loved watching him..

My fantasy was coming true; it was living up to all my expectations, and I loved doing it. It was exciting watching the vibrator pump in and out and watching him squirm. Reaching between his legs, I grabbed his hard cock and, still fucking his ass, jacked him off to a great climax. I was so aroused that I masturbated myself off in front of him while my husband was recovering from his "initiation."

He loves to be butt-fucked and said he wished he'd had the nerve to ask me a long time ago. Since that time I've purchased a strap-on dildo, and I'm really into butt-fucking now. For me it's participating and fantasizing at the same time.

Do you think there are a lot of men in this wide land of ours who'd like a chance at having their ass holes reamed in this manner but can't get up the courage to ask their gals?—A.G.

Probably. Many men think that having anything stuck up their ass holes makes them homosexual. Far from it. When stimulated, any man's ass hole will enjoy pleasing sensations. Many a man will come immediately if you just stick your wetted finger up his anus during intercourse. So, if a finger works, why not a vibrator, a dildo, or a cucumber?

Most men probably are too ashamed to ask that their girl friends do such a thing. So, all you women, do your man a favor: the next time you want to surprise him with a new erotic trick, tell him you've been longing to screw him in the ass. He might be shocked at first, but as a girl friend of mine once said of men, "If you really get behind them, they'll bend over frontwards to help you."

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OH WICKED WANDA!
TM
MANY YEARS AGO, WANDA'S NOW DEFUNCT DADDY HAD BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH TIME TRAVEL. THE ANTIQUATED APPARATUS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED BY WANDA AND CO. IN A REMOTE PART OF THE SCHLOSS. A FIRST, TENTATIVE TIME TRIP HAS BEEN MADE, BUT THE MECHANISM HAS PROVED TO BE A TOTALLY UNRELIABLE AND PRIMITIVE PIECE OF MACHINERY. IF YOU ARE IN THE LEAST BIT INTERESTED IN ALL THIS — READ ON!
BY ANY STANDARDS THAT KID IS A HORRIBLE LITTLE SPOILED, OVER INDULGED, GREEDY BRAT! AN' I WISH TO HELL IT WAS ME!
I MUST ADMIT IT'S NICE TO ENJOY THE SIMPLE LUXURIES OF THE SCHLOSS AFTER OUR SOJOURN IN THE WILDERNESS!
YOU CAN KEEP THOSE SMELLY OLD BUFFALO ROBES!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

YOU KNOW THOSE PERFECT DAYS — WHEN INNOCENT GIRLISH LAUGHTER DRIFTS ACROSS THE LAWNS AND THE AIR IS HEAVY WITH NOSTALGIA AND LATE AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT? THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE AT THE SCHLOSS AT THIS VERY MOMENT.....
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU UP AND ABOUT AGAIN, HOMER. I HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER?..ER.. HAVE YOU SEEN THE MOSTRESS SINCE SHE..ER ..GAVE VENT TO HER DISPLEASURE!
NO, I HAVEN'T! SHE'S BEEN LOCKED AWAY IN THE PINK BOUDOIR WITH CANDY-FLOSS AND ODD MEMBERS OF THE PUSS FORCE FOR THE LAST MONTH! I'VE NEVER KNOWN IT SO QUIET AROUND HERE!

WELL, IT COULDN'T LAST, COULD IT?
RIGHT! THAT'S ENOUGH!
EVERYBODY OUT! I WANT TO BE ALONE!
ONE THING YOU'LL NEVER BECOME AROUND HERE — COMPLACENT!
LIVIN' IN THIS PLACE IS LIKE LIVIN' ON THE BRINK OF A VOLCANO!

BREAKFAST ORDERLY. A COVETED ROLE—AND ONE THAT PUSS FORCE COMMANDOS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FIGHT OVER!
DID YOU ENJOY YOUR BREAKFAST, COMM.....!!?
OUT!
I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE IF I WERE YOU—SHE'S IN ONE HELLUVA MOOD! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU DEFECT TO THE EAST!
WOW
I'LL SEE YOU IN THE PLAYROOM WHEN YOU GET CLEANED UP!
NO POINT IN LETTING THESE THINGS GO TO WASTE!
NO REFUNDS
DISCOUNT SEX TOYS INC.
I FEEL SO RESTLESS!
THAT JOURNEY INTO THE PAST HAS DONE IT!
IT'S THOSE DELICIOUS BARBARIAN INDIANS!
SO DISTURBING!
SO PRIMITIVE!
SO SAVAGE!

GET MY CAR!
THE MOUNTAINS ECHO BACK THE ROAR OF THE TWIN TESTO ENGINES OF WANDA'S CUSTOM BUILT SUPO DE PENISO FLAGRANTE AS IT SPEEDS INTO THE NIGHT.....
SCREECH!
HONK HONK!
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU ...ER..LADY?
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR ME...

VAROOOM!
... COME HERE — MY LITTLE SEX OBJECT!
AAGH!
NO! NO!

AND AS THE MOON IS GRADUALLY HIDDEN BY THE SILVER-RIMMED CLOUDS, A ZEPHYR RIPPLES THE MIRROR SURFACE OF THE LAKE AND...ER... MY GOD! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
AAGH!
EEK!
OOH!
UGH!
YIKE!
OOF!
OOOOER!

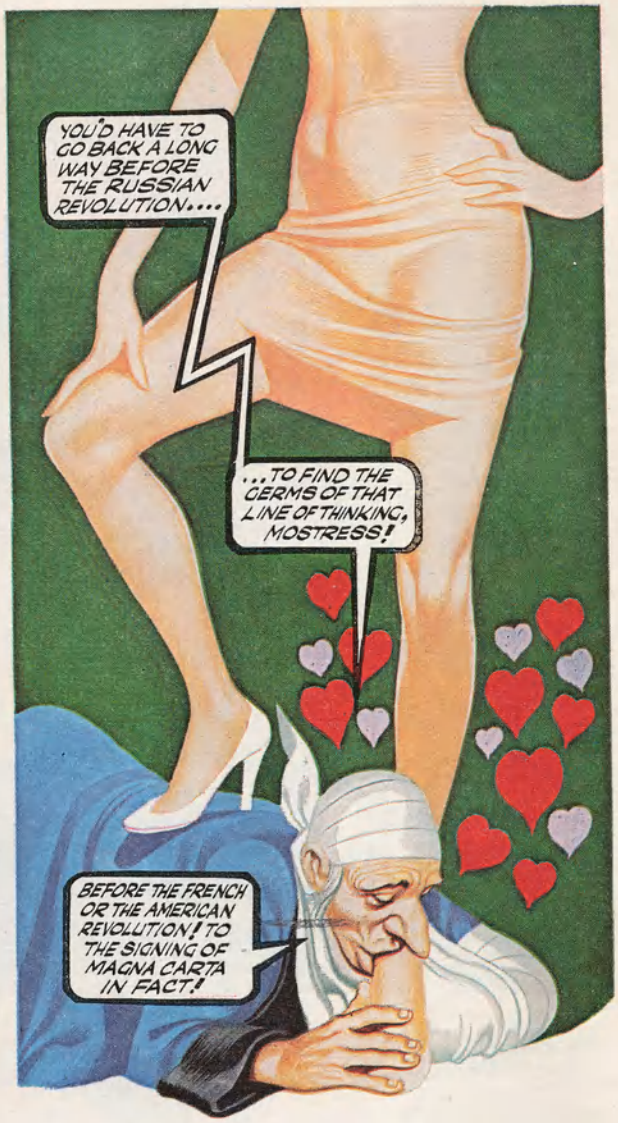
LATER AT POLICE H.Q...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT? DO YOU BELIEVE HIS STORY?
NO—HE'S JUST A NUT!
BLABBER!
MUMBLE!
MUMBLE!
BETTER GET THE STRAIGHT JACKET, NURSE!
IF SOME WOMAN HAD DONE ALL THOSE THINGS TO ME I WOULDN'T BE DOWN HERE COMPLAINING ABOUT IT.....
...I'D BE DOWNTOWN IN SOME BAR— BRAGGIN' ABOUT IT!
NOW BEFORE YOU START CONDEMNING THE POLICE FORCE FOR INCOMPETENCE, THINK ABOUT IT! IF SOMEONE CAME RUSHING IN TO YOU AND SAID HE'D JUST BEEN RAVISHED BY THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—WOULD YOU BELIEVE HIM?

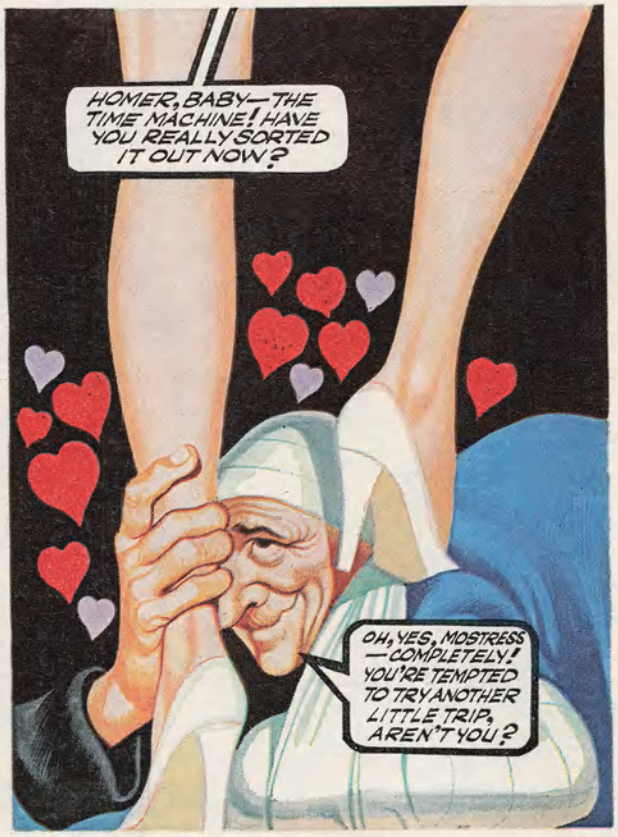
IS IT ALRIGHT TO COME IN, BOO'FUL?
OF COURSE, DARLING! COME IN—AND RING FOR SOME BREAKFAST!
TELL GRUD TO CANCEL THE NEWSPAPERS! I'M MORE THAN A LITTLE BORED WITH THE EXPLOITS OF THE COMMON MAN AND THE JOYS OF THE DEMOCRATIC WAY OF LIFE!
YET ANOTHER MID EAST CRISIS
GARBAGE STRIKE
MORE WAGE DEMANDS
WORKERS COOPERATIVE
STRIKE THREAT
STUDENTS DEMAND EQUAL EXAM

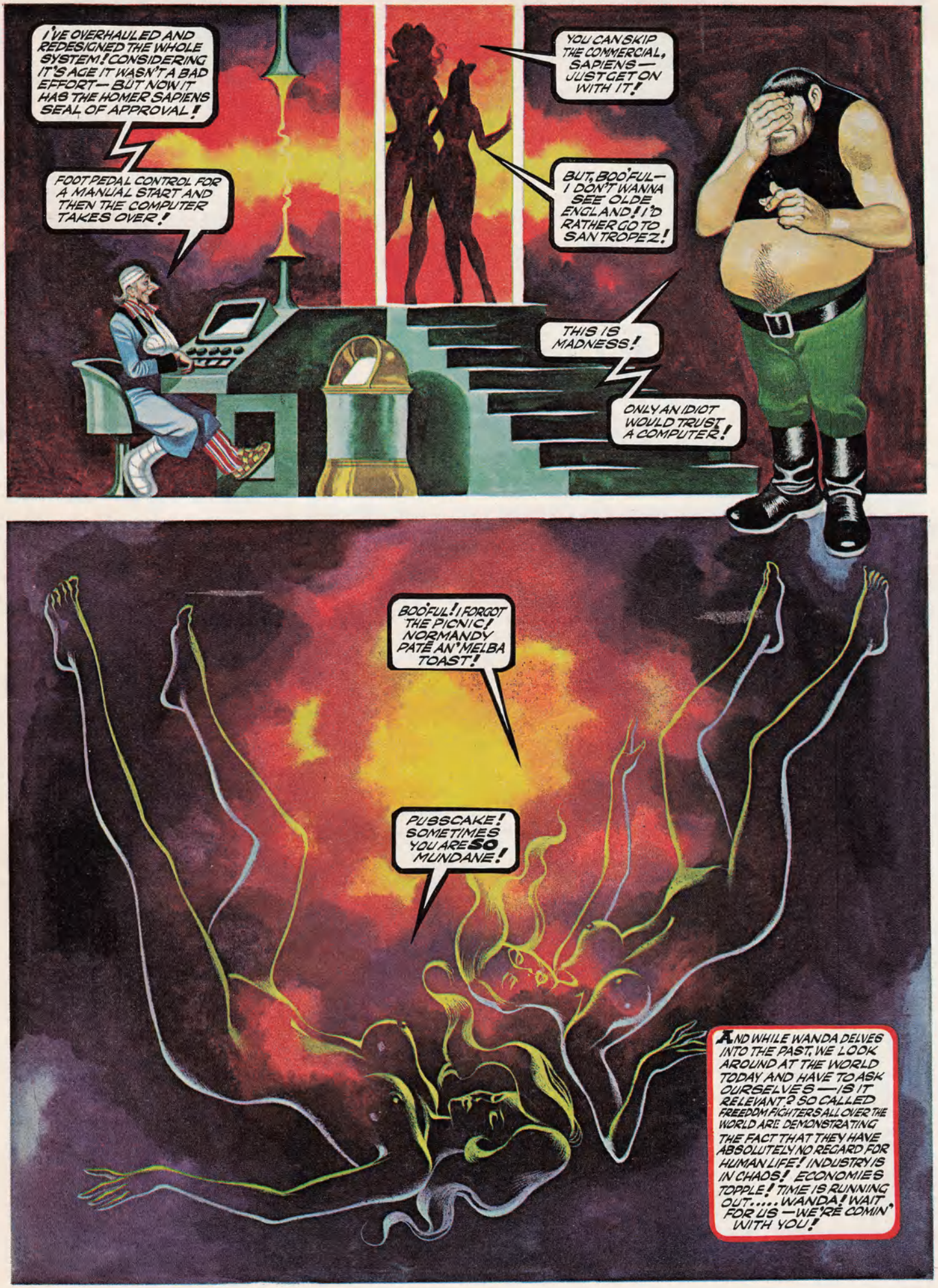
HOW'S HOMER?
RECOVERING — SLOWLY BUT SURELY!
I'M PLEASED TO HEAR THAT! I THINK I'LL GO AND SEE HIM!

ARE YOU BETTER, HOMER BABY? WAS NAUGHTY MOSTRESS HARD ON HER DEAR LITTLE FRIEND?
DO I TAKE IT THAT I AM RESTORED TO MY FORMER POSITION OF FAVOUR?
YOU ARE!
AN' CAN I...?
YOU CAN—BUT JUST A LITTLE ONE!

SAPIENS—I'VE BEEN THINKING! THE EMERGENCE OF THE COMMON MAN—YOU KNOW, EQUALITY AND ALL THAT CRAP! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT EVERYTHING STARTED GOING WRONG AT THAT POINT!
UTOPIAN IDEALISM! THE RIGHTS OF MAN! ALL THOSE DELUSIONS!
THE GREAT SOCIALIST REVOLUTION—LOOK AT RUSSIA! WHAT A COCK UP THEY'VE MADE OF IT!
LOVE YOUR DRESS, MOSTRESS!
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
OF COURSE, MATCHLESS ONE!


YOU'D HAVE TO GO BACK A LONG WAY BEFORE THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION....
...TO FIND THE GERMS OF THAT LINE OF THINKING, MOSTRESS!
BEFORE THE FRENCH OR THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION! TO THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CARTA IN FACT!


HOMER, BABY—THE TIME MACHINE! HAVE YOU REALLY SORTED IT OUT NOW?
OH, YES, MOSTRESS—COMPLETELY! YOU'RE TEMPTED TO TRY ANOTHER LITTLE TRIP, AREN'T YOU?


I'VE OVERHAULED AND REDESIGNED THE WHOLE SYSTEM! CONSIDERING IT'S AGE IT WASN'T A BAD EFFORT— BUT NOW IT HAS THE HOMER SAPIENS SEAL OF APPROVAL!
FOOT PEDAL CONTROL FOR A MANUAL START AND THEN THE COMPUTER TAKES OVER!
YOU CAN SKIP THE COMMERCIAL, SAPIENS— JUST GET ON WITH IT!
BUT, BOO'FUL— I DON'T WANNA SEE OLDE ENGLAND! I'D RATHER GO TO SAN TROPEZ!
THIS IS MADNESS!
ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD TRUST A COMPUTER!
BOO'FUL! I FORGOT THE PICNIC! NORMANDY PATÉ AN' MELBA TOAST!
PUSSCAKE! SOMETIMES YOU ARE SO MUNDANE!
AND WHILE WANDA DELVES INTO THE PAST, WE LOOK AROUND AT THE WORLD TODAY AND HAVE TO ASK OURSELVES — IS IT RELEVANT? SO CALLED FREEDOM FIGHTERS ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE DEMONSTRATING THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE! INDUSTRY IS IN CHAOS! ECONOMIES TOPPLE! TIME IS RUNNING OUT..... WANDA! WAIT FOR US — WE'RE COMIN' WITH YOU!

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DREAM DECKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

proves the signal-to-noise ratio by 2 db (with metal, it's 57 db without Dolby, 65 db with Dolby) and lowers distortion from 1.1 to 0.9 percent.

For a little more than the Sansui's price, the SAE offers a few extras, too. Instead of the individual-channel recording-level controls, it has a large master-level knob plus a smaller one to set the balance between channels, which many people find more convenient. In addition to the bias selector switch, which matches bias to a particular tape *type*, the SAE deck also has a bias adjustment knob, so that you can precisely match bias to the particular model, brand, and type you're using. And for a few dollars more you can plug in a handy remote control and run the C4 from your armchair.

Both the SAE and the Sansui have timer-start switches; so you can set them to be turned on by an external timer. This lets you tape FM programs when you won't be at home or wake yourself up with a taped serenade each morning.

TEAC's A550RX looks disappointingly conventional next to the Sansui and SAE decks, with an ordinary-looking meter instead of the bar-graph display. But it has more than its share of tricks up its innocent-looking sleeve.

Those meters, for example, aren't the usual VU or averaging type. Instead, they read signal peaks, responding faster to the signals you're recording. There's an optional remote control, too, plus the ability to record metal tape.

But the big difference is the noise-reduction system—*systems*, rather, as the A550RX has two of them: not only Dolby but dbx as well. Dolby, the standard cassette noise-reduction system, affects only the tape's high frequencies (since the highs are where hiss is most audible), and it affects them gently. That mild-mannered action means that Dolby gives you "only" 5 to 10 db more dynamic range (a lot, really). But it also means that Dolby tapes can be played back on equipment without Dolby circuits and sound reasonably good (though they may sound better if the treble control is turned down a trifle).

The dbx noise-reduction system takes the other tack. Tapes made with dbx encoding sound terrible when played back without the dbx decoding—tinny and compressed, rather like records of the 1920s. But switch the dbx decoder in, and you get natural sound again—with a signal-to-noise ratio of 80 db, about double the Dolby system's gain.

Akai's GXF-90 brings us back to bar-graphs (with the difference that the Akai bar-graph can be switched to display either peak or average signal levels). It also brings us a new feature: separate record and playback heads.

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one to erase the tape, the other to serve alternately to record the tape or to read the tape in playback. Such heads are compromises (record heads should have wide gaps and playback heads narrow ones; so combination heads wind up in between), but the structure of the cassette makes using three heads difficult. Nonetheless, three-head machines have blossomed in the past few years, some using three physically separate heads, others combining electrically separate heads into one physical housing.

A three-head system actually has two advantages. First, it allows both playback and recording heads to be optimized for a single function each, thus improving performance. Second, because the playback head is just downstream of the recording head, it can read the signals that the recording head has just written. This means that you can check the quality of your recordings while you're making them by monitoring the signal from the playback head from time to time. If your recorder settings or your recording technique isn't right, you'll know while there's still time to correct it, not after the whole recording is screwed up.

Like the Akai, the Pioneer CT-F1250 is a three-head deck with bar-graph recording-level displays, optional remote control, and memory stop or repeat. But, as you'd expect for $100 more, it does a bit more, too.

Those bar-graphs, for example, read a wider range and can be set not only to read peak or average levels but to read peak hold as well. In peak-hold mode, the highest level-indicator spot illuminated stays lit for a while, while the fluctuating light-bar, indicating current signal levels, recedes. There's a pitch control to raise or lower the pitch a half-tone in playback.

The CT-F1250 also has unusually elaborate facilities for matching the tape deck to the particular tape you're recording on. There's not only a bias adjustment knob but also a circuit that automatically records a test signal on the tape. And there is an indicator with two LEDs that blink or light up evenly when bias is correctly set. Once that's done, you use a similar knob and indicator to set the level of recording signal fed to the tape. A third knob and LED pair are used to tweak the recording equalization so that the tape's frequency response will be as acute as possible. With a little practice, Pioneer says, you can make all three adjustments in 20 seconds or so.

Finding high-quality tapes for these high-quality decks isn't much trouble, either. Among the best are Maxell, Fuji, Sony, TDK, 3M ("Scotch"), Ampex, and Memorex.

Perhaps the hottest area of the cassette's growing popularity is in the car. When the first cassette appeared, the concept of tape in the car had already swept this country—but the tape in question was the eight-track cartridge. The first mobile player for cassettes was just a powered, under-the-dash bracket to hold a regular cassette portable. In 1978, though, sales of automotive cassette equipment passed those of eight-track, and the cassette's lead is likely to increase.

There are reasons why. The cassette's smaller size makes it easier to carry a trip's worth of tapes without filling up the passenger compartment. It also makes it easier to fit a tape slot into an in-dash car-stereo unit's front panel. And since eight-track is a difficult medium to record on (you can't rewind it, for one thing, though a rewindable eight-track cartridge is finally in the works), hi-fi fans have passed it by in favor of cassettes, for home recording—and a lot of those recordings wind up being played in cars.

Car sound equipment may seem expensive, compared with the cost of yesteryear's car radio. But yesteryear's car radio was just a radio—usually without even an FM band. And if you adjust the cost of factory-installed car radios of 10 or 15 years ago to reflect inflation, you'll see that modern car stereos, by yesterday's standards, give you the cassette for free.

Take Audiovox's 1D725, for example. It has a local/distant switch for better reception of both strong and weak sig-

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nals and a tone control, and its cassette player has a locking fast-forward switch. Sparkomatic's SR 3300 is very similar. It has separate variable controls for bass and treble, separate balance and fader controls, and auto-reverse for continuous play.

Dollar for dollar, a car cassette unit won't match the performance of a home unit. But then, whereas your home system's tape deck only records and plays back tape, the car's "deck" usually performs all the functions of your tape deck (except for recording) and receiver.

So Sanyo's FT1498 auto-sound unit won't match the tape performance of the home tape decks we just looked at. But it also incorporates four amplifiers, a hot FM/AM tuner, and a digital clock. Its five-button selector lets you preset ten stations. And there's even a switch to drive your power antenna up and down as the unit is turned on and off.

Jump up to Jensen's R-430, and you wind up with so much power (30 watts per channel for the woofers, 2 watts for each tweeter) that the woofer amp no longer fits inside the in-dash unit but instead becomes a separately mounted box. Ideal for the long-distance traveler, the Jensen has no local-station buttons, but it does have buttons for almost everything else you could imagine—to switch the high-power amp in and out, to switch between bi-amp and normal operation, to switch in Dolby compensation, and a Local/Distant switch. There's also a loudness switch, to compensate for your ears' diminished bass sensitivity at low volume levels, and an FM muting switch, which cuts out interstation noise but can be "defeated" for picking up weak stations. There are also separate bass and treble controls, not a mere "tone" control. And when you turn off your car's ignition, the Jensen will beep and flash at you unless you've remembered to eject the tape. All this is combined with specifications few home systems would be ashamed of.

If the Jensen's main amplifier is separate, the next two units, from Alpine and Panasonic, go it one better: they have no power amps at all. Both companies offer a choice of amplifiers at various power levels, including some with built-in equalizers to give you increased flexibility in shaping your sound.

The Alpine Integrated Component Model 7307 has a number of unique features. Its "Cassette Glide" mechanism pulls the cassette into play position or gently pushes it back into your hand on eject—and it ejects automatically when you turn the ignition key off. In addition to a CrO_2 tape selector and Dolby, it has a "Music Sensor" that jumps the tape from fast-forward or rewind into play when it senses the beginning of a song. Want to hear that sound again? Just push the music-sensor and reverse buttons.

Panasonic's CQ-8700 has frequency scanning to find stations whose frequencies you don't know. To help you find the stations whose frequencies you do know, there's a digital dial (which also doubles as a clock). There's even a bar-graph FM signal-strength indicator. An "INQ" circuit reduces ignition noise on FM. And there are connections for a power antenna, too. Both tape and FM/AM sections share separate bass and treble controls. And the entire control panel—not just the dial—is softly illuminated for easy use when driving at night. It can be wired to dim or brighten with your dashboard panel's dimmer, too.

If some of these car-stereo names (Jensen, Panasonic, Sanyo) sound familiar to you hi-fi fans, it's no surprise. Countless other companies from the home hi-fi component field have made the jump into car stereo, too. Cerwin-Vega, for example, now makes speakers for the car as well as for the home. Like home Cerwin-Vegas, their HED (High Energy Design) models for the car are designed to handle lots of power and give you plentiful sound output; those are important factors in the car, where noise is high.

It's significant that virtually none of these companies entered the car-sound field back when eight-track held sway. Today's more accurate and more elaborate hi-fi systems for the car obviously owe much to the cassette.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

her most pleasurable activity. As I looked to the front of the van, I saw that Charlie had adjusted the rear-view mirror and was smiling from ear to ear. I repositioned Donna so that she was on her knees, with her beautiful ass pointed right at Charlie. Donna had told me that Charlie had made a couple of passes at her before while I was out of town, but that went without saying because Charlie made passes at every chick he could. I thought I would give him a little treat but didn't think it would progress the way it did.

By the time Donna was going crazy sucking my shaft, I had a tit in each hand and had her nipples at full attention. I reached one hand around, pulled up her T-shirt, and inserted two fingers in her snatch. It was flowing with juices, as always. The sight was more than Charlie could bear. From my smile he knew that it was okay to join in. He moved to the back of the van and dropped his cutoffs.

When Donna felt his hands on her ass, she started to raise her head. I grabbed her head on both sides and kept her rhythm going. Realizing what was about to happen, she started sucking harder and inserted a finger in my ass. Charlie started pumping her from the rear while I went back to work on her tits. Donna was deep-throating my rod to the same stroke Charlie was using as he pounded her sopping red bush. I climaxed first, and she took it all. As she came up for air, she and Charlie were coming together, with Donna moaning and squealing like a stuck pig.

It took a few seconds to grasp the significance of what had just taken place, and all eyes turned to Lisa. Charlie moved up front to offer her a toke and was promptly instructed to get away from her. When we arrived at Charlie and Lisa's home, she jumped out and ran into the house. I asked Charlie to let me talk to her. Lisa and I had been friends for many years and had even dated in high school.

When I got into the house, Lisa was lying across her bed, crying. She still had on her bathing suit, and I noticed that the crotch was soaked. I walked in and shut the door behind me. I sat down beside her and raised her up to cradle her head in my arms. She was still sobbing uncontrollably as she nuzzled against my bare chest. I held her close and began to rock back and forth gently. As I began to stroke her long, smooth legs, she started to suck and nibble on my nipple. My cock became hard, and the top poked out of my cutoffs. Lisa moved down and started biting the full, round head. She was still sobbing as I moved my face to her love nest and began to suck the juices through the material.

I knew Lisa had never been unfaithful to Charlie and was pretty conservative as far as sex was concerned. That's why her next action took me by surprise. She moved away from me and, looking me in the face with her eyes still streaming tears, said that she wanted Donna. Not exactly sure what she meant and concerned for Donna's welfare, I asked her if she just wanted to talk to her. Her response was that she wanted to suck her cunt and Charlie was not to know. Furthermore, she wanted me to fuck her while she ate Donna. My mind was going wild.

I went into the living room, where Charlie and Donna were smoking a joint. Charlie was pretty upset and wanted to know how Lisa was. I told him she was too emotional to talk right now and suggested he should go get a bottle of wine. He agreed it was a good idea before he realized that it was Sunday and would have to go 20 miles to the county line for wine. I assured him that we would stay and that Lisa would probably be more coherent on his return.

As Charlie left, I told Donna to strip and promised her that I had a treat for her. She was a little shaken up about Lisa's reaction, too, but—as I said earlier—she is always ready for sex. She gave me a confused look as we headed for Lisa's bedroom, and I told her not to say a word. When we entered, Lisa was lying on the

bed on her stomach, completely nude. Donna looked at me again as I put one finger to my lips to remind her to keep quiet. I went to the bed and gently rolled Lisa over. She was still sniffling but did not open her eyes. She was lovely; her tits were full and round with her nipples hard and puckered. I led Donna over and helped her straddle Lisa's face. Lisa went to her like a starving woman. I moved behind Donna, and Lisa spread her legs. I sank into her while I reached around to fondle Donna's tits. By this time Donna was humping Lisa's face.

Since there were so many first-time events going on that day, I thought I would add one more. By the sounds coming from the three of us, I knew we were nearing climax. Donna was particularly wild. I pulled out and positioned the girls in a 69 position, with Lisa on top. I almost shot my load watching these two going after each other's cunts like crazy. I moved around behind Lisa and scooped up some of the love juices that were readily available to lubricate Lisa's ass. The girls were nearing climax; so I didn't waste any time. With one smooth push I slid into Lisa's tight ass hole. She let out deep groans but kept up with Donna lap for lap on her twat. I was surprised how hot her ass hole was and started to pump. It took less than a minute for me to come.

The three of us lay there exhausted. I reached over and retrieved an oversized roach from the ashtray, and we talked and swore our secrecy to Lisa as we smoked. When Charlie returned, we were in the living room. Lisa told him that she understood the passion of the situation and wanted it forgotten and never mentioned again, which Charlie readily agreed to do. Even though the adventure has never been mentioned by any of us, there isn't a week that goes by that I do not recall my unusual Sunday afternoon.
—Name and address withheld

Sleep-fucking

I have been reading *Penthouse* since its inception but do not recall seeing any letters on "sleep-fucking" or getting off on your partner while he or she is asleep. I started this provocative practice with my sister, when I was about 18.

When my parents would go out for the evening, I would wait for her to go to bed; then I would give her plenty of time to get to sleep. I would turn all the lights off in the house and sneak into her bedroom on my hands and knees and lie down on the floor beside her bed, being ever so careful not to make a sound. First, I would touch her gently on the arm to make sure that she was sound asleep. If that didn't arouse her, I would raise the cover and sheet from the side of the bed and, putting my head under the covers, I would admire her budding young body with the aid of a small flashlight. She usually wore pajamas that had buttons down the front. of her top and had snap buttons on the front of the bottoms, which made expos-

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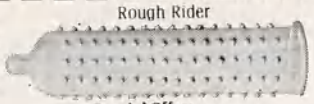

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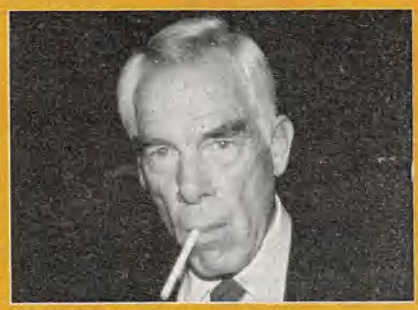
Movie Star News

BRITT EKLAND



Bob Noble/Globe

LEE MARVIN

Wilson McLean

THE COOL GREEN EARTH LOVES YOU

Stand Up and Howl!—Being a man in 1980 is about as difficult as it has ever been. Today's women are successful, aggressive, outspoken, confident, and vital. They have a strong sense of themselves; they're on the offensive. In comparison, reports Stephen Singular, men seem to be cowed, confused, depressed, guilty, or just plain tired. In several interviews Singular discusses what men are up against today. "Our fathers' generation—our role models," he writes, "were discredited during the Vietnam War. . . . The challenge for men is not to become more like women (as some feminists suggest) but to recognize and balance the sources of tension within ourselves—to be vital and sensitive, ambitious, but not lost in self-absorption." An important and controversial article to celebrate the first Valentine's Day of the 1980s.

Scenes from a Maelstrom—Britt Ekland's stormy marriage to Peter Sellers was one of the movie world's more turbulent affairs. "I symbolized his prize possession," recalls the Swedish film actress, "untouchable to others and dedicated only to him. I was like a piece of putty that he could mold in any way he felt fit." There was true love in the beginning, but a divorce was inevitable. Who wouldn't separate after a career-threatening lawsuit, near-fatal heart attacks, hotel-room rows, frantic transatlantic flights from London to Hollywood and back again, and one smashed Cartier watch flushed down the loo?

Marvin's Revenge—Academy Award-winning actor Lee Marvin has appeared in 40 films, but he achieved his greatest fame last winter as the male lead in the real-life *Marvin* v. *Marvin* case, in which his live-in companion of six years—whom he never married—sued him for half the income he had received during their years together. After a spectacular 11-week trial, which made legal and matrimonial history, both sides claimed victory. In an outspoken, obscene, and outrageous interview, Marvin tells what he thinks of women, of Hollywood, and why "the working man is my public."

The Cool Green Earth Loves You—Ranger Rose's one true love was saving herself for a gala wedding at The Last Chance Cowboy's Temple of Fame. When he and Virginia finally get it together, it's more like a disaster movie than a romantic interlude. Cowgirls, cowboys, and rodeo religion never seemed as funny as in this exclusive excerpt from the forthcoming novel *Appaloosa Rising: The Life and Times of the Cowboy Buddha*, by Gino Clays-Sky, to be published by Doubleday.

Pillow Talk—Sex researchers James Loveday Hofford and Patrick M. McGrady claim that the art of love-talk is all but extinct. Of course, the how-to manuals of our sexual revolution are to blame. "Touch was in. Talk was out." To remedy the silence-is-golden bedroom scene, these researchers offer transcripts of tapes recorded during actual lovemaking sessions to show you a new kind of sex: love-talk. Listen, before it's too late.

ing her all the more exciting.

The first few times I was content just to look at her. With the covers up around her neck and my head under the covers from the side, I would hold the flashlight in my mouth and very carefully undo the buttons to her top. Pulling the top back to each side, I thought my cock would literally burst at the sight of her small but magnificent breasts. Her beautiful nipples looked as if they were begging to be sucked, and it was all I could do to restrain myself from doing so. While watching her from a kneeling position, I took my right hand and released my cock from my own pajamas and beat off under her bed.

After getting back to my own room, I couldn't believe my good luck. Then in horror I realized the mess I must have left under her bed. Getting a wet washrag, I stole back into her room and cleaned the jism up. By now a new raging hard-on had instilled new bravery into me. Checking first to make sure she was still sound asleep, I went under the covers with my flashlight again, this time feasting on her bottom torso. Being very careful not to touch her body, I raised the waistband of her bottoms. After unsnapping the first two buttons, I could see a fluff of hair.

By now I was absolutely crazed with lust. Wrapping the washrag around my cock, I beat off a second time. I was scared to death that I would pass out before I was through. My sister never woke up, and the next day she did not act as if anything had happened. Naturally, I was in the bathroom at every opportunity, beating my poor cock to a raw, red pulp. A few weeks later, with my parents gone again, I had another opportunity to visit her bedside. This time I unbuttoned her top and actually put my hand on one of her breasts while I beat off.

I then picked up each leg behind each knee and spread them as far apart as her pajamas would permit. I then inspected her for what seemed like hours. Mustering up all my courage, I then put my fingertips on her pelvic bone and rotated them in a circle. This seemed to have a very soothing effect on her as she became even more relaxed. I then took the thumb and index finger of my one hand and very gently stroked each side of those virgin pussy lips. The aroma from her pussy completely filled my head. Naturally, I was beating off with my other hand and came at least three times.

I continued this practice for several years until my sister started locking her door at night. I never actually fucked her, but it did teach me how to be gentle with women and also how to make love to them without waking them.—*Name and address withheld*

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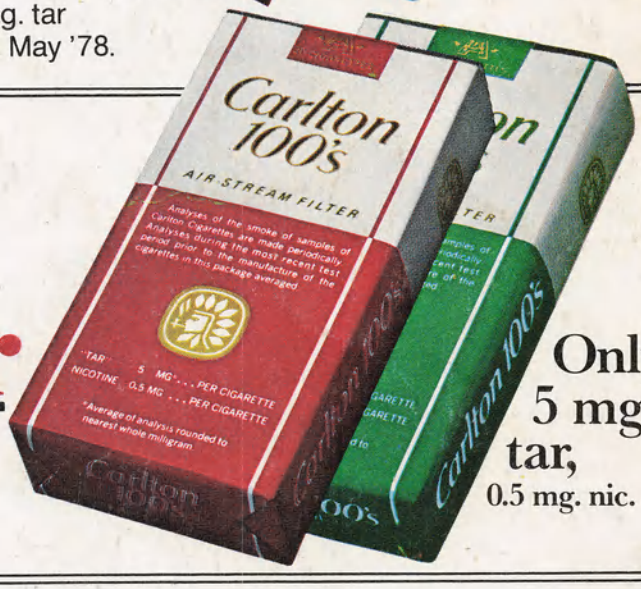
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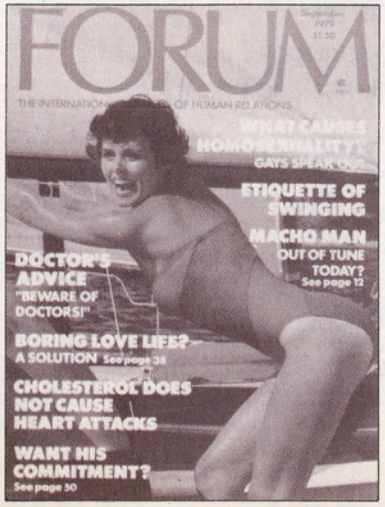
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